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EDUCATION FOR A CLASSLESS SOCIETY¹

The Jeffersonian Tradition

BY JAMES BRYANT CONANT

THE United States was once proclaimed as the land of the free. Now we are more often reminded that it has been the profitable home of an acquisitive society. Greed and 'lust for money,' we are told, determined the course of development of even the first years of the republic.

Yet, as early as 1800 a potent but silent ferment was at work which had nothing to do with the almighty dollar. In describing conditions at the beginning of Jefferson's administration, Henry Adams writes as follows: 'European travelers who passed through America noticed that everywhere, in the White House at Washington and in log cabins beyond the Alleghenies, except for a few Federalists, every American, from Jefferson and Gallatin down to the poorest squatter, seemed to nourish an idea that he was doing what he could to overthrow the tyranny which the past had fastened on the human mind.' This idea so widely disseminated among the citizens of the raw republic of sixteen

states seems to me one of the most essential and continuing elements in the development of American education. I have ventured to associate with this passion for freedom of the mind two other closely allied elements — namely, a belief in careers open to all through higher education, and a faith in universal schooling. I have labeled the whole with Jefferson's name. I trust that neither his shade nor American historians will be unduly offended by my terminology.

In his brief autobiographical sketch Jefferson wrote that he deemed it essential to a well-ordered republic to annul hereditary privilege. He proposed 'instead of an aristocracy of wealth, of more harm and danger, than benefit, to society, to make an opening for the aristocracy of virtue and talent, which nature has wisely provided for the direction of the interests of society, and scattered with equal hand through all its conditions. . . .' Elsewhere, in describing his new educational scheme for Virginia, he speaks of that part of his plan which called for 'the selection of the youths of

¹ Charter Day Address delivered at the University of California on March 28, 1940.

genius from among the classes of the poor.' He declared, 'We hope to avail the State of those talents which nature has sown as liberally among the poor as the rich, but which perish without use, if not sought for and cultivated.' These quotations sum up for me the second component in the Jeffersonian tradition in education — a sincere belief in the paramount importance of careers freely open to all the talented.

Most important for its effect on the development of American educational practice was the third element of the tradition — Jefferson's devotion to the principle of universal schooling. This doctrine naturally has had more general popular appeal throughout the years than either concern for freedom of the mind or desire for opportunity through higher education. For here was a proposition which directly affected every family in the land. To quote from the proposal for Virginia, 'The ultimate result of the whole scheme of education would be the teaching of *all* the children of the State reading, writing and common arithmetic. . . .' These words of Jefferson may now seem to us to describe a degree of general education so small as to be negligible. But when they were written they expressed a revolutionary doctrine — a belief that every potential citizen in a democratic republic should receive at least a minimum of formal instruction. The campaign against illiteracy had begun in earnest.

As a recent biographer has said, Jefferson believed that any boy or girl was capable of benefiting from the rudiments of education and would be made a better citizen by acquiring them. He believed in keeping open the door of further opportunity to the extent that a poor boy of ability should not be debarred from continuing his education. 'To have gone farther and made a higher education compulsory on all,' suggests this biographer, 'would have seemed as absurd to him as to have decreed that every crop on his farm, whether tobacco, po-

tatoes, rye, corn, or what not, must be treated and cultivated in precisely the same way as every other. . . . In terms of the citizen, he believed in the maximum of equality of opportunity. In terms of the state, he believed in the minimum of compulsion and interference compatible with the training of all its citizens as citizens to the maximum of the capacity of each.'

To understand the bearing of Jefferson's ideas on the development of American schools and colleges we must realize, of course, that they represented only one aspect of a wider social philosophy. As this philosophy was understood by large numbers of the citizens of the young republic, it included the following points: a belligerent belief in individual freedom; complete confidence in the powers of man's intelligence to overcome all obstacles; the assumption of a society without hereditary classes, without an aristocracy; a differentiation of labors with a corresponding differentiation in the types of education (but no ruling caste, no hereditary educational privileges, everyone to be 'as good as everyone else'); widespread education for all citizens so that political decisions might be 'rational.' Dominating all was the doctrine of the maximum independence of the individual, the minimum of social control by organized society.

I

Some such set of ideas as I have grouped together under Jefferson's name would have been widely recognized, I believe, as 'American ideals' in every period of our national history. To understand their significance for the future let us examine one by one the three components of the Jeffersonian tradition in American education.

Hatred of tyranny in general and a desire to overthrow the tyranny which the past had fastened on the human mind went hand in hand in the early years of the nineteenth century, for the

intellectual leaders of the Jeffersonian tradition were steeped in eighteenth-century rationalism. The liberal faith of the Age of Reason was a product of a cultural evolution intimately associated with economic and political change, on the one hand, and the great triumphs of late seventeenth-century science on the other. Newton was one of its heroes, and John Locke a major prophet. The bill of rights and the laws of celestial mechanics are lasting monuments to its glory. All who live in a land of free institutions and enjoy the benefits of applied science have reason to be grateful to the liberal leaders of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Our gratitude cannot blind us to the fact, however, that these rationalists greatly overestimated the rôle of reason in human affairs. They were much too optimistic in their expectation of the practical consequences which would follow the liberation of the human mind from the tyrannies they so despised. Can anyone doubt that if Jefferson and Franklin should return today they would be amazed and disappointed? Science, to be sure, has developed far beyond their expectations; the material conquest of an untamed continent has exceeded their wildest dreams. But the tyrannies which control our minds remain defiant and largely unsubdued. We can imagine how shocked these eighteenth-century statesmen would be to find after one hundred and fifty years the survival of emotional reactions which they fondly supposed were founded only on ignorance or superstition. Inanimate nature has proved more yielding than they imagined, human nature more stubborn and barbarous than they supposed.

Today we live in a period of reaction. The optimistic tide has ebbed. To many the failure of the 'war to end war' and the terrifying international scene may be sufficient reason for discouragement. But I believe the cause lies deeper. Are we not to a large measure suffering from the consequences which must result

whenever human beings base their hopes on fallacious premises? Our intellectual ancestors were wrong on many fundamental points. The complexities of both the inanimate and the animate world were greater than they dreamed. Their errors, however, in physics, chemistry, and biology do not trouble us. The impossibility of perpetual motion, of navigation to the moon, of the manufacture of an elixir of life, we accept as a matter of course. But the contrast between their hopes concerning the behavior of human beings and the realities of the present has shattered many a modern soul.

The contemporaries of Jefferson idolized freedom of the mind. They placed one ideal upon a pedestal and depicted a new era when humanity would bow down before this shrine. In so doing they passed on to their descendants a bondage to the hopes their prophecies engendered — utopian hopes of reforming man as a social animal. In reality, a belief in a new form of magic came upon the scene. The goddess Reason was to wave a wand and all mankind would be prosperous and at peace. In the twentieth century we find the spell has failed. Or so I read the past. And if I am right, then widespread enthusiasm for intellectual freedom can be rekindled only when a sufficient number of men and women readjust their expectations. Only then will the whole country strain to unleash once more the potentialities of the human mind. When that time comes a new sense of humility will reflect an altered mood. No easy faith in the inevitability of progress will cheer us on. Instead, courage will flow from a determination to face the problem of evil, not from a skill in hiding it.

Scientists appear to agree that we must now modify even those modes of thought which concern inanimate nature. The scientific point of view of the late nineteenth century is already out of date. This is but another step in the progress of a healthy skepticism. It is a recognition that we cannot settle many

questions we once thought solvable. It is a recognition that our scientific theories are only models — models that help us formulate those empirical observations which we generalize into scientific laws. It may even be necessary, as in the case of light, to employ two theories which once appeared to be mutually contradictory. The physicist has learned to like this situation, perhaps even to love the apparent contradiction involved in employing a wave theory for explaining one set of optical phenomena, a corpuscular theory for another. Parenthetically one may remark that those who teach the elements of the subject have not had their task made easier!

The impact of these new modes of thinking about the sciences will eventually have repercussions on all our ways of thought. In the annual report of the Rockefeller Foundation for 1938 the President writes as follows: 'The physical sciences have centuries of experimentation behind them; the social sciences are just emerging from *a priori* and deductive methods. Even today a good deal that masquerades under the name of social science is metaphysics, as obsolete in its approach as was Francesco Sizzi's logic against Galileo's discovery of the satellites of Jupiter. "The satellites are invisible to the naked eye," he said, "and therefore can have no influence on the earth, and therefore would be useless, and therefore do not exist." This same logical method, long outmoded in the physical sciences, is traceable in some weighty books on economics and political science written as late as 1938.'

This statement of Dr. Raymond B. Fosdick is indicative of a new critical approach to vital problems. A reassessment of the realities of individual behavior and the nature of society is in progress along several lines. Some look to a fruitful combination of the work of the social anthropologist and psychologist. Some believe that the new line of march should parallel that followed so

successfully in the development of modern experimental medicine by clinicians. From many quarters come reports that a new strategy is now developing. Once this is formulated and accepted there will be a rush of able pioneers to exploit the field. Confidence in our intellectual leaders will again surge upward. The Jeffersonian tradition will move forward; American thought will change its orientation and American education will feel a quickening of the pace.

II

I venture, then, to look forward to a renaissance of the vitality of the first element in the Jeffersonian tradition in education — freedom of the mind. I am equally optimistic about the second — equality of opportunity. I plead guilty at once to wishful thinking. Furthermore, I admit cheerfully that I propose to indulge in dangerous prophecy. But can anyone discuss the future with a neutral mind?

Until fairly recently it was taken for granted that the American republic could be described as classless. For a century and a half Americans have been saying with pride, 'This is a free country. There are no classes in the United States.' Note these words carefully, for the denial of classes in America is the denial of hereditary classes, not the denial of temporary groupings based on economic differences. 'Caste' and 'class' are equated by the average American, and I shall follow this usage. 'This is a free country. There are no classes in the United States.' The number of times these two sentences have been sincerely spoken could be recorded only by a figure of astronomical magnitude. Were they ever an approximately accurate description of typical American society? My answer would be yes. Have they today sufficient vitality and validity to be the basis for a continuation of Jefferson's educational program? A crystal gazer alone could tell. But I think the chance

is good enough to demand our careful consideration of the possibility. For my own part, I risk with enthusiasm an affirmative answer and stand on the hope of our reconstituting a free and classless nation.

Phrases descriptive of a free, casteless, or classless society have not only represented an American belief of great potency in the past, but have described actual conditions in many sections of this republic. As compared with the situation in even such free countries as England and France, this country was unique in being without hereditary classes. The importance of this fact, I believe, has not been fully emphasized. But, I hasten to add, the social changes which have altered the situation during the last fifty years have all too often been ignored.

American society in some localities has always been organized on definite class lines; money and power have been passed on from father to son. The different strata have been relatively rigid and impenetrable. But until recently such situations were the exception rather than the rule. Now we see in progress the rapid extension of such stratification over the whole land. We see throughout the country the development of a hereditary aristocracy of wealth. The coming of modern industrialism and the passing of the frontier with cheap lands mark the change. Ruthless and greedy exploitation of both natural and human resources by a small privileged class founded on recently acquired ownership of property has hardened the social strata and threatens to provide explosive material beneath.

Let us not shut our eyes to the realities. The vanishing of free lands, the spread of large-scale manufacturing units, the growth of cities and their slums, the multiplication of tenant farmers and despairing migratory laborers, are signs of the passage from one type of social order to another. The existence of vast unemployment only

emphasizes the evil significance of an unwelcome change. Have we reached a point where the ideal of a peculiar American society, classless and free, must be regarded as of only historical significance?

Our friends on the Left will, I imagine, say yes. A class struggle is inevitable, they declare. Forget the dreams of a pioneer civilization, the early American town or farm, and face the modern capitalistic world, they urge. From their viewpoint no discussion of present problems which refuses to fit every fact into the framework of a class struggle can be realistic. The extremists will add, at least to themselves, that the outcome of the struggle is also inevitable — a classless society, not of the early American type, but on the Russian model.

On the extreme Right we may find an equally clear renunciation of the ideal — equally clear, but not, as a rule, equally outspoken, for the underlying assumptions here are often entirely unconscious. Throughout the history of this republic there has been among a small group undue admiration for the educational system of England, a system built largely on class lines. Among such people Jefferson's idea of careers open to all the talented has evoked little enthusiasm. There has been little concern with recruiting the professions from every economic level. The ideal has been education of a ruling caste rather than a selective system of training leaders.

Yet the unique character of the American way of life has been repeatedly emphasized since Jefferson's time. Lincoln in his first message to Congress declared that 'the leading object of the Government for whose existence we contend' is 'to elevate the condition of men; to lift artificial weights from all shoulders; to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all; to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life.' The historian, F. J. Turner, writing at the beginning of the present century, summed up the case as follows: 'Western democ-

racy through the whole of its earlier period tended to the production of a society of which the most distinctive fact was freedom of the individual to rise under conditions of social mobility. . . .'

Let me pause a moment to examine the phrase 'social mobility,' for this is the heart of my argument. A high degree of social mobility is the essence of the American ideal of a classless society. If large numbers of young people can develop their own capacities irrespective of the economic status of their parents, then social mobility is high. If, on the other hand, the future of a young man or woman is determined almost entirely by inherited privilege or the lack of it, social mobility is nonexistent. You are all familiar with the old American adage, 'Three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves.' This implies a high degree of social mobility, both up and down. It implies that sons and daughters must and can seek their own level, obtain their own economic rewards, engage in any occupation irrespective of what their parents might have done.

Contrast this adage with a statement of the aristocratic tradition — namely, that it takes three generations to educate a gentleman. Fifty years ago the contrast between these two statements would have been proclaimed by many intelligent Americans as the epitome of the difference between the New World and the Old. The possibility that each generation may start life afresh and that hard work and ability would find their just rewards was once an exciting new doctrine. Is it outworn? In short, has the second component of the Jeffersonian tradition in education still vitality? Can a relatively high degree of social mobility be realized in this modern world?

The distinction between a stratified class system and one with a high degree of social mobility is apparent only when at least two generations are passed in review. A class, as I am using the word, is perpetuated by virtue of inherited

position. For one generation, at least, and perhaps two, considerable differences in economic status as well as extreme differentiation of employment may exist without the formation of classes. Uniform distribution of the world's goods is not necessary for a classless society. If anyone doubts this statement, let him examine the social situation of many small communities in different parts of this country during the early stages of their development. Continuous perpetuation from generation to generation of even small differences, however, soon produces class consciousness. Extremes of wealth or poverty accelerate the process.

It is not within my province to consider what political measures should be taken if we reject the idea of an inevitable stratification of society. It is not for me to say what legislation is in order if we desire to implement the ideal of a free classless society. My unwillingness to discuss this important aspect of the problem is not to be taken as a measure of my dissatisfaction with the rapidly growing social and economic differentiation of the United States. On the contrary, if the American ideal is not to be an illusion, the citizens of this republic must not shrink from drastic action. The requirement, however, is not a radical equalization of wealth at any given moment; it is rather a continuous process by which power and privilege may be automatically redistributed at the end of each generation. The aim is a more equitable distribution of opportunity for all the children of the land. The reality of our national life must be made a sufficiently close approximation to our ideal to vitalize a belief in the possibility of the envisaged goal.

I am wary of definitions — even in expounding the exact sciences to an elementary class. It is often more profitable to explain the nature of a concept by illustration than to attempt a definition. Both the words 'free' and 'classless,' as I am employing them, have a relative, not

an absolute, meaning. They are useful, I believe, even in a rough quantitative sense, in contrasting different types of social organizations which have existed in the last few centuries in the Western World. It is easy to imagine a small segment of any country where one would be hard put to it to say whether the society in question was free and classless, or the contrary. To pass a judgment on larger social units is even more difficult, but I should not hesitate to say that Russia today is classless, but not free; England free, but not classless; Germany neither free nor classless.

To contrast the social history of the United States and that of even so closely related a country as Great Britain is illuminating. If we examine, for example, the recent history by G. D. H. Cole entitled *The British Common People, 1746-1938*, we shall see portrayed the evolution of one type of political democracy within a highly stratified caste system. Compare this picture with the history of the growth of this republic by expansion through the frontier in the last one hundred years — a history in which social castes can be ignored; a history where, by and large, opportunity awaited the able and daring youths of each new generation.

This fundamental difference between the United States and England has been blurred by similarities in our political and legal systems and by our common literary culture. Failure to give due weight to the differences between a casteless society and a stratified society has had unfortunate consequences for our thinking. I have already suggested that many of our friends on the Right have had their educational views distorted by too ardent contemplation of the English public schools (so-called) and English universities. Similarly, I believe that in the last few decades our friends on the Left, who look towards a collectivist society, have suffered from overexposure to British views — views emanating in this case not from the rul-

ing class but from the left-wing intellectuals of the Labor Party. It seems to me that in this century, as in a much earlier period of our history, an imported social philosophy has strongly influenced radical thought. I am not referring to orthodox Marxism, but rather to the general slant of mind inevitable among English and Continental reformers whose basis of reference is a society organized on hard-and-fast class lines. The original American radical tradition has been given a twist by the impact of these alien ideas. As far as the rôle of government is concerned, the political reformer has swung completely round the circle. On this issue, Jefferson with his almost anarchistic views would find difficulty, indeed, in comprehending his modern political heirs.

Native American radicalism has all but disappeared. Our young people now seem forced to choose between potential Bourbons and latent Bolsheviks. But without a restoration of the earlier type of radical the Jeffersonian tradition in education will soon die. Obviously it cannot long survive a victory of the socialistic Left — there is no place for such ideas in a classless society on the Russian model. And it will likewise disappear automatically unless a high degree of social mobility is once again restored. To keep society fluid, the honest and sincere radical is an all-important element. Those in positions of power and privilege (including college presidents) need to be under constant vigilant scrutiny and from time to time must be the objects of attack. Tyrannies of ownership and management spring up all too readily. In order to ensure that the malignant growths of the body politic will be destroyed by radiations from the Left, much abuse of healthy and sound tissue must be endured. Reformers and even fanatical radicals we must have. But if the unique type of American society is to continue, those who would better conditions must look in the direction of the progressive or liberal movements of an earlier period.

The Left must consider returning to the aim of checking tyranny and restoring social mobility. Reformers must examine every action lest they end by placing in power the greatest tyrant of all — organized society.

III

There are probably some who feel that I am indulging in nostalgic fancy when I hope for the evolution of a less stratified and more fluid society. You may say that the modern world of large cities, vast industries, and scientific methods of communication has made the America of a hundred years ago as irrelevant as the Middle Ages. You may argue that a way of life which was possible in the 1840's is impossible in the 1940's; that in the near future we shall all of us have to move in a quite contrary direction. You may contend that soon we shall have to take sides in a bitter class struggle and choose between an American brand of Fascism and an American brand of Socialism.

I know that many believe this to be inevitable. I venture to disagree. And here is the reason for my rash dissent. In my opinion, our newly erected system of public education has potentialities of which we little dream. In this century we have erected a new type of social instrument. Our secondary-school system is a vast engine which we are only beginning to understand. We are learning only slowly how to operate it for the public good. But I have hope that it will aid us in recapturing social flexibility, in regaining that great gift to each succeeding generation — opportunity, a gift that once was the promise of the frontier.

Let me explain. Today some six million boys and girls attend our secondary schools, ten times the number enrolled a half century ago. Today nearly three quarters of those of high-school age are enrolled as pupils; fifty years ago schooling at this level was a privilege of

less than ten per cent of those who might attend. Opportunity can be evaluated only in terms of personal capacity. What is opportunity for one young man is a blind alley for another. In rapidly expanding pioneer communities, openings for capabilities of all sorts automatically appeared. Only doctors, lawyers, and ministers needed an extensive education. Opportunities were ready at hand for all other types of talent. In our highly industrialized, relatively static society, the situation is otherwise. The personal problem of each boy or girl is much more difficult. Abilities must be assessed, talents must be developed, ambitions guided. This is the task for our public schools. All the future citizens pass through these institutions. They must be educated as members of a political democracy, but, more important still, they must be equipped to step on to the first rung of whatever ladder of opportunity seems most appropriate. And an appropriate ladder must be found for each one of a diverse group of students. This may seem an overwhelming burden to put upon our educational system. But is it not possible that our public schools, particularly our high schools, can be reconstructed for this specific purpose?

Jefferson thought of universal schooling of younger children chiefly in terms of educating potential voters. His selective process for higher studies was conceived in terms of intellectual pursuits — of preparation for the learned professions such as law and medicine. To continue the tradition he started, we must expand both of his ideas today. The roads which lead to those careers which depend on aptitude for 'book learning' still run through the universities. We must fight to keep them open. State-supported universities have blazed the way. But the task is far from done. In many localities the opportunities for the children of the really poor are lamentable indeed. Outside of metropolitan areas and college towns, the privileges of a

professional training are hard to win. An expanded scholarship policy in our privately endowed universities is imperative. Wisely administered student aid will go far to right the balance. Perhaps this device merits more attention even by institutions supported by the state.

The changes required to provide adequately for the intellectually gifted are relatively slight. The real problems of reconstruction of our schools and colleges do not lie in this area. The real difficulties are with the careers of a different sort. Our schools must be concerned with educating for a useful life a great variety of boys and girls. They must be concerned not only with the able scholar, but with the artist and the craftsman. They must nourish those whose eye or ear or manual dexterity is their greatest asset. They must educate others whose gifts lie in an ability to understand and lead their fellow men. The school curricula must include programs for developing the capacities of many who possess intuitive judgment on practical affairs but have little or no aptitude for learning through the printed page.

It has been a natural consequence of our history that many false values now permeate the entire educational system. 'Book learning' is placed too high in the scale of social ratings by some; too low by others who profess to scoff at 'brains.' That type of ability which can handle easily the old-fashioned subjects of the curriculum is often glorified by being equated with 'intelligence' by educational snobs. On the other hand, the same ability often suffers from lack of stimulation when there is failure to maintain high standards. As a result, we have a great deal of make-believe in our schools and colleges — too many feeble attempts at tasks which are proper only for a restricted type of individual; too many failures to explore talents which fall outside orthodox academic bounds. Jefferson in the simpler society of his day naturally thought of only a few

avenues of opportunity open through education. Today we must recognize the existence of many and strive for the social equality of all.

Parents who expect miracles worked upon their children must be reminded of the limitations imposed by nature. In athletics, at least, the coaches are expected to develop only promising material. No one complains if his undersized son with awkward legs does not become a football hero. Some fathers, however, seem to demand the intellectual equivalent of such a miracle. We expect our college health departments to direct each student into that form of sport which is suited to his physique and power. We need a parallel form of educational guidance in both schools and colleges to assist the development of the skills of brain and hands.

But again I venture to be optimistic. I see signs everywhere of enormous strides forward in such matters. Our educational pattern is becoming daily more diversified; a recognition of the need for a radically different type of education is growing. We look forward to the opening of many channels which lead to a variety of attractive goals; we can envisage the building up of more than one 'élite.'

Of course, in any realistic discussion of these problems we cannot neglect the social and economic factors. As long as the shadow of unemployment is upon the land, some method of providing food and clothing for the children of many families must be found. For even free schools offer little real opportunity to famished youngsters; public education is only theoretically available to those in rags. Providing food and clothing for those to whom assistance is essential is clearly necessary for a satisfactory functioning of the entire educational system. Many a talented youth is lost by dropping out of the competition, for financial reasons, during the high-school years. In short, we must explore every method of developing the individual capacity of

each future citizen for useful labor based on individual initiative.

Political and economic changes must go hand in hand with educational innovations — the revision of methods of perpetuating control of many large industries, the overthrow of nepotism and patronage wherever possible, the stimulation of small enterprises, the spreading of private ownership. All this and more is needed if a free classless society is to become once again an ideal which affects our lives.

IV

Freedom of the mind, social mobility through education, universal schooling — these, let me repeat, are the three fundamentals of the Jeffersonian tradition. They have represented the aspirations and desires of a free people embarked on a new experiment, the perpetuation of a casteless nation. Popular enthusiasm for enlightenment, for overturning dogmas, for intellectual exploration, has temporarily waned. I have given my reasons for hoping that the black reaction of these years is only a passing phase. The ideal of a free republic without classes has likewise suffered an eclipse. To many of the present college generation the phrase 'equality of opportunity' seems a mockery, a trite collection of idle words. In this I see the major challenge to our educational system, a challenge which can be met only by a radical reconstruction. If the nation wants to bend its efforts to have as free and classless a society *as possible*, then for those of us concerned with schools and colleges our course is clearly plotted.

So it seems to me. If we as educators accept the American ideal, then this acceptance must be the major premise for all our thinking. Without neglecting the older roads designed for those of academic brilliance, we must construct

many new approaches to adult life, and we must do so very soon. Extreme differentiation of school programs seems essential — differentiation of instruction, but not necessarily a division into separate schools. From this it follows that rapid improvement in our testing methods must be forthcoming; a much more conscientious and discriminating form of educational guidance must be developed soon if we are not to fail. In short, a horde of heterogeneous students has descended on our secondary schools; on our ability to handle all types intelligently depends in large measure the future of this country.

Is it too late — too late for our schools to revitalize the idea of a classless nation? Can we complete the necessary major readjustments in our educational system in time to prevent the extinction of the Jeffersonian tradition? I believe we can, if we make haste. I predict at least another century of vigor for the American ideal. I envisage a further trial on this continent for many generations of our unique type of social order. I look forward to a future American society in which social mobility is sufficient to keep the nation in essence casteless — a society in which the ideals of both personal liberty and social justice can be maintained — a society which through a system of public education resists the distorting pressures of urbanized, industrial life. I have faith in the continuation of a republic composed of citizens each prepared to shoulder the responsibility for his own destiny. And if at each step in the educational journey opportunity truly beckons, will not each student rejoice in the struggle to develop his own capacities? Will he not be proud of the continuing American tradition and find in contemplation of our national history ample courage to face those risks and hazards that come to all who would be free?

FRENCH WOMEN AND WAR

BY EVE CURIE

I

IN the first days of September 1939, in every village of France, the women gazed at the corn stacks, stretching in neat rows across the distant fields. And in each woman's mind was the same thought: 'The Army has taken my horses, my cattle, my lorries, my workmen, my husband. The harvest is not yet in — and I am alone.'

Our second war had begun, the second war for every Frenchman and Frenchwoman — for some, the third. In each of us old sensations awoke, old pictures came to life — those we had felt and seen twenty-five years ago. As soon as I got back to Paris my grocer offered me, almost by habit, those rolls of gum-paper we paste on the windows in wartime, and instinctively I found myself tracing out on my windows the same crisscross patterns through which I had looked out upon the world in childhood.

The way in which mobilization was carried out in France is common knowledge. And it really is wonderful to think that, in such a short space of time, three immense migrations were so successfully managed, without confusion in train time, practically without accident, without causing a garage to go short of gasoline, a baker of flour, or a fruiterer of choice grapes or peaches. For several days, five and ten times the normal number of trains were running on our railroads. Then it was over; one part of the population of France — the *évacués* — had descended upon the other part; the British Army had taken up its

strategic position, and five million Frenchmen had left their homes and gone to the war.

France was cut in two: on one side were the men, on the other the women. On one side five million soldiers — so many soldiers, too many, as it happened — united by discipline, by comradeship, each with his particular job, each obeying some special order. On the other side an army of women, lacking direction or cohesion. Each had to make her own decisions, accept her own responsibilities, wage her own war; each was a soldier in an army of loneliness.

II

The first reaction of French women to the war drove them to imitate the men: to enroll for service, to enlist in some corps or other. But there was no official means of recruiting women. With wild enthusiasm women flocked to such private organizations as existed, and registered their names for some future and hypothetical war work. A friend of mine, who arrived at one of these offices half an hour after it opened, was given the number 697, and was almost stifled as she fought her way out through the enormous crowd that was waiting behind her.

Each individual woman, to quote an expression heard on every side at the time, 'was ready to go anywhere and do anything.' 'Above all, put me in some difficult and dangerous post,' they

would plead. Far from fleeing danger, they courted it, they would have rushed to meet it; they saw themselves as dispatch riders, liaison agents, parachutists, lorry drivers, bombing pilots, anything and everything.

French women burned to be heroic; their country had, up till now, to refuse them this privilege, but asked of them other service, less spectacular and less easy.

As soon as the ferment of mobilization had died down, the mission that the men had bequeathed to the women became strikingly clear: it was immense, yet intangible; vital, yet diffused. Behind the bulwark formed by our armies the whole life of the country had suddenly stopped, as if paralyzed by the declaration of war. For a moment the fields were empty, the shops were closed, the looms were silent. France had to be reorganized. It had to be maintained in health, moral and physical, economic and social; it had need of the care the trainer lavishes upon the athlete who is about to enter the fiercest test of his whole life. Here, then, was a task for women, here was work they could do, without the wearing of uniform, without any marching or stamping or saluting, without sealed military orders.

This lack of parade, of regimentation, even of good organization, in regard to feminine activities in France, which is the despair of reporters and press photographers greedy for news, did not worry me at all. There was a reason, a purely personal one, which reassured me. The sight of all those women, last September, trying without much success to find their niche in a feverish world, recalled to me the action of another woman who was no longer there to take her part: my mother, Madame Curie. Twenty-five years ago, in that same summer heat, in that same empty Paris whose citizens had fled to the cool sea or the country, another general mobilization had found Marie Curie at work, in her laboratory. Exactly as in the case of any normal, un-

obtrusive French woman of 1939, the great scientist found herself stranded, thrown entirely on her own resources: her assistants, her colleagues, had all gone to join their regiments. The only people left in the laboratory were an aged mechanic, a woman cleaner, and herself, to whom a France at war had offered no special work, no post of vital importance.

Nevertheless, a few days later Madame Curie had switched over her energies to war. With the sure judgment of a scientist, she had immediately realized that there was a tragic gap in the organization for the reception of the wounded: both the advanced hospitals and those at the base were almost entirely lacking in X-ray apparatus.

Madame Curie was not long in deciding what was to be done: X-ray posts must be installed at once, wherever it was possible. Within a few hours she had drawn up a list of existing apparatus, made a round of the manufacturers, got together such X-ray machines as were available, and enlisted volunteers to manipulate them. Realizing also how essential it was to have mobile apparatus, she equipped the first French X-ray car. As early as August 1914, this car was being driven from hospital to hospital.

On Armistice day, Madame Curie's work could be summed up as follows: she had equipped twenty X-ray motor-cars; set up two hundred X-ray posts in which *one million* wounded soldiers had been examined; organized classes in which one hundred and fifty X-ray workers received instruction; created a radium emanation service for the healing of stubborn wounds and skin lesions; visited more than three hundred military hospitals.

All this Madame Curie did on her own initiative, helped by some, obstructed by others. No noisy propaganda was made about her work, and, if it had been, it would only have displeased her.

When the war was over, my mother stored in its garage her personal X-ray

car, scarred and battered by four years of continuous service. Then she went quietly back again to her work, to her beloved physics laboratory, to the research she worshiped. And within a few weeks the rôle she had played in the great drama was forgotten by all.

France is not a country where personal effort is advertised in bright colors or cried aloud from the housetops. It is a country where great work often goes unseen. But does it matter? What matters is that the work leads to victory.

III

During the first months of the war, there have been in France neither aerial bombardments nor immense casualties in the field, with the result that those women who were best prepared for war have had the least to do. The thirty thousand voluntary nurses, belonging to our three Red Cross organizations, are at their posts in various hospitals distributed over the country, in hospital trains, in front-line and motor ambulances. Numerous classes have been started, where new recruits to nursing formations are being prepared for the day when they will be required.

There is another class of women who are living in a state of what one might cynically call disappointment: I mean those volunteers who are employed upon Passive Defense. Among them are many who have been schooled in highly dangerous work. There is, for instance, a corps of motor drivers, chemists, and gas detectors, whose duty, in case of bombardment, would be to drive straight to the spot where poison bombs had exploded. In Paris this corps has regular hours of attendance at the police stations. Its members are ready at an instant's notice to jump into their small two-seaters, where there is just room for two women and what is called the Kling apparatus — after the inventor, the director of our Municipal Laboratory. This apparatus is used for detect-

ing the presence of gas. But, in addition, the women chemists have undergone special training in how to smell, which enables them to recognize traces of gas too weak to be registered by the Kling apparatus. The members of this new profession, born of the war, are called 'sniffers' — *les flaireuses*. This is their official name. Up to now the 'sniffers' have had nothing worse to sniff than ordinary air. They have passed most of their time on duty knitting or reading, to the consternation of those seekers after sensation whose appetite increases in proportion to the distance which separates them from the scene of danger.

War does not only call for volunteers. It enlists women whom it pays — women factory workers. In one of the factories of guns and shells which I visited, I saw as many women at work as there were men. They stood in lines before the drills, the moulds, and the machines which file down the steel to the exact gauge. At one end of the hall vibrating with noise, women were controlling the machines which turn out tiny parts of percussion fuses. Farther on, women were feeding unpolished steel bars to the jaws of an insatiable monster, and taking away, at regular intervals, heaps of fine whirling steel shavings which gradually mounted around it. From its side the tiny shells fall, in a steady stream, into an oil-filled drum. Nearly all these women wore clogs and thick woolen stockings, to protect their feet from the oil and the metal shavings.

There are many forms of mechanical work which women perform more deftly and more quickly than men: for instance, the fixing of fuses in shells of small calibre. The tiny metal pieces, as tiny as those used in watchmaking, have to be fixed in position one behind the other. Men grow impatient at this work, but it is found that women do it as easily as if they were threading strings of beads. A girl I stood watching had white smooth hands and polished nails — and the deadly fuse, a small shining copper

cylinder no larger than a thimble, looked, in her deft fingers, like some precious jewel from Cartier.

Munitions work will undoubtedly absorb an ever-increasing number of women. During the 1914 war, the number of French women at work reached four hundred thousand. Marshal Joffre, at a critical moment, said: 'If the women in the factories stopped work for twenty minutes, the Allies would lose the war.'

The women did not stop for twenty minutes. They hardly stopped for three and a half years. They worked day and night, Sundays and holidays and weekdays, ten, eleven, sometimes fourteen hours a day. The Allies won the war, but the women, in many cases, lost their health.

If I seem to stress the overwork of French women in the 1914 war, it is because it was a lesson to us, and we intend to profit by that lesson. Our Minister of Munitions, who has had an outstandingly successful career in industry, has made a special point of harboring the strength of women factory workers. In the factories I have visited, those women who have exhausting work to do and are kept on their feet have their time split up in the following manner: one week of day shift, one week night shift, one week rest. Other systems are also being tried out, such as shifts of five hours, or again eight hours a day for three days, followed by one day off. But of course women who have less tiring jobs, normal jobs, work much more than that, up to sixty hours a week.

IV

When I am asked to say what women's war effort consists of in France, I am tempted to reply, 'It consists of this: we have five million men mobilized, one eighth of our total population, one third of our active workers. Yet France continues to thrive, the daily round goes on.'

It happens that I can give you a per-

fect example of this replacement of men by women. Off the west coast of Brittany, there is a small rocky island called the Isle of Molène, having 662 inhabitants. On the day of mobilization, every man capable of work left the island — every man! The women had to take over everything — the care of the children and the aged, as well as the local government. So now, on the Isle of Molène, the 'island without men,' it is the women who go fishing among the channels beset with reefs. They clean and prepare the boats, repair the nets and the lines. Standing waist-deep in the water, they gather the seaweed which is dried and burnt to make iodine. One woman kneads and bakes the bread; another pushes the barrow, loaded with great round loaves, from door to door. Since the postman is gone, his daughter puts on his cap, buckles on his satchel, and delivers the letters. The wife of the engineer looks after the dynamo on which the island relies for its electric light. A Sister of Saint Vincent de Paul has taken over the chemist's shop: she bandages wounds, pulls out teeth, heals the sick, and prays by the dead. The lifeboat is manned — 'girded,' if you like — by the daughters of the fishermen. The men of the Isle of Molène have gone to the war, its women fight the seas, and all is well. The mayor — or rather the substitute for the mayor — wears a black frock and has gray hair. Only one man has not been replaced: the bar-keeper. The bar is closed.

Here is another example, a village in Normandy called Caumont, where there are 860 inhabitants — small contractors, farmers, and laborers. A few days after mobilization, the inhabitants founded a mutual-help centre and circulated a request for volunteers to every home. I will read you some of the replies received: 'Arthur Stevenin, mobilized with the 1928 class, *but his wife is ready to carry on*'; 'Auguste Anne, farmer, not mobilized. Both I and my wife wish to offer our services';

'Maurice Griset, garage owner, four children, mobilized with the 1918 class, *but his wife is ready to carry on.*'

'The women will carry on.' That is the unspoken motto of the peasant women all over France. I have not been able to see those women at work because I am shut up all day in an office and have hardly caught sight of a field for months past. I should like, however, to quote to you some words written by a young French author of talent who is also a real woman of the country. Her name is Michel Davet. In a letter I received from her a few days before leaving France, she gave me a description of the life of her neighbor, a peasant in a small village in the Department of Lot:—

A field of oats, a lane, a violet geranium against the worn and yellowing stonework of a doorstep, and, at the door itself, a young woman gazing at a departing man. The essential thing about this scene is the feeling of its continuity—that it is a picture repeating itself over and over again, the farmhouse, the field, and the sunburned woman watching a soldier disappear along the road. It is the same story, almost the same setting, as a hundred or three hundred years ago, under other forms of government and during other wars. There is less poverty, less ruggedness—yet it is more forlorn.

There is not a single workingman left in the group of gray-stone farms; the old are old, and this war has come, as wars generally do come, at the earth's richest season, when everything is ripe and when every arm is needed. During the first few weeks, without giving way to a single hour of sorrow and indecision, my neighbor, after borrowing a donkey and a cart from a friend, harvested the third crop of lucerne on her own, gathered the beetroots and potatoes, all in a muddy heavy soil, picked the sunflowers, those great, tall blooms whose seed is so valuable for the poultry, harvested the corn, gathered in everything to the last of the leavings.

October has come, bringing with it the trying work of threshing, the most thankless task of harvesttime, and the picking of the fruit. A mist begins to gather over the fields, and the first frost comes. It is the season of

ploughing, of sowing, and of great cartloads of manure. Nor must the logs or the last of the beetroots be forgotten, nor the planting out of cabbages, nor the cider, the brandy, the ratafia—since the men seem to like them. Again, the new wine must be drawn off and separated.

And her housekeeping and her mothering both go on just as usual, in addition to this heavy work. She has just as much washing and mending to do as the women in the towns. In the evening, when she sits down to strip the corn, she feels her legs all of a tremble and she thinks she is beginning to get old. Then there is the animal life which exists, parallel with the human life of the farm—the pigs must be fattened, and the chickens and the turkeys.

And what about the war? And winter? While she sits knitting gloves or scarfs, my neighbor pictures the bitter cold at the front, and wonders a little, too, whether the frost is going to kill her roses and geraniums.

When I tell her she is courageous, when I say to her, 'How do you manage to cope with all that work?' she begins by apologizing for her hands, blackened by the walnuts, then she says: 'Well, in wartime, the days are so long. . . . Besides, I don't need much sleep.'

Official commentary on all such hidden toil can be found in a circular sent out by the Ministry of Agriculture on November 15, 1939, which contains these brief and simple words: 'In spite of present circumstances, the sowing of crops is normal in France.'

V

One finds countless cases, at any stage of the social ladder, where women have replaced the mobilized men. Overnight some women have undertaken executive jobs. I could mention women who are directing factories, running law offices or important industrial concerns. I am thinking also of women shopkeepers, left in charge of the shop; they do the buying, keep the accounts, have a ready smile for customers, and are proud that they have kept things going unaided, proud to be able to tell their husbands that all is well. I am thinking of the

women doctors, who have an immense amount of work on their hands, of women professors, of women scientists working for laboratories engaged upon national defense work.

Then there is the Postal Service, which was suddenly paralyzed at the outbreak of war by lack of personnel. Women were demanded for sorting the mail, a particularly arduous work given, in normal times, to young and energetic men. It means standing eight hours, with a break of only one quarter of an hour. As soon as a mailbag is full, the sorter must tie it up and drag it to the loading room. A mailbag weighs eighty pounds. I know a girl — she was at one time a radio announcer — who volunteered for this work. Her duties began at 3 A.M.; she worked for a month, lost sixteen pounds in weight, and earned a thousand francs — about twenty-two dollars! There are also the women van drivers, who, day and night, drive the mail to and from the railway stations and the aerodromes. At the present time, of the total employees in the Postal Service, 58 per cent are women.

However, some trades, and especially women's trades, were for a short time almost killed by the war — those of fashion and luxury. It seemed paradoxical, almost insane, in that Paris of September last, — menaced by destruction from the air, its streets empty, silent, — to invent frocks for balls which would never take place, or hats when we had ceased wearing hats, to mount jewels nobody would ever be able to afford. Most of the great firms closed their doors, and in so doing forced into unemployment the multitude of industries which depend on them for existence: furs, feathers, flowers, manufacturers of dress materials and lace, the fashion magazines.

A few weeks went by. Paris was not bombarded, but the effects of the crisis became clear: it was seen that the closing down of the big dressmakers alone had thrown twenty-five thousand workers

out of employment. The total number of people in the clothing industry in France is one million, and the export of luxury goods is one of the principal sources of our national income. It represents, in a normal year, one billion francs' worth of perfumes, six billion of materials, thirty million of feathers, seventy-five million of artificial flowers, six hundred million of hats and frocks. . . .

The managers' desks in the deserted fashion houses became heaped with telegrams from all over the world — telegrams from those countries not at war, where there were plenty of light and plenty of dance bands, where people gave balls and cocktail parties. While France was asking herself what her fate was to be, those countries, with almost equal anxiety, were asking her other questions. For instance: 'Cable details of winter and spring fashions. What colors will be worn this year? Will hats be over the nose or the back of the neck? What new materials are there? What are the length and width of skirts?'

There was a war, admitted. But there were also, all over the world, millions of women who 'hadn't a thing to wear' and who were looking to France to tell them what to wear. Do not think I am making fun of this appeal: it is a demonstration of confidence, which makes me feel extremely proud of my country.

Then something happened. The proprietors of the luxury trade, the work people, the manufacturers of materials and accessories, without forgetting those ministers responsible, made a concerted and spontaneous effort to bring the trade to life again. The government reduced the taxes of the proprietors, the proprietors took unheard-of financial risks, the employees, in turn, made heavy sacrifices.

The day came when Paris was able to reply to those telegrams from abroad something as follows: 'We have reopened. Our new creations are out. Can accept all orders and are preparing

some magnificent frocks for January. Business as usual.'

What struck me most forcibly in this matter of the luxury trade — and it is a matter I have followed closely — was the enormous amount France stood to lose. I am not thinking so much of the billions of francs' worth of exports, which would have vanished if the dress-making trade had shut down; I am thinking rather of the thousands of pairs of women's hands, French hands, the most deft, the most inventive in the world, which would have ceased folding or draping Lyons silk and velvet, Flanders linen, Alençon lace, tulle from Auvergne. Sentimental writers have written any amount of cheap stories about the French *midinettes* and their 'fairy hands.' But they are far more than merely fairy hands; they are hard-working. It is by their continuous labor that the French dressmaking tradition and taste have been preserved. Only by constant practice, unremitting daily exercise, such as the acrobat or the pianist must keep up, do those hands retain their art.

A few weeks ago I needed some frocks and hats for my trip to the United States. I was extremely busy and wanted to lose as little time as possible. At my dressmaker's I suggested that it was unnecessary to go to a lot of trouble, that I could quite well wear one or two of my last season's frocks. I came up against fierce resistance. Once again the whole establishment, from the designer to the smallest *petite main* who does no more than pick up the pins, was intoxicated by the thrill of fashion, the craving for what is new. I remember one of the saleswomen, whose husband was in the very front line and who, without any doubt, was living in a constant state of apprehension, remonstrating excitedly: 'Mademoiselle Curie, you simply *cannot* wear that six-months-old dress. Why it's *pre-war*! You can't show that dress in America. Think how the fashion has changed!'

At the hat shop it was the same story.

I was not allowed to bring away with me a hat more than a fortnight old. I had to wear the latest invention of the rue de la Paix, something created in the shop half an hour before — in fact, the hat which had just put all the others in the shade.

As for the fitter, she was ready to try on at any hour of the day or night. She would go without lunch or stay long after closing time, waiting for me, to make sure of a fold or alter a pleat. On the last day she said to me: 'Just think, these frocks are going all over the United States, and *this year* of all years. I should worry myself to death if everything weren't quite all right.'

In a country at war, here was this anonymous worker considering the turning out of a 'faultless' dress as a kind of national victory and, at the present time, a kind of challenge to the world.

VI

What the employees, the proprietors, and the government have done for the dressmaking trade they will do, or try to do, for all other French trades, which include — I am giving you the official figure — six hundred and eighty-two women's trades. French women and men will make whatever effort or sacrifice is necessary; they have grasped very clearly the meaning of those words 'production, exports, work, economy,' which are part of the vocabulary of modern war. They know that the country which will work more, export more, buy more, produce more, is the country which is going to win.

What makes the reorganization of labor difficult in France is the evacuation of the civilian population. Until the first of September, 1,400,000 people were living in their own homes, going about their ordinary daily work — living, in fact, their normal lives. A few days later those same people found themselves transplanted in overcrowded country villages, five or six hundred miles away, with nothing to live on but what

the government provided! Among them were Alsatians, strongly attached to their language, their religion, their local traditions, and a defenseless host of children.

The education of these children has been a matter of considerable difficulty for those responsible. On the day the schools should normally have reopened, our French educational system — so carefully planned, with its primary and secondary schools, its *lycées*, universities, and higher specializing schools — became a nightmare jigsaw puzzle. Some areas were deserted by children and students, others overcrowded. In the provinces, a number of colleges had been requisitioned for the troops or transformed into military hospitals, thus depriving the boarders of their beds and the day pupils of their desks.

The educational staff devised various alternatives. They hurriedly furnished new premises, formed mixed classes of boys and girls, improvised correspondence courses, and even — most successful of all — organized lessons over the radio.

The hardest task of all fell to the primary-school teachers. They accompanied their pupils, who were evacuated by classes, into the refugee area. They sleep, very often, in the dormitories with the children, wash them, mend their clothes, and supervise their food. They often have to cut the children's hair and bandage cuts and bruises, let alone finding occupation for the undisciplined little monkeys during playtime — a never-ending job.

All of this output of feminine energy, these efforts outwardly so disconnected, have a common foundation: I mean our welfare services, both official and private, with which the numerous women's committees for war work are closely collaborating.

Social service had its beginning in France during the 1914 war. America inspired it, and for a long time gave it practical support by financing many

admirable organizations. Twenty years have gone by, and our welfare services have continued to develop. The 1939 war is putting them on their mettle and is demonstrating the efficiency of the network of feminine organizations which now reaches to every corner of France.

Our women workers played a leading part in the evacuation of both children and adults, by accompanying trains and supervising the installation of refugee areas. In town and country they have become the advisers of every woman lost amid new surroundings and loaded with new cares. Social workers assigned to factories are constantly effecting improvements in the working conditions of their fellow women, and acting as impartial liaison agents between employers and employees.

It can be said quite definitely that the war will make France richer for all time in welfare services. They will be the surest protection of that family life which is the very foundation of our country. They will carry out effectively the government's present policy of encouraging family life and the birth rate. France is making a great effort to bring closer together the inner life of the family and the various occupations of its members, by such laws as our new Code de la Famille. Social welfare is therefore not only improving the present, but planning for the future.

VII

The future? No doubt you are asking yourselves how I can bring myself to speak of this future. No doubt you are thinking that the future of France is obscured by the war, which, so far as the west front is concerned, is still like a slow-moving prelude; maybe that, for France, the future will mean a procession of horrors, cities in ruin, a legion of dead, nameless suffering. How can women, the everlasting 'enemies of war,' admit of such a future for their country? What is the secret of the Frenchwoman's present calm, of her unwavering decision?

As a woman — as a French woman — I will try to reply to these questions, not by political argument but by a woman's argument: the only form, indeed, that I am entitled to use. For in my country women have no political rights. I admit that such a state of things is illogical and absurd, and it is destined, I hope, soon to be changed. Yet — forgive me if I am a little paradoxical — this injustice may have had a good side. Thanks to it, there are in France twenty-one million people untouched, even bored by politics — aside from a few brilliant and obvious exceptions. Accordingly, those twenty-one million women, instead of wasting their enthusiasm in pursuit of the many deceptive ideologies of national or international politics, have remained in direct contact with life — have remained, in other words, realists.

During the years of so-called 'peace' through which we have just passed, these women, these realists, have not lost themselves in the labyrinth of treaties or revisions of treaties, of party quarrels or party alliances. What they have done, these cold calculators, is simply to assess the amount of happiness accorded to them, and accorded, in general, to the inhabitants of Europe. When one of these women looked at the map of Europe, she did not seek the landmarks of complicated diplomatic moves, or of some sophisticated balance of power. She examined the map in a more simple, more direct manner. From that carved-up peninsula which is our continent she picked out the ever-widening regions of suffering and persecution and the ever-narrowing regions of peace and tolerance. She understood that for years, since 1933, we have not been at peace: we have been at war. Since 1933 a man has been trying, year after year, to conquer Europe, and, after Europe, the world.

Our women have seen the tide of oppression advancing farther each day, surging over the weak, then treacher-

ously creeping towards the strong. Before the subtle and hypocritical menace, full of snares, the women of France have seen their husbands, their fiancés, and their sons losing confidence in their work and their future. Twice already, in October 1938 and March 1939, the white mobilization posters have called our men to arms, and they have had to remain on guard during weeks of anxious waiting, which is even worse than actual war. From that time on, in every home there lurked the shadow of an intruder, of an evildoer, of him who has dared to speak those terrible words: 'I am war.' It was as if that man had whispered in every woman's ear: 'You are happy, *for the time being*. Your child is alive, *for the time being*. The walls of your house are intact, *for the time being*. But when I say the word, your world will be shattered.'

Before the drama of this war began, its elements shone in a clear light. Those twin agents of evil which were oppressing Europe, and which had seemed to be enemies, Naziism and Bolshevism, drew suddenly together in quite logical friendship, and crushed between them a fiercely struggling Poland, which has for centuries, in the eyes of both Germany and Russia, been a standing excuse for plunder and partition. Afterwards there remained only a few countries lying along the limits of the European peninsula in which the dignity of man still had a meaning.

Then, before the silent gaze of surrounding nations that seemed as if hypnotized, France and England took up arms. And our men began to speak those quiet, very ordinary words which are now on the lips of every man in uniform, no matter what may be his social standing or political opinion: 'We have had enough. We can't go on living like this. We've got to finish with it. *Il faut en finir*.' And every woman, when with her realism, and even her feminine egoism, she had weighed up her existence, said, too: 'We have had enough.'

I can't go on living like this. He can't go on living like this. Il faut en finir.

Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, being the citizens of a free country, feel responsible for the freedom they enjoy. In the last year or two they have learned that 'peace at any price' is no peace at all; that life at any price has no value whatever, for life is nothing without the privileges, the joys, the pride, which make it worth living, and also worth giving. They have discovered also that there is something more ugly, more atrocious than war or death, and that is to live in fear. Having to choose between defending and not defending our very conception of life, we chose to defend it and make it win. And, all at once, our fears have left us, have vanished. Strangely enough, fear now is not with the belligerents. It is with the neutrals.

When our soldiers have won the war, they will not have added an inch of territory to our country, and the frontiers of France, on the map of Europe to which I referred just now, will not have changed their shape. But it will be a very great victory indeed if they can obliterate from that map the shadow of oppression and distress, if they can liberate all those men and women who are cowering or might have cowered under a shameful law, if they give them back their right to that little bit of happiness, that confidence in the future, and that blessed hope which all of us feel should be ours.

Once again I find myself speaking of hope and the future, when the future is unknown. The fact is, every Frenchwoman thinks of the future, every Frenchwoman hopes. It is said that women have 'a craze for hoping.' If they have it, it is a first-class craze, and full of good sense. The wise are fond of saying that war will bring utter destruction, that not a single house will be left standing, that the whole social structure will crash — but women, in their hearts, don't believe a word of it. Instinct tells them that even should many things

have changed when peace comes, people will still live in houses, go to market, cook food, bring up children, and transact business. . . .

After my mother died, I went through her black leather pocket case, in which she had kept her identification papers during the 1914 war. It had been everywhere with her, to Ypres, to Amiens, to Verdun. After the Armistice, it had remained for years intact in a drawer. I found in it, together with orders from military missions, two little sachets which had contained garden seeds: some rosemary which Madame Curie had planted in the beds outside her laboratory, between her visits to the front. Even in the darkest days of 1917 and 1918, that stubborn scientist knew that one day the laboratories would open their doors again, that scientific research would return to its own, and that people would again find pleasure in gazing at flowers. French women of today are just as stubborn as Marie Curie. So, while the men are fighting for France, they work patiently like ants, they build and prepare, they look to the France of tomorrow, to the Europe of tomorrow.

The war has enabled French women to show the world something of which they themselves already had a notion: that the country could be handed over to them for a time without being any the worse for it. This not only proves their powers of improvisation; it also proves the words of the Prince of Ligne, that 'in France men make the laws but women set the standards.' Again it proves that the French woman is, as she always has been, energetic, competent, full of power, and — to use the words in their best sense — capable of anything.

You may have been surprised that I have not mentioned by name any of those French women who are working so hard for victory, that I have avoided setting up one among many as a heroine. There is no reason why I should. In the

official communiqué issued by General Headquarters, we are not told the name of the corporal who repulses a raid, of the pilot who brings down an enemy machine, of the driver of a tank who cleverly avoids a trap, of the sapper who reënforces a trench. In everyday life, that corporal, or pilot, or sapper, or driver of the tank, had a trade; he was a baker or a lawyer, a clerk or a business man. So long as those men are carrying out their duties at the front, so long will women step into their places in the rear — anonymously. Like a fresh crew, they have taken over the working of the ship, and are keeping it on its course.

You may also ask me why, since I have been talking to you about women, I have not mentioned love. As a matter of fact, I feel I have hardly mentioned anything else. What is it, if not love, that gives woman the strength to accomplish such marvels? In a woman's heart, patriotism and love are inseparable allies.

Our two teams — masculine and feminine — are not only fighting beside

one another; they are fighting *for* one another. They are equal in courage and in patience. Both detest advertisement and sensationalism. When the battle is won — and it may be long and fierce — the men and women of France will seek no applause. But forgive me for speaking my mind: if the Allies finally wipe out Hitlerism, if, after fighting a total war, they succeed in getting a 'total peace,' — a peace where every citizen of Europe will have the possibility of a decent life, will again have a future, — I don't think it is presumptuous on my part to say they will have deserved well of all nations.

Since the beginning of the war a quotation, a motto, has come back very often to my memory. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when the Polish legions were fighting desperately against Prussian and Russian troops, they carried purple flags, and on these flags was embroidered a magnificent appeal, directed at the same time to the Polish soldiers and to the soldiers of the oppressors: 'For our freedom and for yours.'

DURHAM: THE NEW SOUTH

BY DAVID L. COHN

WASHINGTON DUKE HOTEL
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

DEAR ELISAVETA ANDRIEVNA:—

I have now been in Durham for ten days. Here I have found Southerners and the South, although it is no more the South of the legendary past than is the Yankee-preempted hunt country of northern Virginia. Durham is, on the contrary, a type-town of the future South. It is filled with boosting, go-getting, up-and-at-'em business-men who haven't the slightest interest in whether Grandpa Clutcher dispersed a whole regiment of Yankees at Manassas or hid in the woods around Burnt Britches Bridge until the war was over. Ancestors, to Durham folk, are merely biological but not social necessities. They derive more comfort from the ascending curves of business graphs than from the flowering branches of family trees. They don't ask where you came from, but where you expect to go. If you want the South of moonlight and roses, with crinoline trimmings and faithful colored retainers plunking guitars in the moonlight, you are frankly told to go to Charleston, which specializes in that kind of thing. Durham's stars twinkle not in Baedeker but in Bradstreet; it is a boom town built on two depression-proof industries—the manufacture of cigarettes and culture; it is still crude and almost unrelievedly ugly; but for all that I hope you will include it in the itinerary of your grand American tour.

Here, first of all, you will see a striking and unique phenomenon: a made-over-

night university complete with acres of Gothic buildings, eminent faculty, star football team, cheer leaders, college spirit, sorority mothers, campus statuary, a student body gathered from all over the land, climbing ivy, and a great cathedral. Elsewhere universities have grown accretion by slow accretion. Bologna, the Sorbonne, Oxford, Heidelberg, Harvard, and Yale are the distillations of centuries. But Duke University stands where only ten years ago pines swayed in the vagrant winds. Philosophy C1 is taught in 1940 on the very spot where the rabbits of 1930 indulged their odd, fantastic habits amid tangled honeysuckle. Professorial voices expounding the law of corporations linger on the air that a little while ago was musical with the notes of mockingbirds singing amid sweet gum trees. Only fifty years before this time, moreover, the Dukes who decreed a university as imperiously as Kublai Khan decreed a golden dome had been impoverished peddlers of tobacco going up and down the rutted roads of North Carolina in a swaybacked wagon drawn by two blind mules.

A phenomenon such as this, my dear, is one that you will not encounter elsewhere in the world; nor is it likely to be repeated in the America of our times. It belongs to the past, along with such native ingenuities as the fur derby hat, the solid gold toothpick with ear spoon combined, Turkish leather rockers, and no restrictions—moral or legal—upon a man's ability to amass wealth. In the

high old days, however, before the coming of inheritance and income taxes and anti-monopoly laws, men could (and did) go rapidly from rags to riches, while Horatio Alger, Junior, confidently wrote as follows during the devastations of the panic of 1872-1873:—

Writing this preface abroad, after having visited for a second time, some of the leading countries of Europe, I am able to confirm . . . that nowhere . . . are such opportunities afforded for those who wish to rise as in America. We hear, indeed, occasional instances of prominent men who have risen from the ranks; what is rare and occasional in Europe is the rule with us. — *Bound to Rise, or, Up the Ladder*

When you approach Durham by road from any direction, you note that the landscape is dominated by the tall steel water tanks (American Byzantine) of its tobacco factories. These lend support to the hotly contested theory of some students that the Civil War conferred benefits upon the South other than those contained in the book and motion picture called *Gone with the Wind*. For example: the tobacco industry.

On a soft April day about seventy-five years ago, thousands of men wearing uniforms of blue or gray were gathered at a little hamlet in North Carolina called Durham's Station. They played games, swapped horses and stories, and enjoyed the novelty of fraternizing with the enemy. What if they were soldiers of the opposing armies of Generals Sherman and Johnston who were camped near by awaiting battle? Durham's Station was a neutral area by mutual consent, where Yank and Reb met to play. Here the men found a house full of smoking tobacco that had been manufactured by John R. Green for Confederate soldiers, but when the house was sacked the tobacco was equitably divided between the Blue and the Gray. (The moral holiday of war is sometimes observed with punctiliousness.) Later the groups separated, fought the battle demanded by the conventions of the military,

Johnston surrendered to Sherman, the Civil War receded into history, and the men scattered to their distant homes.

American boys were once taught at home and in school that if you worked hard, served your boss well, and saved your money, you might become rich. Chance, according to these teachers, played no part in the rise of any man worthy of the name; it was even deplored as slightly immoral; it flew in the face of the early-to-rise, early-to-bed doctrine of success. Let's see the workings of chance at Durham's Station, as the postmaster received letters from ex-soldiers asking where they could buy tobacco—the same soldiers who had stolen it at Durham's Station. The letters were turned over to John R. Green—the same Green who had been the victim of the robbery. He now sacked some of his tobacco and mailed it to his erstwhile despoilers whom peace had turned into paying customers. The accident of war had given him at small cost the nucleus of a national distribution of his product, and set him on the road to riches. Mr. Green called his brand Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco. The Bull of Durham was to go everywhere in the world, roll up great wealth for his owners, create an industry, a town, and a giant source of revenue to the Federal Government.

At first Bull Durham went into pipes alone, but later in the nineteenth century, and much of the twentieth, millions of coatless men walked the summer streets of America with a sack of Bull attached to a shirt button, and cigarette papers for making 'coffin nails' in their pockets. The ability to roll one's own deftly, with a minimum of saliva and under any conditions of wind, came to be a badge of manhood which the unskillful envied and to which youth aspired. America had become the greatest tobacco-producing and tobacco-consuming country in the world, and Durham one of its most important provincial capitals.

While Mr. Green was busy at the Sign of the Bull, a forty-five-year-old ex-

Confederate soldier, released from Federal prison at New Bern, North Carolina, trudged penniless and weary one hundred and forty miles to his hill farm. He was a widower, with children, named Washington Duke. The Yankees, in sacking his farm, had overlooked a small amount of tobacco which Duke now packed in bags and labeled 'Pro Bono Publico.' Then he hitched his two blind mules to a wagon, loaded it with tobacco, a frying pan, tin plates, a side of bacon, sweet potatoes, a bushel of corn meal, and set out for a week's trip to the herring fisheries on Albemarle Sound. At mealtimes he prepared his own food; at night he camped by the roadside. Duke bartered his tobacco for salt herring; the herring was traded to farmers for fresh pork; and the pork sold for cash to Raleigh merchants. Out of his profits he bought a dollar's worth of brown sugar — a rare luxury at the time — for his hungry boys at home. One of them was James B. Duke, who was to become the founder of the American Tobacco Company and of Duke University.

Soon after this journey, Washington Duke and his sons began to manufacture and sell tobacco at home. The business grew so rapidly that within ten years the family factory had been removed to Durham; but, while W. Duke Sons and Company prospered, they were dissatisfied with their progress. The road to greater and greater riches was blocked by the fact that none of the Duke brands could compete satisfactorily with Bull Durham smoking tobacco. It was therefore decided to manufacture cigarettes.

This venture was favored by the circumstances that the Civil War had enormously increased the popularity of smoking, and North Carolina had begun to produce Bright Tobacco, which was especially adapted for cigarettes. But cigarette-making machinery had not yet been invented, and no one in Durham knew how to roll them by hand. The Dukes then did what California fruit growers, Hawaiian pineapple planters,

and Southern cotton farmers had done under other circumstances — they imported the needed laborers. In this case they were New York Jews who had learned their trade while in the employ of the Russian tobacco monopoly. (Their descendants still live in Durham.) The Jews, however, soon gave way to Negroes, just as the Negroes have long been giving way to machinery in the tobacco industry. The growing wealth and population of the country, the ever-increasing use of the habit-forming weed, and the opening of world markets under the fierce energy of the Dukes, caused expansion after expansion of their firm.

Now, my dear, let us observe a sequence of events that could have happened only in America. So lucrative is the manufacture of tobacco that, as you know, many European governments reserve it to themselves as a monopoly and permit no private competition. And the rise from rags to riches in Europe generally takes several generations. Contrast this with the rise of the Dukes. By 1890 — *only twenty-five years after Washington Duke had begun to peddle tobacco from a wagon* — four rival concerns joined with W. Duke Sons and Company to form the American Tobacco Company. Its capitalization of \$25,000,000 was termed by the United States Commissioner of Corporations 'an amount vastly in excess of tangible assets,' or, in the less polite words of the man in the street, 'watered stock.' But nineteenth-century America was characterized by a savage *laissez faire*, and the Dukes, after all, were men of their times. Finally, eighty-six other and competing firms were merged or consolidated with the American Tobacco Company, while its capitalization was run up to \$235,000,000. James B. Duke was made president of the company, which at its inception secured control of 90 per cent of the cigarette business of the greatest cigarette-smoking country in the world. That, my dear, is (or was) America.

Monopoly, real or alleged, has now become a wearisomely familiar issue to the American people, but there was a time — particularly in the days of Theodore Roosevelt — when it provoked avid interest and intense indignation among the public. When, therefore, in 1911, the Commissioner of Corporations issued a report on American Tobacco in which he spoke of its alleged corporate sins, of the bare living earned by tobacco farmers, and of the starvation prices paid them for tobacco, it was agreed something must be done. And something was done. The United States Supreme Court, which has often been given to a rather charming metaphysical unawareness of the brawling world, ordered the dissolution of the Tobacco Trust. Whereupon its component parts rearranged their positions; the country's population increased; millions of women joined the ranks of smokers; tobacco farmers remained poor; and the Dukes grew richer.

In the meanwhile, James B. Duke had moved in 1905 from Durham to Somerville, New Jersey, where he constructed a palace on an estate of twenty-five hundred acres, and lived in that magnificence to which self-made American millionaires seem to feel they are called. The years went by pleasantly enough for Mr. Duke in New Jersey, while down in North Carolina tobacco farmers continued to sow their seeds in hotbeds, transplant the slips to warm spring earth, cultivate the growing crop in hot summer, sit up autumn nights to keep wood fires blazing in curing barns, haul their tobacco to market, take the prices they were offered for it, and endure their poverty with becoming humility. When the times pressed too hard upon them they clamored for William Jennings Bryan for President, and shouted for the coming of the Lord in revival meetings. When times were relatively good they bought a secondhand Ford, loaded the family into it, and went off to visit relatives and hunt 'coons up at Spruce Pine. All in all, it was not a bad world, but it was

a world from which James B. Duke was soon to depart.

In 1924, with but one more year to live, his thoughts reverted to Durham, where his youth had been spent and his fortune founded. In that town there was a small school — Trinity College. He now descended upon its trustees with a startling proposal. If they would change the name of Trinity to Duke University, said Mr. Duke, he would grant it an endowment of \$40,000,000. This condition, reports the late Professor Boyd of Duke University with admirable understatement, 'was readily fulfilled by the Trinity trustees.' A year later James B. Duke was dead. He has, however, achieved at least earthly immortality. A university bears his name; he stands frock-coated with cigar in hand in enduring bronze on the Duke campus; he lies in marble effigy with his brothers in the chapel of Duke cathedral; beneath its stones rest his remains.

The Duke millions began to be converted into Duke University just about the time when economic depression moved in on us for a long visit, and they resulted in a boom for the small but already depression-proof town of Durham. Its principal activity — cigarette making — had increased for years through good times and bad. Now the town was to experience a first-class building boom as the pines went down and the University went up. When the tents had been finally erected, the star performers arrived — men learned in the professions and esoteric lore; doctors of this and doctors of that; men with bizarre names in a community accustomed to simple Anglo-Saxon nomenclature; but all of them, of whatever kind or degree, with the golden aura of Consumers about their heads. Close upon their heels came the girl-and-boy student body: potential purchasers of lipsticks, tennis rackets, shoes, clothing, and ice cream sodas. Culture, it appeared to the town's astonished citizens, was not a total loss; it could pay dividends as

well as tobacco. Durham's business and population grew; rows of new homes pirouetted on the flanks of the town's mastodontic tobacco warehouses; steel tanks and Gothic towers looked down upon a world freshly born; the ugly duckling of North Carolina had become a fairy princess overnight.

Once the University had a roof over its head, it began to erupt fountains of culture in the form of lectures and recitals by famous speakers and musicians, accessible to townsfolk as well as students. But in Durham, as nearly everywhere else in the United States, the propagation of the arts, like the duties of spring cleaning and putting up pickles, is left to the ladies. Occasionally a determined Durham woman succeeds in dragging her husband away from a poker game to hear Rachmaninoff instead of 'What ya got?' but in general Durham's men let their ladies absorb Duke's 'advantages' while they root for its football teams. For this group, education justified itself when the Duke Blue Devils played Southern California in the Rose Bowl, and while its members await the coming of another Great Team they are content for their women to listen to discourses on the bird life of the Bahamas or Edna St. Vincent Millay.

In short, Durham's men — conscious of the fact that the South, with 50 per cent of the nation's resources within its borders and a rapidly growing population, is nonetheless the most poverty-stricken area of America — are out to get the business, and let him who will have the 'culture' and Southern 'romance.' Northerners deplore this attitude because they feel the South ought to stick to the business of being picturesque. The fact that it is highly unprofitable is all the more reason — in Northern eyes — why the South should stick to it. Old-time Southerners are likely to resent the Durham attitude because to them it means that the South is committing its greatest crime: aping the North. Durham, however, was set-

tled not by aristocrats but by hard-working plain folk like the Dukes; it is not obsessed with the historical past; and, consciously or unconsciously, it feels that the time has come to stop playing the rôle of jolly peasants singing on the village green for the delectation of rich and patronizing Northerners.

If the white men of Durham have abandoned the Southern-charm rôle, so have the Negroes. Here one finds perhaps the most imposing and substantial business structure that Negroes have ever erected in America — the North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company. Founded over forty years ago by the Negro barber, John Merrick, it is today still conducted entirely by Negroes, operates in six states, has assets of \$6,000,000 and nearly \$50,000,000 of life insurance in force. Durham Negroes also own and run a successful bank, and an equally successful fire insurance company. This concern — Bankers Fire Insurance Company — is unique in that it constitutes the only group of Negroes in America engaged in the field of fire insurance underwriting, and caters to Negroes who, in many cases, could not get insurance elsewhere. It follows that Durham is not a happy hunting ground for writers in search of 'that's-why-darkies-are-born' material, because here they seem born to conduct business rather than 'hoe the cawn.'

The success of the North Carolina Mutual is opposed to at least four American legends. (1) Negroes are incapable of managing large-scale enterprise. (2) Even if they were capable of managing large-scale enterprise, they would have to operate in the North because the Negro-biased South would not give them a chance. (3) The best Negro brains go North for lack of opportunity in the South, leaving the dregs of the race to drag out a miserable existence. (This company was founded by and is conducted entirely by Southern Negroes.) (4) Negroes are faced with extermination because of the ravages of tuberculosis

and venereal diseases. This legend was once given solemn documentary sanction by one of the great insurance companies in 1890.

At that time — twenty-five years after the Civil War — the Prudential Life Insurance Company assigned one of its best actuaries, Hoffman, to the task of ascertaining whether it would be profitable to insure the lives of Negroes. Hoffman, after a long investigation, issued a thick, statistics-bristling report concluding that there was no sense in insuring Negroes for the simple reason that within two or three generations there would be no Negroes left to insure. They would long ago have perished of pulmonary and venereal diseases! This point of view, strangely enough, was held both by laymen and by actuaries long after the Civil War, and it continued to be held despite the fact that each census showed an increase in the Negro population. I wonder what the ghostly Mr. Hoffman thinks now as he sees 13,000,000 Negroes in the United States (there were about 4,000,000 in 1865), and a large Negro life insurance company prosperously insuring the lives of Negroes.

Now all this is obviously not the Old but the New South. Deplore it if you will; call it sterile; call it whatever you like; and resent the spread of the acquisitive instinct at the expense of many other values. All this, in fact, is resented by Durham's neighbor, the ancient town of Raleigh, many of whose citizens look down their patrician noses at the upstart town of Durham, because its sky is filled with the smoke of chimneys rather than the lambent Carolina light, its streets paved less with tradition than with brick, and its leaders more intent upon piling up cash than culture. These folk see culture — by which they mean mellowed homes, old silver, impeccable manners, and a gracious way of living — as an abstraction come out of the nowhere into the now. It could not possibly be associated with anything so

gross as trade; its silver surface would be tarnished by the breath of business.

They forget, of course, that wherever on this continent or elsewhere an intellectual or sensory culture has prevailed, it sprang from trade and flourished in trading centres. Boston, New York, Richmond, and New Orleans were business cities, and it mattered little whether they exchanged hardware for tea, as Boston did with China, or slaves for money, as Virginia did with the lower South; culture followed in the wake of business. Southerners are prone to forget — or do not want to remember — that some of the shrewdest, toughest-minded financiers who ever drove a hard bargain on this continent were the Huguenot bankers of old Charleston. And long before western Europe had awakened from forest barbarism, culture and business had gone hand in hand in Babylon, Athens, and Alexandria. I do not despair, therefore, of Durham, nor deplore its existence. Give it time.

Two or three miles west of Durham I stopped to read the inscription on a simple bronze plaque. It commemorates not a Confederate victory but a Confederate defeat which was the death of the Confederacy. Its noble language breathes the spirit not of defiance but of reconciliation and serene pride. Note these words:

THIS MONUMENT MARKS THE SPOT WHERE THE MILITARY FORCE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA FINALLY TRIUMPHED AND ESTABLISHED AS INVIOLE THE PRINCIPLE OF AN INDISOLUBLE UNION; IT MARKS ALSO THE SPOT OF THE LAST STAND OF THE CONFEDERACY IN MAINTAINING ITS IDEAL OF INDESTRUCTIBLE STATES — AN IDEAL WHICH PRESERVED TO THE AMERICAN UNION BY VIRTUE OF THE HEROIC FIGHT GROWS IN STRENGTH FROM YEAR TO YEAR.

It seems not unreasonable to me that a community capable of uttering these sentiments is worthy of the luxury of wearing shoes weekdays as well as Sundays.

Affectionately,

DAVID

PILGRIM'S WAY

BY JOHN BUCHAN

I

MY boyhood must have been one of the meekest on record. Except in the last year of my Glasgow grammar school, I do not think that I ever consciously did any work. I sat far down in my classes, absorbing automatically the rudiments of grammar and mathematics, without conviction and with no shadow of a desire to excel. Now and then I shone, it is true, when I showed a surprising knowledge of things altogether outside the curriculum, for I was always reading, except in the Border holidays. Early in my teens I had read Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and a host of other storytellers; all Shakespeare; a good deal of history, and many works of travel; essayists like Bacon and Addison, Hazlitt and Lamb, and a vast assortment of poetry, including Milton, Pope, Dante (in a translation), Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson. Matthew Arnold I knew almost by heart; Browning I still found too difficult except in patches. My taste was for solemn gnomic verse with a theological flavor; my special favorites were *Yesterday, Today and Forever* by a former Bishop of Exeter, and the celebrated Mr. Robert Pollok's *Course of Time*; and my earliest poetic effort was not lyrical but epic, the first canto of a poem on Hell.

But all this was mere absorption, only half-conscious and quite uncritical. I found my first real intellectual interest in the Latin and Greek classics. This came to me when I was in my seventeenth year, just before I went to Glas-

gow University. For the next three years I was a most diligent student, mediæval in my austerity. Things have changed now, but in my day a Scottish university still smacked of the Middle Ages. The undergraduates lived in lodgings in the city and most of them cultivated the Muses on a slender allowance of oatmeal. The session ran from October to April, and every morning I had to walk four miles to the eight o'clock class through every variety of the winter weather with which Glasgow fortifies her children. My road lay through the south side of the city, across the Clyde, and so to the steeps of Gilmorehill.

Most of that road is as ugly as anything you can find in Scotland, but to me in the retrospect it was all a changing panorama of romance. There was the weather — fog like soup, drenching rains, winds that swirled down the cavernous streets, mornings that dawned bright and clear over snow. There was the sight of humanity going to work and the signs of awakening industry. There was the bridge with the river starred with strange lights, the lit shipping at the Broomielaw, and odors which even at their worst spoke of the sea. There was the occasional lift in the London train, which could be caught at a suburban station, and which for a few minutes brought one into the frowst of a third-class carriage full of sleepy travelers from the remote and unvisited realm of England. And at the end there were the gaunt walls of the

college often seen in the glow of a West Highland sunrise.

As a student I was wholly obscure. I made few friends; I attended infrequently one or another of the numerous societies, but I never spoke in a debate; and I acquired the corporate spirit only at a rectorial election, when, though a professed Tory, I chose to support the Liberal candidate, Mr. Asquith, and almost came by my end at the hands of a red-haired savage, one Robert Horne, who has since been Chancellor of the Exchequer. My summers were spent in blessed idleness, fishing, tramping, and bicycling up and down the Lowlands. But my winters were periods of beaver-like toil and monkish seclusion. I returned home early each afternoon and thereafter was at my books until midnight.

After a brief dalliance with mathematics, my subject was classics. In Latin I was fairly proficient, thanks to my father's tuition, but my Greek was rudimentary, and I was fortunate to find in Gilbert Murray a great teacher. He was then a young man in his middle twenties and was known only by his Oxford reputation. To me his lectures were, in Wordsworth's phrase, like 'kindlings of the morning.' Men are by nature Greeks or Romans, Hellenists or Latinists. Murray was essentially a Greek; my own predilection has always been for Rome; but I owe it to him that I was able to understand something of the Greek spirit, and still more to come under the spell of the classic discipline in letters and life. I labored hard to make myself a good 'pure' scholar, but I was not intended by Providence for a philologist; my slender attainments lay rather in classical literature, in history, and presently in philosophy. Always to direct me I had Murray's delicate critical sense, his imaginative insight into high matters, and his gentle and scrupulous humanism. In those years I read widely in the two literatures, covering much ground quite unfruitful for the

schools. The other day I turned up an old paper on Claudian and was amazed at its futile erudition; I found that in another essay I had tried to analyze the mood of that wide-horizoned and fantastic sixth-century Ionia which made the background for Herodotus.

If Gilbert Murray was the principal influence in shaping my interests, another was the Border country, which I regarded as my proper home. In the old song of 'Leader Haughs and Yarrow,' Nicol Burn the Violer had given Tweeddale an aura of classical convention, and 'Pan playing on his aiten reed' has never ceased to be a denizen of its green valleys. There is a graciousness there, a mellow habitable charm, unlike the harsh Gothic of most of the Scots landscape. I got it into my head that here was the appropriate setting for pastoral, for the shepherds of Theocritus and Vergil, for the lyrists of the Greek Anthology, and for Horace's Sabine farm. I was wrong in fact; if you seek the true classical landscape outside Italy and Greece you will find it rather in the Cape Peninsula, in places like the Paarl and Stellenbosch. But my fancy had its uses, for I never read classical poetry with such gusto as in my Border holidays, and it served as a link between my gypsy childhood and the new world of scholarship into which I was seeking entrance.

This preoccupation with the classics was the happiest thing that could have befallen me. It gave me a standard of values. To live for a time close to great minds is the best kind of education. That is why the Oxford school of classical 'Greats' seems to me so valuable, for it compels a close study of one or two masters like Plato and Thucydides. The classics enjoined humility; the spectacle of such magnificence was a corrective to youthful immodesty, and, like Dr. Johnson, I lived 'entirely without my own approbation.' Again, they corrected a young man's passion for rhetoric. This was in the nineties, when the Corinthian manner was more in vogue than the

Attic. Faulty though my own practice has always been, I learned sound doctrine — the virtue of a clean bare style, of simplicity, of a hard substance and an austere pattern. Above all, the Calvinism of my boyhood was broadened, mellowed, and also confirmed. For, if the classics widened my sense of the joy of life, they also taught its littleness and transience; if they exalted the dignity of human nature, they insisted upon its frailties and the *aidos* with which the temporal must regard the eternal. I lost then any chance of being a revolutionary, for I became profoundly conscious of the dominion of unalterable law. Prometheus might be a fine fellow in his way, but Zeus was king of gods and men.

II

I came to philosophy quite naturally as a consequence of my youthful theological environment. Not that I ever had the itch of the metaphysician to make a rational cosmos of my own, for I did not feel the need for such a contraption. The cosmology of the elder Calvinism, with its anthropomorphism and its material penalties and rewards, I never consciously rejected. It simply faded out of the air, since it meant nothing to me. I remember that an ancient relative assured me that Sir Walter Scott, having neglected certain evangelical experiences, was no doubt in torment; the news gave me much satisfaction, for the prospect of such company removed for me any fear of the infernal regions; thenceforward, like Dante's *Farinata degli Uberti*, I 'entertained great scorn for Hell.' But the fundamentals of the Christian religion were so entwined with my nature that I never found occasion to question them. I wanted no philosophy to rationalize them, for they seemed to me completely rational. Philosophy was to me always an intellectual exercise, like mathematics, not the quest for a faith.

I had begun to read in the subject long

before I took the philosophy classes at the university, my first love being Descartes, to whom I was introduced by our Tweeddale neighbor, Professor John Veitch, the last of the Schoolmen. Henry Jones was the Moral Philosophy professor at Glasgow, and with him I formed a lifelong friendship, for a braver, wiser, kinder human being never lived. But the semireligious Hegelianism then in vogue, first preached by Edward Caird and continued by Jones, did not greatly attract me, and I did not owe allegiance to any school. I read widely, with the consequence that when I went to Oxford I found that I had done most of the work for the final examination, and had leisure there to read more widely than ever.

As I look back, my industry fills me with awe. Before I left Glasgow I had read and analyzed most of the English and Scottish philosophers, most of Kant, and a variety of lesser folk. At Oxford I read — with difficulty and imperfect comprehension — the greater part of Hegel. I kept up this conscientious study right to the eve of the Great War. Then, alas, I fell away, for I found, like Henry James, that history began to oust philosophy from my affections. Science, apart from what I picked up as a field naturalist, was practically unknown to me, though I learned a certain amount of physics from my philosophical reading. That was the biggest gap in my education.

My interests, as I have said, lay not in the search for a creed, but in the study of the patterns which different thinkers made out of the universe. I had a tidy mind and liked to arrange things in compartments even when I did not take the arrangement too seriously. This meant that inevitably I missed much; *quidquid recipitur, recipitur ad modum recipientis*. My quest for truth, unlike Plato's, wholly 'lacked the warmth of desire.' It was a mental gymnastic, for I had neither the uneasiness nor the raptures of the true metaphysician.

'Philosophy,' Sir Isaac Newton wrote, 'is such an impertinently litigious lady that a man had as good be engaged in law-suits as have to do with her.' I loved the intricacies of argumentation. A proof is that while I am not conscious of having ever argued about religion, or about politics except professionally, I was always very ready to dispute about philosophy.

I should have been puzzled to set down my views as to the nature of thought and reality, for they were constantly changing. I never considered it necessary to harmonize my conclusions in a system. Had I been a professional philosopher, I should have been forced to crystallize my thought, but, as it was, I could afford to keep it, so to speak, in solution. '*L'ineptie consiste à vouloir conclure.*' I was of the opinion of the Scottish metaphysician that it is more important that a philosophy should be reasoned than that it should be true.

Plato, not the system-maker but the poet, had a profound influence on my mind. Platonism was to me not a creed but a climate of opinion, the atmosphere in which my thoughts moved. Such an atmosphere is largely the consequence of temperament, and I think I was born with the same temperament as the Platonists of the early seventeenth century, who had what Walter Pater has called 'a sensuous love of the unseen,' or, to put it more exactly, who combined a passion for the unseen and the eternal with a delight in the seen and the temporal. '*Dieu ne défend pas les routes fleuries quand elles servent à revenir à lui.*' If men are either Platonists or Aristotelians, then my category was certainly the first.

III

At this stage I was no politician, being interested only to a small degree in theories, and not at all in parties. In that complacent old world before the South

African War, youth did not easily feel the impact of national problems. Generally speaking, I was of a conservative cast of mind, very sensible of the past, approving renovation but not innovation. Lord Falkland's classic confession of faith might have been mine: 'When it is not necessary to change it is necessary not to change.' High-flying political schemes seemed to me either dangerous or slightly ridiculous — which was Dr. Johnson's view. 'So, Sir,' said Boswell, 'you laugh at schemes of political improvement?' 'Why, Sir, most schemes of political improvement are very laughable things.' In those days my 'social conscience' was scarcely awake.

There was little reason why it should be. I was far too absorbed in my studies to read the newspapers, and I had no interest in the small beer of party controversy.

As for philanthropic sensibility in the face of poverty and sickness, a minister's family had little time for such a luxury. So far my life had been spent chiefly among the poor — the fisherfolk and weavers of a Fife village, and the denizens of my father's parish in the Gorbals of Glasgow, one of the poorest quarters in the city. We were engaged in a perpetual fight with destitution and suffering and had no leisure for theorizing.

Again, I could never feel that emotional condescension with which the *âmes sensibles* approach the subject. These see the pathological in any mode of existence different from their own. I lived close to working-class life and knew that it had its own humors and compensations, and that it nourished many major virtues like fortitude and charity. I respected the working classes so profoundly that, like William Morris, I did not want to see them turned into middle classes, as some of their patrons desired. My upbringing had made any kind of class feeling impossible. I was one of the poor myself without a penny behind me, compelled to make my way in the world

from nearly as bare a start as the lad from the plough-tail or the loom. I had had a better education, came of better stock, and had better health than most — these were my sole advantages. But except for the first it did not seem to me that the politicians could do much about them.

My politics were largely based on my historical reading, which gave me a full crop of prejudices — prejudices of which I stood in a certain awe, as Hazlitt advised. I early discovered my heroes: Julius Cæsar, Saint Paul, Charlemagne, Henry of Navarre, Cromwell (of whom I acquired a surprisingly just appreciation), Montrose, Lincoln, Robert E. Lee. I disliked Brutus, Henry VIII, Napoleon (him intensely), most of the 1688 Whigs, all four Georges, and the whole tribe of French revolutionaries except Mirabeau. But I was a most patchy historian, and it was not until Oxford that I acquired a serious interest in historical science.

Meantime I was trying to teach myself to write. Having for years wallowed and floated in the ocean of letters, I now tried to learn to swim. My attempts were chiefly flatulent little essays and homilies and limp short stories. My models were the people who specialized in style — Walter Pater and Stevenson principally; but my uncle, my father's youngest brother, was a great lover of French literature, and under his guidance I became an earnest student of Flaubert and Maupassant. There was also Kipling, then a rising star in the firmament, but he interested me more because of his matter than his manner. The consequence of those diverse masters was that I developed a slightly meretricious and 'precious' style, stiff-jointed, heavily brocaded, and loaded with philosophical terms. It took me years to supple it. But those imitative exercises did me good in the long run, for they taught me to be circumspect about structure and rhythm and fastidious about words. My performance, heaven

knows, was faulty enough, but the intention was sound.

I wrote copiously, but I also read widely in English and French literature. Certain blind spots I discovered which, alas, have remained blind. I had no taste for most of the minor Elizabethans or the Restoration dramatists. I thought the eighteenth-century novelists on the whole overvalued. Only a little of Shelley pleased me, and, though I revered Emily Brontë, I found it impossible to read Charlotte. While I reveled in Alexander Dumas, I could not rank him high. With Carlyle I was easily satiated. I think my chief admiration, so far as style was concerned, was for John Henry Newman and T. H. Huxley.

Stevenson at that time was a most potent influence over young men, especially Scottish university students. Here was one who, though much older than ourselves, was wonderfully young in heart. He had the same antecedents that we had, and he thrilled as we did to those antecedents — the lights and glooms of Scottish history; the mixed heritage we drew from Covenantanter and Cavalier; that strange compost of contradictions, the Scottish character; the bleakness and the beauty of the Scottish landscape. He had tramped with a pack on Lowland and Highland roads, and had seen the dawn rise over the wet city streets, and had filled the midnight hours with argument, and had done all the things that we were doing. His hunger for life had not been less than ours. And then he had taught himself to write miraculously, and for those of us who were dabbling clumsily in letters his expertness was a salutary model, for it meant hard and conscientious labor. He spoke our own language as a colleague and also as a mentor, for he was a preacher at heart, as every young Scotsman is, since we all have a craving to edify our fellows. As a guide to northern youth in the nineties, Stevenson filled the bill completely. He was at once Scottish and cosmopolitan, artist and adventurer, scholar and gypsy.

Above all he was a true companion. He took us by the hand and shared in all our avocations. It was a profound and overmastering influence, and I think it was an influence wholly benign.

With me it did not last. Presently his style and manner began to mean less to me. He seemed to me too much of a looker-on, a phrasemaker in life, and I wanted robuster standards and more vital impulses. His fastidiousness came to repel me. I remember some years later reading the 'Open Letter to Dr. Hyde' on Father Damien, and feeling that the great apostle of the lepers would have had more in common with his vulgar assailant than with his adjectival defender. Stevenson seemed to me to have altogether too much artifice about him, and I felt a suspicion of pose behind his optimism and masculinity — the pose of an heroic invalidism. It was too self-conscious for greatness.

I have since returned to him with pleasure and revised that verdict. In my case I think the judgment of eighteen was juster than the judgment of forty. I do not think that he was a great master, but he was a master. I am convinced that in each generation he will be rediscovered by youth — ordinary youth, not clever, precocious, paradoxical young men, but the kind of youth that happily we shall always have with us, those whom Sir Walter Scott called 'young people of bold and active dispositions.' That is a certain passport to immortality. Sophisticated middle age has its modes and changes, but the fashion of such youth is eternal.

IV

My chief passion in those years was for the Border countryside, and my object in all my prentice writings was to reproduce its delicate charm, to catch the aroma of its gracious landscape and turbulent history and the idiom of its people. When I was absent from it I was homesick, my memory was full of it, my

happiest days were associated with it, and some effluence from its ageless hills and waters laid a spell upon me which has never been broken. I found in its people what I most admired in human nature — realism colored by poetry, a stalwart independence sweetened by courtesy, a shrewd kindly wisdom. I asked for nothing better than to spend my life by the Tweed.

But how was it to be managed? I considered sheep farming, like my mother's brothers; but at the moment sheep were not prosperous, and in any case they needed capital. Then I thought of being a man of letters, with a home among the hills; but I remembered Sir Walter's saying that literature was a good staff but a bad crutch, and anyhow I did not fancy the business. It should be my hobby, not my profession. Meantime my interest in scholarship was daily growing, and it seemed to me that a Scottish professorship might offer the life I wanted. It became clear that I must somehow contrive to go to Oxford. If the worst came to the worst and other trades failed, I believed that I could always make a living as a hill shepherd or a river gillie. But let me speak for a moment of my parents.

To anyone whose imagination has been caught by the life of ancient Rome one picture must keep recurring. It is the living room of a country house — farm or villa — in which, among objects for domestic use, a space was reserved for the images of the dead. I do not mean the grandiose *lararium* of the rich, but the modest household where there was no room to segregate the family busts. I picture those wax memorials, often rude and discolored, lit by the glow of the hearth fire when the storm howled without, catching the sun on a bright morning, and drawing the wandering eyes of the children when an elder spoke of the past and jerked a thumb upward toward some ancestor. In such a life the dead remained in the real sense within the family circle. Piety was

nourished not by the memory only, but by the eye.

So among these chapters it may be permitted to allot one to the pictures which, as we grow older, acquire a sharper outline than the contemporary scene — those family recollections which are the first, and also I think the last, things in a man's memory. When one gets to the other side of the hill, to use Sir Walter Scott's phrase, the memory seems to be inverted, and recent events to grow dim in the same proportion as ancient happenings become clear. To-day, for instance, I am a little hazy about the Great War, but very clear about the South African campaign. And I seem to live more intimately with those who died long ago than with men and women whom I see every day. Lockhart's lines are less a precept for conduct than the recognition of a fact in human psychology:—

When youthful hope is fled
Of loving take thy leave.
Be constant to the dead,
The dead cannot deceive.

My father died in his early sixties, when I was in my thirty-seventh year. His strong physique was worn out by unceasing toil in a slum parish, an endless round of sermons and addresses, and visits at all hours to the sick and sorrowful. He had retired to his native Tweeddale, where he had a brief leisure among the scenes of his youth before he died peacefully in his sleep. For the last dozen years of his life I saw less of him, for my own life was spent in London or abroad. The picture in my memory belongs to my childhood, amplified a little by the reflections of adolescence.

As a young man he had bushy whiskers and must have looked very much like Matthew Arnold, but as time passed these grew sparser until they vanished altogether. He had the ruddy complexion of a countryman, and that air of gentle, wondering cheerfulness which God sometimes gives to his servants:—

The good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance.

When I first met Charles Gore I observed in him the same benign, surprised enjoyment of the mere fact of living.

My father had been a good classical scholar, and he remained a voracious reader. He had a notable memory for poetry and could repeat every Border ballad that was printed and many still unpublished. He had a profound knowledge of Scottish songs, both words and tunes, and I could wish I had taken down from him some of the traditional fragments. He was also an excellent field botanist. He had read much history and was an unashamed partisan. The past to him was a design in snow and ink, one long contest between villains and attempted villainy and honest men. His dividing line was oddly drawn. In the eighteenth century the Jacobites were for him the children of light; in the seventeenth, the Covenanters. For the latter, indeed, he acquired a fervent private cult, admitting no flaw in their perfection. But his children observed that his special admiration was reserved for those among the Covenanters who had something of the Cavalier romance, — Hackstoun of Rathillet, the Black MacMichael, Paton of Meadowhead, — and he would permit no criticism of Montrose.

It was odd that he should be by profession a theologian, for he was wholly lacking in philosophical interests or aptitude. But a stalwart theologian of the old school he was, rejoicing in the clamped and riveted Calvinistic logic and eager to defend it against all comers. In church politics he belonged to the extreme conservative wing, and it was his delight, when a member of Assembly, to stir up all the strife he could by indicting for heresy some popular preacher or professor. There was no ill feeling in the matter, and he might profoundly respect the heretic, but he perceived it his duty to defend the faith of our fathers against all innovations. Partly the interest was

intellectual; he liked a clear pattern and a clean logic, however austere; he greatly admired the Puritan defense, and he had a special liking for Jonathan Edwards. Partly it was sentimental — a love of old ways and a fast-vanishing world. Partly it was the reaction against two things which he wholeheartedly disliked — a glib modernism and the worship of fashion. He had no belief in compromises and a facile liberalism; he never cherished the illusion that the Christian life was an easy thing, and on this score he had to testify against many false prophets. He had a complete distrust of current fashions and of the worship of the 'voice of the people' and the 'spirit of the age' and such fetishes. He believed that a majority was usually wrong, and he would have been terrified to find himself on a side which was superior in numbers. He had the same tastes as his children for things old and unpopular and shabby.

But, except as regards dogma, he had little of the conventional Calvinistic temper. He had no sympathy with the legalism of that creed, the notion of a contract between God and man drawn up by some celestial conveyancer. I could wish that he had lived to read Karl Barth, for their creeds had much in common. What he preached for forty years was a very simple and comforting gospel. His evangel had neither the hysteria nor the smugness of ordinary revivalism. He believed profoundly in the fact of 'conversion,' the turning of the face to a new course. But, the first step having been taken, he would insist upon the austereness of the pilgrimage as well as upon its moments of high vision and ultimate rewards. His religion was tender and humane, but it was also well girded. He had no love for those who took their ease in Zion.

My father was an instance of what I think was commoner among the Puritans than is generally supposed — a stiff dogmatic theology which in practice was mellowed by common sense and kindli-

ness and was conjoined with a perpetual delight in the innocent pleasures of life. He was like that sixteenth-century minister who besought his flock to thank God, if for nothing else, for a good day for the lambs. He could preach a tough doctrinal sermon with anybody; but his discourses which remain in my memory were those spoken at the close of the half-yearly Communion, when he invited his hearers, very simply and solemnly, to share his own happiness.

For he was above all things a happy man. Straitened means and a laborious life did not weaken his relish for common joys. He found acute delight in the simplest things, for he savored them with a clean palate. Like the old preacher he could exclaim, 'All this — and Heaven too.' He had always the background of an assured faith to correct man's sense of the fragility of his hopes. Also he had none of the little fears and frustrations which are apt to cloud enjoyment. I do not think that he was afraid of anything — except of finding himself in a majority. He was wholly without ambition. He did not know the meaning of class-consciousness; he would have stood confidently before kings, and was quite incapable of deferring to anybody except the very old and the very poor. He was not, I suppose, the conventional saint, for there was nothing introverted about him, and he was not overmuch interested in his own soul. But he was something of the apostle, and, if it be virtue to diffuse a healing grace and to lighten the load of all who cross your path, then he was the best man I have ever known.

V

My father was a true son of Mary; my mother, own daughter to Martha. Had she had his character, the household must have crashed, and if he had been like her, childhood would have been a less wonderful thing for all of us.

Not many sons and mothers can have understood each other better than she

and I; indeed, in my adolescence we sometimes arrived at that point of complete comprehension known as a misunderstanding. We never quarreled, for to each of us that would have been like quarreling with oneself, but we had many arguments. Instinctively we seemed to grasp the undisclosed and hardly realized things which were at the back of the other's mind. As I grew older, what had been a little frightening became an immense comfort, for we were aware that in seeking sympathy there was no need for elaborate explanations. We knew each other too well.

My mother was married at seventeen, and had at once to take charge of a kirk and a manse, to which was soon added a family. A Scots minister must be something of a diplomat, if he is to keep his congregation in good temper; my father had about as much diplomacy as a rhinoceros, for he was utterly regardless of popular opinion, so my mother had to be ceaselessly observant and a habitual smoother of ruffled feathers. The family income was small, and my father had no sense of homely realities. We children used to say that he might have been a great general, for it would have been impossible for an opponent to guess what he was going to do. So the management of the household fell wholly on my mother. Both tasks she willingly accepted and — against great odds — succeeded in. She brought up her family in comfort, and saw to it that they lacked no reasonable opportunities. Successive congregations were handled so adroitly that my father's defects in tact were covered, and the charm of his personality given full play.

Having discovered her task in life, my mother became a rigid specialist. Her world was Church, or rather a little section of the Church. Her ambitions were narrowly ecclesiastical. A popular preacher, a famous theologian, seemed to her the height of human greatness — a view which was not shared by her family. My father's lack of such ambitions was to her, I think, a sorrow. Yet in

theology she had no real interest, and her religion depended little upon dogma and much on her generous human instincts. The Church to her was like a secular profession, a field for administrative talent, a mystic brotherhood. She had a passion for church services, which were to her a form of ritual; so many in the week were a proper recognition of the claims of religion. So was the reading of the requisite number of chapters from the Bible and other devotional literature. My father rarely spoke of religious matters outside the pulpit; from my mother's conversation they were never absent; such references were in her eyes a testimony, a proper acknowledgment of man's frailty and dependence. She would have been very happy in the Church of Rome, with its clear schedule of duties, or in any field where merit could be acquired by an infinity of small devotional acts. Her clear, practical intelligence was at ease only among things concrete and defined. She was as little of a mystic as a Scotswoman can be.

She was a possessive mother and fiercely maternal. But her passionate possessiveness was never allowed to become a vice. She had no desire to mollycoddle us. As children we were given much liberty of action, though it cost her anxious hours, and as we grew older and had to shape our careers she never tried to interfere with our decisions. She longed to keep us near her, but she did not object when we scattered over the globe. Her view seems to have been that while humanity was a frail thing, at the mercy of the devil and wholly dependent upon God, the particular specimens that belonged to her were as much to be trusted as any other, and her lack of trust would have meant a lack of faith in the Almighty.

About the middle of her life she fell into bad health, and pernicious anæmia brought her to death's door. For four years she was a very sick woman until she was cured by the genius of Sir Alm-

roth Wright. This time of ill health was also a time of sorrow. In 1911 my father died, my brother William in 1912, and five years later her youngest son, Alastair, fell in the Great War. For a little it looked as if she would sink under the double burden of bereavement and sickness.

But a miracle happened. She rose above her sorrow and frailty, and the last twenty years of her life were not only, I think, the happiest, but the most active. She died in her eighty-first year, having been about her usual avocations up to the last day. She had become very small and slight, but her bodily energy put youth to shame, and it was matched by a like activity of mind. While church affairs were still her chief preoccupation, she developed a new interest in secular politics. Her preferences in human nature had once been circumscribed, except where there was a call for charity, but now they covered every sort and condition. She made intimate friends of devout Catholics, and of people with no religion at all. The old house at Peebles, above the bridge of Tweed, where she lived with my sister and brother, became a port of call for the whole shire, indeed for the whole Lowlands. Young people came to her for counsel and their elders for sympathy, and none went empty away.

Only then I began to realize how remarkable were my mother's powers of mind as well as of heart. She had a really penetrating intelligence. In the ordinary business of life she was able to deal in moral and religious platitudes and in prudential maxims, which the Scots call 'ourcomes' and which flourished especially in her family. But when things became serious all this went by the board, and she judged a situation with a mathematical clarity. She had a subtlety of her own which gave her a wide prospect over human nature, and she could assess character with an acu-

men none the less infallible because charity was never absent. My one complaint was that in practice she was too charitable. No tramp was ever turned away from her door, and her tenderness towards bores was the despair of her family.

In these last years, as I have said, her interests broadened. Literature was no longer despised, nor politics, and she condescended to read some of my own speeches and romances. She longed to travel, and when well over seventy she was always imploring me to take her by air to Palestine. In her eightieth year she visited me in Canada and covered a large part of the Canadian East. The truth is that the World, which had once been a bugbear, was now regarded more kindly. She discovered a surprising number of unexpected 'temples of the Holy Ghost.' Her great moments, I think, were my tenures of the office of Lord High Commissioner in Edinburgh, where she found the Church and the World in the friendliest accord.

To the end she remained a countrywoman — a Border countrywoman. She had the country dislike of overstatement and love of pricking bubbles. She feared praise as the Greeks feared Nemesis. Mr. Baldwin once said kind things to her about a speech of mine, to which she replied that at any rate it was short! She had the robust humor of the Border glens, robust, but not without subtlety. Like most country folk, she scarcely knew the name of a bird or a plant, but she was entirely at home with nature and talked to dogs, cattle, and horses as if they were blood relations. She had the lovable country habit of never going anywhere without carrying gifts, generally some simple kind of country produce. If her beloved little ghost should walk in its familiar places I think that it would have a basket on its arm — fresh eggs, perhaps, or new-churned butter, or a picking of gooseberries.

(To be continued)

POEMS

BY WITTER BYNNER

THE EDGE

Long long before the eyelids close
And an intake ends the breath,
A body's eyes and a body's toes
Can feel the edge of death.

They do not move, they do not think,
They only sit and stare,
The eyes almost ceasing to blink
And the heart ceasing to care.

But it becomes a pleasant thing
To gaze upon the toes
So peacefully dismembering
Before the eyelids close.

Thus Buddha must have sat and known,
Midmost of earth and sea,
The dissolution of the bone
Into its rarity.

HURT CHILD

A HURT child is lovable,
With harm curled in his chest;
For so the hurt unprovable
Is hid within the breast.

The parent does not reckon the cost,
Having so dulled his sense
And being in himself so lost
That his heart avoids expense.

Together they might both have known
What neither of them knew.
And yet the child goes on alone
And the parent alone too.

SPRING AND A MOTHER DEAD

I WHO should write her epitaph
Would err:
What could I say to anyone
But her?

Apricot blossoms open
Like a bell:
But this time there is nobody
To tell.

THE CASE HISTORY OF WHEAT

BY BLISS ISELY

I

THE American people have a 57-billion-dollar farm investment in land, buildings, implements, and livestock. This investment is spread over almost seven million farms inhabited by approximately 32 million people. We who live in the bread- and meat-producing West believe that a flourishing economic condition cannot be attained permanently for the nation until these 32 millions are reasonably fortunate. We contend that the road back to a sound prosperity for all the forty-eight states must start from the farm.

Today Agriculture is sick. She complained as long ago as 1920, grew decidedly worse in 1929, and has been rallying and relapsing since. To diagnose her case, we should, among other things, study her case history. Because of space limitations this article will not attempt a study of all farm commodities, but will be confined chiefly to wheat, which will provide a fairly accurate index of the condition of other crops.

To begin, we will examine the price trends of the last seventy years. These will show the average prices to the average farmer for each period as calculated from the statistical reports of the United States Department of Agriculture. The price levels for the seventy years align themselves into five groups: —

<i>Period</i>	<i>Average price of wheat to the farmer</i>
1870-1881.....	\$1.07 per bushel
1882-1915.....	0.79 " "
1917-1919.....	2.09 " "
1920-1929.....	1.19 " "
1930-1939.....	0.72 " "

Analyzing these groups further, we find that during the 1870-1881 period the price of wheat fell below a dollar for three different years, but that the prevailing price was above a dollar. During the thirty-four years of the 1882-1915 period, the level of prices at no time reached a dollar and the lowest point was 49 cents in 1894. Within this period came the hard-times decade of 1890-1899, during which the average price was 65 cents. The year 1916 is omitted because it was a transitional year between 96-cent wheat in 1915 and \$2.05 wheat in 1917. The war boom lasted only three years and was followed by dollar wheat again through the 1920's.

During the depression period of the 1930's, wheat rose above a dollar only in 1936, when it was quoted at \$1.03 to the farmer. The year 1932 brought us our all-time low of 38 cents. After the high point of 1936, the price declined again, leveling off at 55 cents during 1938 and for the first eight months of 1939. Owing to the European War and drouth, the price again rose in September 1939, and the year closed with wheat at 82 cents, which resulted in an average for the year of 68 cents. It is conceivable that another general war will once more bring back two-dollar wheat in the 1940's, but farmers do not desire a boom at so frightful a cost.

In our table we have calculated the average price for 1930-1939 at 72 cents, but the statistical tables do not take into consideration the gold deflation of 1934. Should we take the value of gold into

account, then the average for the 1930's would be 53 cents, 12 cents below that of the hard-times period of the 1890's.

Farm prosperity, however, cannot be reckoned wholly in terms of prices. The medico-politicians who have been prescribing panaceas for the restoration of agricultural health are agreed that the five-year pre-war period was a golden era. The average price of wheat for those five years was 88 cents. At that time a bushel of wheat could buy a Sunday shirt of a certain standard of quality. But while wheat has gone down, shirts have gone up. Last August three bushels of wheat were needed to buy a shirt of the same quality.

The medico-politicians assert that by restoring the purchasing power of agricultural commodities to that of the pre-war years — 1909–1913 — a healthy economic condition will be restored to farming. Therefore all the chief prescriptions written for Agriculture since 1920 have had as their purpose the restoration of pre-war parity. As the time for the 1940 election draws near, political speakers of both the major parties tour the agricultural districts promising parity. They intone that word 'parity' with the same affectionate unction that an old-time medicine vender of my childhood days always used when mentioning that greatest of all elixirs in his pharmacopeia — Sagwaw, the secret prescription for which he obtained from a Kickapoo Indian.

Congress gave Agriculture her first dose of Sagwaw in 1929, and that happens to be the year in which prosperity for 32 million people began to decline most rapidly. We therefore have reason to suspect a relationship between the billion-dollar medicines we have borrowed money to buy and the relapses which have beset our patient.

II

First of the series of farm cure-alls was the McNary-Haugen prescription,

which was designed to raise prices to parity through getting rid of surpluses in agricultural commodities. This was to be done by dumping the surpluses upon the world market for any price they would bring. Thus would be created a domestic shortage and higher prices. The McNary-Haugen idea was debated for two years before it passed Congress in 1927. It was vetoed by President Coolidge and is important here only because of the argument used by Coolidge in his veto message. He asserted that the remedy was worse than the disease and that it would defeat its own objectives.

He warned not only against McNary-Haugenism, but against all such schemes. Nevertheless Congress, in 1929, enacted the Agricultural Marketing Act, sponsored by President Hoover. This act provided for the creation of farm coöperative associations to be financed by the government through a revolving fund. Farmers were invited to join these coöperatives, which would handle the commodities of members and hold them off the market until prices rose to parity. Farmers were asked to cut their acreages voluntarily and thereby reduce surpluses.

I need not recite the details of how the farmers produced more instead of less, how vast stores of commodities accumulated in warehouses and served to depress the markets, how wheat prices fell to 38 cents a bushel, and how in the end the coöperatives went into receiver-ships and the government lost its revolving fund. Of course the defenders of the Agricultural Marketing Act tell us that the depression was to blame, but, since agriculture suffered more than anything else, is it not possible that the act may have been a contributing cause to the depression?

After four years of the AMA, Congress enacted the Agricultural Act of 1933, sponsored by President Roosevelt and his advisers. A part of this act was held unconstitutional, but new measures were promptly substituted and the Agricul-

tural Adjustment Administration has remained in effect for seven years. Under this act the restoration of parity is sought through reduction in acreages and a resultant decreased harvest, which would tend to starve the country into paying higher prices. Instead of depending on voluntary action of farmers to accomplish crop reduction, the AAA pays for *not* growing crops. Prior to 1933 it was customary to export our surplus, and during the decade 1920-1929 our wheat exports averaged 214 million bushels a year, including flour. But under the AAA it was planned that we should have no surplus and we deliberately abandoned our foreign market.

Since we intended to grow just enough for domestic requirements, a tariff of 42 cents a bushel on wheat and similar tariffs on other crops would prevent importation of farm products from abroad, and thus our price, theoretically, would rise above the world level to the extent of the tariff. Scarcity was attained in 1936, not through the AAA, but through drouth. In fact, we created so great a scarcity that 47 million bushels of wheat crossed the tariff wall that year to enter our markets. No such scarcity has been attained since. Owing in part to the stiff-necked farmers, who refused to curtail acreages even when paid to do so, and in part to the grace of God, who sent rains at exactly the right time to bring us an abundant harvest, the American farmers threshed 930 million bushels of wheat in 1938. It is interesting to note that the amount of land allotted by the Department of Agriculture to be seeded to wheat for 1938 was 55 million acres. The farmers, however, sowed 80 million acres and harvested 70 million.

Confronted with such a vast surplus, the Secretary of Agriculture resorted to the old McNary-Haugen prescription of dumping the surplus on the world market. He paid bonuses to exporters who would transport wheat or flour overseas and dispose of it at a loss.

Here an unforeseen difficulty arose. When America withdrew from the export market, other wheat-producing countries increased plantings of wheat in anticipation of gaining that trade. They not only produced enough to fill the void caused by American withdrawal, but produced more than enough. The world market was already glutted when we began to dump our surplus. We did manage to rid ourselves of 118 million bushels, but the dumping of that amount on an already depressed world market sent it to lower depths.

When the world market went down, ours also declined in sympathy. We therefore counteracted our own plan and proved that the McNary-Haugen prescription works against itself. Since 1938 matters have improved slightly. Drouth in the Western plains, not the AAA, reduced our 1939 harvest to 739 million bushels. We still have a burdensome carry-over, but relief is promised in 1940. A severe drouth at fall seeding time in 1939 will probably reduce the harvest in the hard-winter wheat belt, including the great wheat region of Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Colorado, and Nebraska, to approximately half of normal. In anticipation of a short 1940 crop, wheat has risen in price since September, owing to speculative interest.

Seven years of the AAA not only have failed to bring parity. They have not even reduced acreages, though we have paid good money out of the government treasury for this purpose. More wheat is being put into the ground today than ever before. We have even exceeded the heavy plantings of the World War years. President Coolidge foresaw this possibility, for in his McNary-Haugen veto message he wrote: —

‘To expect to increase prices and then to maintain them on a higher level by means of a plan which of necessity increases production while decreasing consumption is to fly in the face of an economic law as well established as any law

of nature. Experience shows that high prices in any given year mean greater acreages the next year.'

Coolidge could have gone further. Experience also shows that farmers do not wait for higher prices to increase plantings. Even a hope of higher price results in increased acreages in anticipation. Even the hope of the passage of the McNary-Haugen bill in the 1920's resulted in increased plantings. The Hoover farm plan and the later AAA have always stimulated plantings. In theory, cash benefits should prevent this. Let us see how well the Secretary of Agriculture takes care of those farmers who comply with his allotments and plant no more wheat than he decrees.

1. The complying farmer can place his product in storage and can borrow money against it from the government. Sometimes the government lends him more than the crop would bring on the market. For example, in 1938 the average price of wheat was 55 cents a bushel, but the government lent 60 cents. Later, when the loan matured, the farmers delivered the wheat to the government, which paid for the storage and stood all losses. In 1939 a similar condition existed during harvest time. Again the government lent more than the crop was worth. But in September the drouth and war resulted in increased prices. The farmer therefore sold his wheat in the spring of 1940, paid his loan to the government, and pocketed the profit.

2. The complying farmer also has the privilege of collecting payment for soil-building crops. He is paid on the average about \$1.50 an acre for growing alfalfa, \$2.00 an acre for growing lespedeza, and so on.

3. The complying farmer has the privilege of insuring the next year's crop. In the fall of 1939, when drouth prevailed at seeding time and when no commercial company would insure a crop in the drouth-stricken states of

the hard-winter wheat belt, the government not only stood ready to insure crops, but through local committees put on campaigns urging farmers to insure. Consequently a great many farmers seeded their wheat in the dust, where it has since been destroyed. They are now released from all the worry and expense of harvest in 1940, for they can collect the value of eight and a half bushels of wheat an acre, on the average, next summer.

The non-complying farmers have no such advantage. And yet those who stubbornly resist the government are greater in number than those who accept the bribes. To judge from the number who have taken advantage of wheat loans and wheat insurance, it is probable that at least three fourths of the wheat farmers did not comply either in 1938 or in 1939.

III

I have charged that attempts at crop control have defeated their purpose and have resulted in increased acreages. This is borne out by the statistical tables of the United States Department of Agriculture, as follows:—

<i>Crop year</i>	<i>Millions of acres of wheat seeded</i>	<i>Millions of acres harvested</i>
1919.....	77	73
1920.....	68	62
1921.....	67	64
1922.....	66	61
1923.....	64	57
1924.....	55	52
1925.....	62	52
1926.....	61	56
1927.....	66	60
1928.....	71	59
1929.....	66	63
1930.....	67	63
1931.....	66	58
1932.....	66	58
1933.....	68	49
1934.....	63	43
1935.....	70	51
1936.....	73	49
1937.....	81	64
1938.....	80	70
1939.....	85	55

Analyzing the chart further, we note that without government interference the farmers reduced their wheat seedings by 22 million acres in the five years after the World War. They were rapidly going back to a balanced agriculture. But promises of the McNary-Haugen advocates in the 1920's and the farm-relief legislation of the last eleven years have increased seedings to a point 8 million acres greater than in 1919. This becomes more appalling when we learn that 1919 seedings were 10 million acres greater than in any previous year. Differences between seeding and harvest, as shown on the chart, are normally due to killing of the crop by drouth or frost. But since 1933 these differences brought about by nature have been augmented by United States Treasury checks paid for ploughing under a part of the fields!

By the record, crop control must stand indicted for inducing the farmers to abandon safe and sane agriculture. Until the World War, farmers generally balanced their crops through rotation. Even as far back as 1784, George Washington planted such soil-building crops as alfalfa, lespedeza, and clover, alternating with tobacco, wheat, and corn. American farmers are good business men and know their business well enough to do the thing that is best for them.

It is true that one of the features of the AAA is a tie-up between crop curtailment and soil conservation. The case history, however, shows that the farmers practised crop rotation without being paid for it. The World War caused them to venture into growing grain crops for the big profits offered by two-dollar wheat and similarly high prices for corn and cotton. But our acreage chart shows that after the war they were again returning to a balanced agriculture, which they abandoned only after schemes for relief were devised by self-styled economists. Faith of the farmer in his government led him astray. It is idle

to argue that the farmer does or does not conserve soil. A comparison of average yields per acre seventy years ago, when the farm land of the West was virgin soil, with the average yields of today shows that yields of all major crops have increased. But commencing with the war years there has been a slight decline, although the decline is not yet down to the level of 1870. Even if we explain the decline by citing drouths or any other possible cause, yet the years of decline in yields coincide exactly with the years of increased grain and cotton acreages, brought on first by the war boom and then by federal programming.

This table is from the statistical records of the United States Department of Agriculture, giving average yields for the nation as a whole: —

<i>Decade</i>	<i>Average yield per acre of wheat</i>
1870-1879.....	12.46 bushels
1880-1889.....	13.13 "
1890-1899.....	13.72 "
1900-1909.....	14.39 "
1910-1919.....	14.12 "
1920-1929.....	13.99 "
1930-1939.....	13.22 "

The record indicts the politico-physicians of malpractice. Worse! After eleven years of Sagwaw, parity has not been attained. The politicians do not even understand parity, for they have neglected to consider machinery. The average farmer of 1909-1913 drove a team of horses gaited for field work at two and a quarter miles an hour. Today the average farmer drives a tractor at five miles an hour. In 1909-1913 his team drew a one-bottom plough, whereas the average tractor draws a two-bottom plough. The combine harvests and threshes wheat in one operation, and other savings have so multiplied man power that engineers at the Kansas State College of Agriculture and Applied Sciences have computed the ratio for wheat growing at five to one. Whereas thirty-five minutes of man power were required to produce a bushel of wheat in

1910, only seven minutes are needed today.

It is true that the tractor and fuel must be purchased with money, whereas the farmer grows his horses and feed; but a tractor uses no fuel when idle and a horse eats the year around. Whereas the wheat grower of 1909-1913 had to pay cash for his harvest and threshing crew and hired a man or two for ploughing, he and a son handle the crop alone today, and the land formerly required for growing feed can be turned to something else.

Since wheat production is more highly mechanized than any other kind of farming, it increases unemployment and therefore should not be encouraged by government benefits. Dairying and other types of balanced farming are not so aided. Wheat farming fits into the scheme of absentee landlords and 'suitcase' farmers. Forty per cent of our farms are operated by tenants, but the landlords of the cities collect their share of federal benefits, many of them in the wheat-growing West collecting in excess of \$10,000 each annually from their hundred or more farms. The big farmer, whether an absentee landlord or a true operator, draws the largest benefits. If the little tenant farmer needs relief, why not give it to him without subterfuge?

The 'suitcase' farmer lives in the city and often holds a position there. He can harvest wheat in June, plough in July, and sow a new crop in September. I know a Wichita clerk who grows 160 acres of wheat by working only Saturdays and Sundays and sometimes at night by using the tractor headlight. He works in an office in Wichita for five days a week, the limit under the Wagner Act, and then drives to the country, where he operates a farm big enough to care for a family under balanced agriculture. He makes a pretense of growing soil-building crops and draws federal benefits. This practice is not uncommon.

IV

Farmers are not guilty of drafting this farm-relief legislation. Seventy-five Senators and Representatives answer the roll call in Congress from the ten important wheat-growing states of the Plains. Only nine of them are farmers and only one of the nine serves on an agricultural committee of either house, although a number of lawyers and editors from those states are on agricultural committees.

What, then, do the farmers want? I listen to numbers of them from five Southwestern wheat states every year. A great many of them believe in federal programming from Washington. But the majority make such suggestions as these:—

1. Abolish class laws. This goes for big business and labor as well as for farming.

2. Let the farmer sell on the world market. With modern machinery, he can outsell anybody on earth.

3. Abolish tariff barriers erected for the benefit of big business which prevent the farmer from buying on the world market. If the farmer can compete on the world market, as he used to do, then big business can compete.

4. Increase employment for railroads and ships by restoring our export trade. In the 1920's, when men were employed, America consumed twenty pounds more of flour per capita than in the 1930's. That would amount to fifty million bushels more of wheat.

5. Let Congress vote more money for agricultural research. Our farms could produce pulp for paper mills, rubber for tires, and alcohol for automobile fuel to take the place of gasoline when the oil wells run dry.

6. Require all Congressmen to read President Coolidge's McNary-Haugen veto message before they are allowed to vote on any farm bill.

In other words, you cannot pull yourself up by tugging at your bootstraps.

V

In writing this article, I have placed myself in a class proscribed by Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, who in an address in December at St. Paul asserted that any person who opposes his ideas for the farmer 'is in danger of putting himself in the position of saying that farmers are not entitled to a fair share.'

Let me introduce here as a witness in my behalf Henry C. Wallace, father of Henry A. Wallace. Henry C. Wallace also was a Secretary of Agriculture, and for three decades prior to his death did much for the advancement of farming

in the Middle West. In 1920, when farm-relief talk was in its infancy, he wrote:—

'If it cannot be stopped in any other way, Congress should enact a law imposing very severe penalties upon any government official who undertakes to influence either crop production or prices. There are too many people in public office who seem to think they ought to exercise some sort of guidance or guarantee over the farm. . . .

'Others would have the government undertake to fix prices, either arbitrarily or indirectly by buying up surplus crops. The experience of 5000 years shows the impracticability of such efforts.'

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY¹

The Biography of R. S.

BY HANS ZINSSER

XXX

MEMOIRS and diaries of the relatively undistinguished are of value in recording the reactions which important events of any period call forth in the daily lives, habits, and thoughts of the average, intelligent contemporary. They are Lenotre's *Petite Histoire*. But, since no one person can see the whole, the clear apprehension of any particular period requires the study of the reactions of many types, selected from a variety of temperaments and occupations. Realizing this, I never took these fragmentary records of R. S. as seriously as he feared I might take them. Yet, on reading over what I had written about him so far, it seemed to me that he was a

particularly interesting specimen for the *petite histoire* of our times, since he represented that growing class of the scientifically trained who began to suspect—toward the later years of the interval between the two last wars—that scientific progress was so far outstripping other forms of social development that it was endangering our civilization almost as much as it was benefiting it.

Unlike that analogous period of scientific energy which occurred in the seventeenth century, our own age has lacked the balance of a parallel æsthetic intelligence. The seventeenth century, as Whitehead says, 'provided intellectual genius adequate for the greatness of its occasions.' Bacon, Galileo, Kepler,

¹Earlier chapters of the biography have appeared in the January-April issues. — EDITOR

Harvey, Newton, Leibnitz, were preceded by Leonardo and were, culturally considered, contemporaries of Rabelais, Cervantes, Montaigne, Shakespeare, and Descartes. Moreover, the science of that epoch, exerting its influence almost purely in intellectual and philosophical directions, had not begun to transform the existence of man by its offspring, technology and industrialism. But now the accelerated pace of material progress, which had started in the early nineteenth century with the substitution of coal for human hands, was beginning to outstrip the capacity of man to direct its velocity.

Distrust of the recent preponderance of science over æsthetic development has been voiced from time to time by serious critics — Brunetière, Lasserre, Babbitt, Henry Adams, Benda, Brooks, and many others who, in one way or another, preached the earlier doctrine of Boutroux, a follower of Comte, that *'la science doit être soumise au sentiment.'* But, coming from men largely preoccupied with letters, it usually amounted to little more than a quite justified but ineffective scolding of scientists for their neglect of values other than those of the material world. The weakness of such criticism was always the lack of sufficient knowledge on the part of the critics, who surveyed the scene quite as one-sidedly as did the scientists of whom they were complaining.

We are living in an age in which the sciences not only are transforming the structure of society and the habits of men, but are equally confirming an orderliness of natural forces vaguely suspected, hitherto, by philosophers and great artists. Goethe recognized this orderliness and put his finger on the eternal quandary of the philosophers — that the creative force, whatever it might be, was powerless to modify the course of its own creation — when he said: *'Die Natur wirkt nach ewigen, notwendigen, dergestalt göttlichen Gesetzen, dass die Gottheit selbst daran nichts ändern*

könnte.' The criticism of the future, therefore, to have any value, will demand a fundamental comprehension at least of the effects of the new understanding of nature upon human thoughts and affairs. For, after all, it is awareness of the scene as a whole which must form the equipment of the critic.

In response to such a need, there has arisen a literature, largely contributed by distinguished physicists — Eddington, Jeans, Dingle, and Millikan among them — who began to contemplate the modern world in its broader relations from a base line of deep scientific wisdom. But, as has ever been the case with physicists, they soon gave the poor earth little thought in their preoccupations with the universe. Yet some of them, notably Dingle, have tried to apply the logical processes of scientific method to the criticism of art; and a more than usually well-informed literary critic, I. A. Richards, made an attempt to meet these efforts halfway by approaching the scientific point of view from literature as a base.

From none of these did R. S. gain much comfort. He became, however, a profound admirer of Whitehead, who, it seemed to him, combined — in the wide horizon of his mature wisdom — deep erudition of the sciences with sensitiveness to æsthetic values, appearing in this regard to possess some of the qualities, less creative but perhaps more contemporaneously sound, of a Goethe. It was in Whitehead's diagnosis of the sick world that R. S. recognized his own, less learnedly arrived at, to the effect that with the rapid development of industrialism and urbanization (both consequences of the scientific control of natural forces) there was a neglect of the 'æsthetic qualities of the new material environment'; there was a limitation of the 'moral outlook' at a time when it was most needed. The 'moral pace of progress,' says Whitehead, 'requires a greater force of direction,' but a grooved professionalism (also a consequence of the

headlong rush of science) has brought it about that 'the leading intellects lack balance' and 'the task of coördination is left to those who lack either the force or the character to succeed in some definite career.' The corrective, therefore, it seemed to R. S., should lie not in the checking of science, but rather in catching up with it.

It is one thing to make a diagnosis, quite another to devise an operation or a remedy. Whitehead was by no means the only diagnostician who put his finger on the modern world's McBurney's point. But he was the particular one who — standing, in the tranquillity of his wisdom, '*au-dessus de la mêlée*' — seemed to make the situation objectively clear to R. S. There was in many other critics, especially those like Babbitt and other lesser humanists, in writers, poets, and artists generally, a feebly masked resentment against the scientists who seemed to them to usurp too much of the modern world's attention. They appeared to feel toward science somewhat as the Church did in the sixteenth century.

To R. S. this was confusing, since, with his own profound distrust of mere fact accumulated without philosophical and æsthetic coördination, the philosopher and the great artist were to him the architects who must build the cultural edifice of the future, using science — among other things — as an indispensable part of their equipment. But he found among most of his friends little or no appreciation of the fact that the last forty years had witnessed an era of enlightenment in man's understanding both of nature and of himself which was not incomparable to the epoch beginning with Galileo.

And yet the specific developments of the modern period, in their correlation of matter and energy and in the application of the exact sciences to biology, appeared to R. S. to bring scientific thought and its effects much closer than ever

before to the everyday lives of men. Some of the landmarks of this era he pointed out to me.

New understanding was coming from all directions, often from the least-expected sources of supposedly 'pure academic' investigation. The beauty of the situation was this growing integration of all the sciences in biological research.

But at the same time similar things were happening in biology itself. Up to 1900, the Darwinian conceptions of evolution by continuous natural selection and Weismann's ideas of heredity had remained virtually unchanged. Almost simultaneously, in 1900, Bateson and De Vries rediscovered the work of Mendel. The laws deduced by Mendel in his experiments with sweet peas, the conception of the dominance or recessive nature of certain qualities, and a numerical relationship between the appearance of the dominant and the recessive in hybrids, became the basis of the modern knowledge of heredity. When the effects of the Mendelian theory of unit characteristics were correlated with microscopic studies of cell cleavage, the carriers of hereditary qualities were sought in the chromosomes of the nuclei of the germ cells, and work such as that of Edmund B. Wilson, on the manner in which chromosomes divide before cell cleavage and are united in pairs in the new cells, strengthened the growing belief that there was some connection between the two. The idea was formulated by Sutton, and in 1910 Thomas H. Morgan brought the matter to a definite conception by his work on the fruit fly, *Drosophila*.

From these studies originated the idea of genes within the chromosomes — the linkage of numerous hereditary factors in one chromosome. Modern genetics became a logical, if not entirely a precise, science. And soon these principles found application in medicine. A large number of human qualities, ailments, and deformities could now be traced to genetic

origin, and, for some of them, it has already been possible to determine which are 'dominant' and which 'recessive.' Such knowledge made it possible to differentiate many physical and physiological defects into those which are hereditary and those which are due to extraneous causes. It may establish certain principles of human breeding in extreme cases where physical defects are known to be 'dominant.'

Yet there is no rational basis for immediately embarking on a totalitarian regulation of marriage on a eugenic basis. That is an old story, tried out — as Castle has indicated — in Sparta, and advocated in the Darwinian period by Galton. But social instincts, cultural struggle, and emotional factors are too complex and strong to be even temporarily overcome by a farseeing plan of man-husbandry which cannot be expected to take hold effectively in less than many generations of a control abhorrent to the strongest physiological urge. Moreover, there may be much justifiable difference of opinion concerning the desirable traits toward which such breeding might aim. A six-toed or hunchbacked critic might be judged a more desirable citizen than a morally defective Adonis; or a tuberculous Chopin or a neurotic Shelley than a normal delicatessen merchant. And as far as the socially valuable characteristics are concerned, J. B. S. Haldane holds out the hopeful suggestion that since the virtuous are often rewarded by poverty, and since the poor breed quicker than the rich, we may possibly expect some slight, though slow improvement. His mathematical treatment of the subject does not, at any rate, support the kind of eventual system which, one imagines, some eugenists might approve — that is, limiting procreation to those holding a 'fornication license' from the State House, with number plates appropriately attached. Even science must leave some things to what Ehrlich called *Die Uralte Protoplasma-Weisheit*.

Thus, thought R. S., science, instead of helping to release mankind from toil, poverty, and war, actually seemed to be accelerating materialism, hatred, and the forces of destruction. And in its fundamental aspects science was demonstrating that, however deeply it might penetrate into the mechanisms of nature and the universe, it would never — alone — solve the ultimate problems or appease that hunger of the spirit, that yearning toward an ethical ideal, which, in one form or another, he believed to be an inherent, biological attribute of human beings, as strong as the hungers of the body. For its existence, what more convincing scientific proof could be desired than the irresistible force with which the teachings of Buddha and of the New Testament had swept across the world and had conquered the imaginations of men, often to the disadvantage of their material interests and racial supremacies? R. S. had seen many of his most admired and distinguished scientific contemporaries, despairing of the powers of reason alone, seek spiritual sanctuary either — acknowledgedly *faute de mieux* — in the arms of the established Church, or, more deplorably, in some form of mysticism.

Both the desire for and the guidance toward such 'aesthetic apprehension,' as Whitehead calls it, were apparent. Yet less and less were they effective in arresting the downward course of our civilization. Some regulating force was needed, something of the heart; and 'the heart,' says Anatole France, '*n'est jamais tout à fait philosophe*.' Was recourse to supernatural authority the only alternative for this 'apprehension' of the higher values of existence, he asked himself. If so, it appeared to him, the outlook was dark. For the masses of the people, once lured away from a weakening religious control, would be more and more delivered, spiritually hog-tied, to the mercy of pure material forces. It seemed to him that the sole hope lay in a powerful development of the arts.

Now there were times — for a while in Athens, later in the Renaissance, and possibly among the Elizabethans (when, as Theodore Spencer has said, Shakespeare reduced to poetic order and made recognizable the common experience of his age) — when art was a living influence in the lives of people. But those were simpler days, without newspapers, cinema, or radio. Then the taste of the average man was formed by the sincere artists of his time. The artist was a hero, was close to earth, close to man, and comprehensible in this 'common experience.'

It was too much to expect, of course, that in times as complex as our own, with huge populations of widely diverse interests and educational backgrounds, the best in art could find its way, unaided, into the hearts and minds of the people. The output of artistic endeavor, good, bad, and terrible, sincere and insincere, was too overwhelming, and too strong the temptation for commercial exploitation of the spurious and the corruption of taste. Here, thought R. S., was a situation which called desperately for the development of sound criticism in its broadest sense; in which the art of criticism might become one of the most important factors in civilization. Critics were needed to interpret, to segregate, to create judgment, to come out of their ivory towers and carry the battle for æsthetic standards into the world of everyday life.

Never before was there such an important function for great critics, thought R. S., critics who — like Goethe, Coleridge, Sainte-Beuve, or Taine — could lead the intelligent and sensitive up hills whence they could see many things to gladden their hearts and enrich their spirits, which, unguided, they might never have beheld. Then, filtering downward, from the few to the many, standards and taste might eventually emerge. At any rate, art might regain the dignity to which it is entitled by man's need of it.

But a great critic, said Voltaire, is 'an artist who possesses great knowledge and

taste without prejudice and without envy,' and he adds: '*Cela est difficile à trouver.*'

In spite of Voltaire's definition of a critic, R. S. wanted to air his own views on modern art, and incidentally on the critics who, he thought, were more and more devoting their talents to an almost scientific defense of the obscure, incomprehensible, and psychologically aberrant performances of modernistic experimenters — valuable, perhaps, in developing innovations of expression and breaking down time-worn conventions, but, as Archibald MacLeish has put it, incapable of the 'construction which must now be done to make recognizable to us our experience of our time.' R. S. had little sympathy with or appreciation of much that was obscure, incomprehensible, and erratic in the productions of the ultra-experimenters. He held to the old-fashioned opinion of Boileau: —

*Avant donc que d'écrire, apprenez à penser
Quelque sujet qu'on traite, ou plaisant ou sublime,
Que toujours le bon sens s'accorde avec la rime.*

Yet even in many of the most extreme he could see a vitality of effort born of an increased pressure for artistic expression. Moreover, there began in 1900, especially in America, an era of productivity in verse and prose — satire and fiction — which, however far from the mark some of it may have fallen, still indicated that the need for artistic interpretation of the modern world was beginning to assert itself. And with it there developed a parallel new energy in architecture, in painting, in sculpture, and in the appreciation of music. Best of all, much of this was good, strong, and sincere, and some of it beginning actually to penetrate increasingly into the population. And though one can rarely certify a great critic until the passage of time has confirmed his judgment, R. S. thought that men like Brooks, Wilson, Canby, DeVoto, MacLeish, and some others, were trying to do an honest and increasingly effective job.

R. S. was optimistic. He believed that the tide was turning; that, in America at least, the creative artist would play an increasing rôle in the development of culture; and that this was the strength of our future even more than our gold reserves — the significance of which, by the way, he could never understand.

I was a little nervous about letting R. S. — who was, in my opinion, artistically quite naïve — stick out his neck any further in his self-imposed rôle as a critic. Since his own preoccupation, outside of science, had been chiefly with poetry, I asked him, instead of criticizing the work of contemporaries, to tell me what it was that gave him satisfaction in the poetry he read and which he tried to write himself. I add his reply more from the desire to give a complete picture of the man than from any idea that his views were either original or profound.

‘Poetry,’ he said, ‘has been to me much like horses. Though I was often cheated in consequence, I never enjoyed critically appraising a horse, walking around it, feeling its hocks, looking at its teeth, and then seeing other people ride it. A horse meant little to me until I could feel it under me, between my thighs, swing with the rhythm of its gaits, rise over fences with it, and lean over its neck in the exhilaration of its galloping vigor.

‘And so a poem means nothing to me unless it can carry me away with the gentle or passionate pace of its emotion, over obstacles of reality into meadows and covers of illusion. Nor is it the material that matters — whether it be the old stirrings of nature and love, or war, or whether it deals with the tragedies and complexities of human fate. The sole criterion for me is whether it can sweep me with it into emotion or illusion of beauty, terror, tranquillity, or even (Herder to the contrary) disgust, — as in Baudelaire, — so long as it arouses fundamental feelings or reflections which,

encountered without the poet, might have passed half realized, like a tongue of flame or a flying leaf. For the poet arrests emotions at their points of greatest supportable heat — just short of the melting point, as it were — and can hold in that perfect state, permanent in his words and metres, those feelings and comprehensions which pass too quickly to be held through the minds of ordinary men. The poet imprisons them in words or color or marble, so that we lesser men can contemplate them and recognize in them our own hearts and minds.’

This was the last serious conversation I had with R. S.

XXXI

R. S. returned from his last professional journey badly damaged. On the steamer he was humiliated by the fact that not only occasional youngsters but even a British general of approximately his own age could outlast him at deck tennis. Also the sun, instead of tinging his skin a healthy brown, turned him the lemon yellow of the sunburned anæmic. He made a tentative diagnosis on himself before arrival in port.

So when he got home he went to see an old friend, a doctor, who had pulled him through a nasty infection a few years before. This friend was one of those precious individuals whom nature had meant to be physicians. He was fond of R. S. and showed it most helpfully by his affectionate abstinence from any expression of sympathy. And R. S. told me that, together, this good friend and he stood for a long time at the office window, looking out at the Charles River Basin. It was one of Lowell’s June days, in the early afternoon. Bright sunshine was reflected from the water and from dozens of little white sails on the dinghies that were racing along the Cambridge shore. The Esplanade was alive with contented men and women, strolling and sitting on the benches; and

the sounds of playing children came up through the open window like the voices of many birds. The world looked a bright and attractive place.

But in those few minutes, R. S. told me, something took place in his mind that he regarded as a sort of compensatory adjustment to the thought that he would soon be dead. In the prospect of death, life seemed to be given new meaning and fresh poignancy. It seemed, he said, from that moment, as though all that his heart felt and his senses perceived was taking on a 'deep autumnal tone' and an increased vividness. From now on, instead of being saddened, he found — to his own delighted astonishment — that his sensitiveness to the simplest experiences, even for things that in other years he might hardly have noticed, was infinitely enhanced.

When he awoke in the mornings, the early sun striking across the bed, the light on the branches of the trees outside his window, the noise of 'his' sparrows, and the sounds of the awakening street aroused in him all kinds of gentle and pleasing memories of days long past which had left their imprints — indelible but, until now, not consciously realized — of contentment and happiness. It was quite the opposite of the 'woe of the remembering of happy times' in Canto V of the *Inferno*, beginning '*Nessun maggior dolore*' and so on. R. S. felt a deeper tenderness for the people whom he loved, and a warmer sympathy and understanding for many whose friendship he had lost in one way or another.

Each moment of the day, every prospect on meadow or hill or sea, every change of light from dawn to dusk, excited him emotionally with an unexpected clarity of perception and a new suggestiveness of association. Thinking of the shortness of the time still left him, he reread — as though for a sort of P.P.C. conversation — the books that had meant much to him at the various

stages of his life, and found them more moving, more deeply wise, or more hilariously robust, according to their natures. Everything that went on about him or within him struck upon his heart and mind with a new and powerful resonance. So, on the whole, he was far from either meriting or desiring sympathy. The only thing that depressed him at all in those days was the thought of horses. He couldn't stand the sight of his saddles, his bridles, and the various bits that hung about his bedroom — and which he now packed out of sight in the cellar.

As his malady progressed, he had another variety of experience which, to some others more conditioned to religious belief than he was, might have signified an intimation of the separateness of body and soul.

He said to me: 'Here I am, *me* as always. My mind more alive and vivid than ever before; my sensitiveness keener; my affections stronger. I seem for the first time to see the world in clear perspective; I love people more deeply and more comprehensively; I seem to be just beginning to learn my business and see my work in its proper relationship to science as a whole; I seem to myself to have entered into a period of stronger feelings and saner understanding. And yet here am I — essentially unchanged except for a sort of distillation into a more concentrated *me* — held in a damaged body which will extinguish me with it when it dies. If it were a horse I was riding that went lame or broke its neck, or a ship on which I was traveling that sprang a leak, I could transfer to another one and leave the old vehicle behind. As it is, my mind and my spirit, my thoughts and my love, all that I really am is inseparably tied up with the failing capacities of these outworn organs.

'Yet,' he continued, apostrophizing in a serio-comic mood, 'poor viscera, I can hardly blame you! You have done your best, and have served me better than could be expected of organs so abused.'

When I think of the things that have flowed over and through you! Innumerable varieties of fermented hops and malt and of the grapes of all countries and climates: Vouvray, Anjou, Chablis, Haut Sauternes, Chambertin, Nuits-Saint-Georges, Riesling, Lachrimæ Christi, Johannisthaler, Berncastler, Saint-Julien, Clos de Mouche, Liebfrauenmilch; endless amounts of *pinard* and *vin du pays*; the sour wines of Alsace, of North Africa, and of the Pyrenees; the stronger ones of Spain and Portugal; the Tokay of Hungary; sparkling vintages of Burgundy and of Champagne; Veuve Cliquot and her brothers Mumm and Pommery; and the California brews bought in demijohns; to say nothing of the distillates — flavored and unflavored; cognac, Three-Star Hennessy; whiskeys — Scotch and Irish, Canadian, rye, bourbon, and the yellowish moonshine, colored with chicken droppings, from the Blue Hills; and gin — genuine and synthetic; Schlibovitz from the Balkans, Starka from Poland; and the Vodka of the Steppes; crème de menthe and cacao, Marie Brizard, Cointreau, and Calvados.

‘No, no, my organs! I cannot feel that you have let me down. It is quite the other way round. Only now it seems so silly that you must take me with you when I am just beginning to get dry behind the ears.’

Though he had these spells of half-humorous revolt against the idea that his personality and his increasing joy of living should be so helplessly at the mercy of his deteriorating body, he was still grateful that, in his case, it was this and not the mind that was going to pieces first. He was not, at any time, tempted to seek strength in wishful surrender to a religious faith in which far greater men than he had taken refuge just before death. When this had, astonishingly, happened in the cases of several of his intimate friends, he regarded it as a capitulation of the mind to the fatigue of suffering. Indeed, he

became more firm in his determination to see things out consistently along his own lines of resignation to agnostic uncertainty — as his father had done before him. Moving further away, therefore, from faith in any comprehensible conception of God, he yet grew closer in conviction of the wisdom and guiding integrity of the compassionate philosophy of Christ.

As his disease caught up with him, R. S. felt increasingly grateful for the fact that death was coming to him with due warning, and gradually. So many times in his active life he had been near sudden death by accident, violence, or acute disease; and always he had thought that rapid and unexpected extinction would be most merciful. But now he was thankful that he had time to compose his spirit, and to spend a last year in affectionate and actually merry association with those dear to him. He set down this feeling in his last sonnet: —

Now is death merciful. He calls me hence
Gently, with friendly soothing of my fears
Of ugly age and feeble impotence
And cruel disintegration of slow years.
Nor does he leap upon me unaware
Like some wild beast that hungers for its prey,
But gives me kindly warning to prepare:
Before I go, to kiss your tears away.

How sweet the summer! And the autumn shone
Late warmth within our hearts as in the sky,
Ripening rich harvests that our love had sown.
How good that ere the winter comes, I die!
Then, ageless, in your heart I'll come to rest
Serene and proud, as when you loved me best.

It is apparent, therefore, that in his last months R. S. achieved a certain degree of philosophical tranquillity and resignation. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that, apart from his purely personal reactions to his own fate and his immediate environment, he was less confused at the time of his death than I have described him at the beginning of this biography. When he gazed beyond the circle of his own work, his family and friends, into the rushing world about him, he was completely bewildered. He had a little the same re-

sentful feeling that he remembered having when, as a boy, he had walked through Normandy and had to jump into the ditch to let one of the recently invented automobiles rattle by — knowing that its passengers would have dinner at the town where he expected to arrive two days later. It was all moving too fast for him. Indeed, he was not sure whether the world that was rushing by was going forward or backward. He wondered whether he had not, perhaps, been born a little too late and remained unable to catch up with his time.

The world to which he had been born had not alone speeded up with that acceleration of which Henry Adams complained, but had actually seemed to change direction. Scientific progress had brought as much sorrow as happiness. With immensely enhanced powers of production, millions were out of work and starving. Not only were ideas of democracy and individual freedom which he had accepted as the gradually evolved goals of centuries of struggle being denied, but entire nations were frantically intent on destroying them. Great racial masses seemed willing to fight and perish, if necessary, for their own en-

slavement. New so-called 'ideologies' were tearing up the foundations of all that men had thought firm and permanently established. Something had cracked in the old Western civilization, and its walls and lofty towers — cemented with the sweat and blood of their forefathers — were tumbling about men's ears. And the intellectual calamity seemed to be that no one could say whether the turmoil was the result of avoidable stupidity or of the operation of laws of economic and social evolution that were acting on mankind as other laws had acted on the dinosaur and the sabre-toothed tiger.

But in all these things he could never tell, before he died, whether the fault was in him or in the trends he disliked. He didn't admit this, of course, and remained, to the last, argumentatively arrogant. But I knew that at the time of his death he was as thoroughly bewildered as any thoughtful individual of our time is bound to be.

All of which goes to prove that, as I pointed out in the first chapter, R. S. was really a quite ordinary person about whom it was hardly worth while to write a book.

(The End)

THE GREEN GRAVE AND THE BLACK GRAVE

BY MARY LAVIN

I

IT was a body, all right. It was hard to see in the dark, and the scale-back sea was heaving up between them and the place where they saw the thing floating. But it was a body, all right.

'I knew it was a shout I heard,' said the taller of the two tall men in the black boat, that was out fishing for mackerel. He was Tadg Mor and he was the father of the less tall man, that was blacker in the hair than him and broader in the chest than him, but was called Tadg Beag because he was son to him. Mor means big and Beag means small, but Mor can be given to mean greater and Beag can be given to mean lesser than the greater.

'I knew it was a shout I heard,' said Tadg Mor.

'I knew it was a boat I saw and I dragging in the second net,' said Tadg Beag.

'I said the sound I heard was a kittiwake, crying in the dark.'

'And I said the boat I saw was a black wave blown up on the wind.'

'It was a shout, all right.'

'It was a boat, all right.'

'It was a body, all right.'

'But where is the black boat?' said Tadg Beag.

'It must be that the black boat cap-sized,' said Tadg Mor, 'and went down into the green sea.'

'Whose boat was it, would you venture for to say?' said Tadg Beag, pulling stroke for stroke at the sea.

'I'd venture for to say it was the boat of Eamon Og Murnan,' said Tadg Mor, pulling with his oar at the spittle-painted sea.

The tall men rowed against the sharp up-pointing waves of the scaly, scurvy sea. They rowed to the clumsy thing that tossed on the tips of the deft green waves.

'Eamon Og Murnan,' said Tadg Mor, lifting clear his silver-dripping oar.

'Eamon Og Murnan,' said Tadg Beag, lifting his clear, dripping, silver oar.

It was a hard drag, dragging him over the arching sides of the boat. His clothes logged him down to the water, and the jutting waves jostled him back against the boat. His yellow hair slipped from their fingers like floss, and the fibres of his island-spun clothes broke free from their grip. But they got him up over the edge of the boat, at the end of a black hour that was only lit by the whiteness of the breaking wave. They laid him down on the boards of the floor on their haul of glittering mackerel and they spread the nets out over him. But the scales of the fish glittered up through the net, and so too the eyes of Eamon Og Murnan glittered up through the nets. And the live glitter of those dead eyes put a strain on Tadg Mor and he turned the body over on its face among the fish, and when they had looked a time at the black corpse with yellow hair set in the silver and opal casket of fishes, they put

the ends of the oars in the oarlocks and turned the oar blades out again into the scurvy waves and turned their boat back to the land.

'How did you know it was Eamon Og Murnan, and we forty pointed waves away from him at the time of your naming his name?' said Tadge Beag to Tadge Mor.

'Whenever it is a thing that a man is pulled under by the sea,' said Tadge Mor, 'think around in your mind until you think out which man of all the men it might be that would be the man most missed, and that man, that you think out in your mind, will be the man that will be netted up on the shingle.'

'This is a man that will be missed mightily,' said Tadge Beag.

'He is a man that will be mightily bemoaned,' said Tadge Mor.

'He is a man that will never be replaced.'

'He is a man that will be prayed for bitterly and mightily.'

'And food will be set out for him every night in a bowl,' said Tadge Beag.

'The Brightest and the Bravest!' said Tadge Mor. 'Those are the words will be read over him — "The Brightest and the Bravest."'

The boat rose up on the points of the waves and clove down again between the points, and the oars of Tadge Mor and the oars of Tadge Beag split the points of many waves.

'How is it the green sea always greeds after the brightest and the bravest?' Tadge Beag asked Tadge Mor.

'And for the only sons?' asked Tadge Mor.

'And the men with one-year wives?'

'The one-year wife that's getting this corpse tonight,' said Tadge Mor, pointing down with his eyes, 'will have a black sorrow this night.'

'And every night after this night,' said Tadge Beag, because he was a young man and knew about such things.

'It's a great thing that he was not dragged down to the green grave, and

that is a thing will lighten the nights of the one-year wife,' said Tadge Mor.

'It isn't many are saved out of the green grave,' said Tadge Beag.

'Kiran Mor wasn't got,' said Tadge Mor.

'And Murnan Beag wasn't got.'

'Lorcan Mor wasn't got.'

'Tirnan Beag wasn't got.'

'It was three weeks and the best part of a night before the Frenchman with the leather coat was got, and five boats out looking for him.'

'It was seven weeks before Lorcan Mac Kinealy was got, and his eye sockets emptied by the gulls and the gannies.'

'And by the waves. The waves are great people to lick out your eyeballs!' said Tadge Mor.

'It was a good thing, this man to be got,' said Tadge Beag, 'and his eyes bright in his head.'

'Like he was looking up at the sky!'

'Like he was thinking to smile next thing he'd do.'

'He was a great man to smile, this man,' said Tadge Mor. 'He was ever and always smiling.'

'He was a great man to laugh, too,' said Tadge Beag. 'He was ever and always laughing.'

'Times he was laughing and times he was not laughing,' said Tadge Mor.

'Times all men stop from laughing,' said Tadge Beag.

'Times I saw this man and he not laughing. Times I saw him and he putting out in the black boat looking back at the inland woman where she'd be standing on the shore and her hair weaving the wind, and there wouldn't be any laugh on his face those times.'

'An island man should take an island wife,' said Tadge Beag.

'An inland woman should take an inland man.'

'The inland woman that took this man had a dreadful dread on her of the sea and the boats that put out in it.'

'I saw this woman from the inlands

standing on the shore, times, from his putting out with the hard dry boat to his coming back with the shivering silver-belly boat.'

'He got it hard to go from her every night.'

'He got it harder than iron to go from her if there was a streak of storm gold in the sky at time of putting out.'

'An island man should not be held down to a woman from the silent inlands.'

'It was love talk and love looks that held down this man,' said Tadhg Mor.

'The island women give love words and love looks too,' said Tadhg Beag.

'But not the love words and the love looks of this woman,' said Tadhg Mor.

'Times I saw her wetting her feet in the waves and wetting her fingers in the waves, and you'd see she was kind of loving the waves so they'd bring him back to her.'

'Times he told me himself she had a dreadful dread of the green grave. "There dies as many men in the inlands as in the islands," I said. "Tell her that," I said. "I tell her that," said he. "But they get the black-grave burial," she says. "They get the black-grave burial in clay that's blessed by two priests, and they get the speeding of the green sods thrown down by the kinsmen," she says." "Tell her there's no worms in the green grave," I said to him. "I did," said he. "What did she say to that?" said I. "She said, 'The bone waits for the bone,'" said he. "What does she mean by that?" said I. "She gave another saying as her meaning to that saying," said he. "She said, 'There's no trouble in death when two go down together into the one black grave. Clay binds closer than love,' she said. 'But the green grave binds nothing,' she said. 'The green grave scatters,' she said. 'The green grave is for sons,' she said, 'and for brothers,' she said, 'but the black grave is for lovers,' she said, 'and for husbands in the faithful clay under the jealous sods.'"

'She must be a great woman to make sayings,' said Tadhg Beag.

'She made great sayings for that man every hour of the day, and she stitching the nets for him on the step while he'd be salting fish or blading oars.'

'She'll be glad us to have saved him from the salt green grave.'

'It's a great wonder but he was dragged down before he was got.'

'She is the kind of woman that always has great wonders happening round her,' said Tadhg Mor. 'If she is a woman from the inlands itself, she has a great power in herself. She has a great power over the sea. Times and she on the cliff shore and her hair weaving the wind, like I told you, I'd point my eyes through the wind across at where Eamon Og would be in the waves back of me and there wouldn't be as much as one white tongue of spite rising out of the waves around his boat, and my black boat would be splattered over every board of it with white sea spittle.'

'I heard tell of women like that. She took the fury out of the sea and burnt it out to white salt in her own heart.'

II

The talk about the inland woman who fought the seas in her heart was slow talk and heavy talk, and slow and heavy talk was fit talk as the scurvy waves crawled over one another, scale by scale, and brought the bitter boat back to the shore.

Sometimes a spiteful tongue of foam forked up in the dark by the side of the boat and reached for the netted corpse on the boards. When this happened Tadhg Beag picked up the loose end of the raggy net and lashed out with it at the sea.

'Get down, you scaly-belly serpent,' he said, 'and let the corpse dry out in his dead-clothes.'

'Take heed to your words, Tadhg Beag,' Tadhg Mor would say. 'We have

the point to round yet. Take heed to your words!’

‘Here’s a man took heed to his words and that didn’t save him,’ said Tadv Beag. ‘Here was a man was always singing back song for song to the singing sea, and look at him now lying there.’

They looked at him lying on his face under the brown web of the nets in his casket of fish scales, silver and opal. And as they looked another lick of the forked and venomous tongue of the sea came up the side of the boat and strained in towards the body. Tadv Beag beat at it with the raggy net.

‘Keep your strength for the loud knocking you’ll have to give on the wooden door,’ said Tadv Mor. And Tadv Beag understood that he was the one would walk up the shingle and bring the death news to the one-year wife, who was so strange among the island women with her hair weaving the wind at evening and her white feet wetted in the sea by day.

‘Is it not a thing that she’ll be, likely, out on the shore?’ he said in a bright hope, pointing his eyes to where the white edge of the shore wash shone by its own light in the dark.

‘Is there a storm tonight?’ said Tadv Mor. ‘Is there a high wind tonight? Is there a rain spate? Is there any sign of danger on the sea?’

‘No,’ said Tadv Beag, ‘there are none of those things that you mention.’

‘I will tell you the reason you ask that question,’ said Tadv Mor. ‘You ask that question because that question is the answer that you’d like to get.’

‘It’s a hard thing to bring news to a one-year wife, and she one that has a dreadful dread of the sea,’ said Tadv Beag.

‘It’s good news you’re bringing to the one-year wife when you bring news that her man is got safe to go down like any inlander into a black grave blessed and tramped down with the feet of his kinsmen on the sod.’

‘It’s a queer thing, him to be caught

by the sea on a fine night with no wind blowing,’ said Tadv Beag.

‘On a fine night the women lie down to sleep, and if any woman has a power over the sea with her white feet in the water and her black hair on the wind and a bright fire in her heart, the sea can only wait until that woman’s spirit is out of her body, likely back home in the inlands, and then the sea serpent gives a slow turn over on his scales, one that you wouldn’t heed to, yourself, maybe, and you standing up with no hold on the oars, and before there’s time for more than the first shout out of you the boat is logging down to the depths of the water. And all the time the woman that would have saved you, with her willing and wishing for you, is in the deep bed of the dark sleep, having no knowledge of the thing that has happened until she hears the loud-handed knocking of the neighbor on the door outside.’

Tadv Beag knocked with his knuckles on the sideboards of the boat.

‘Louder than that,’ said Tadv Mor.

Tadv Beag knocked another louder knock on the boat sides.

‘Have you no more knowledge than that of how to knock at a door in the fastness of the night, and the people inside the house buried in sleep and the corpse down on the shore getting covered with sand and the fish scales drying into him so tight that the fingernails of the washing women will be broken and split peeling them off him? Have you no more knowledge than that of how to knock with your knucklebones?’

Tadv Mor gave a loud knocking against the wet seat of the boat.

‘That is the knock of a man that you might say knows how to knock at a door, daytime or nighttime,’ he said, and he knocked again.

And he knocked again, louder, if it could be that any knock he gave could be louder than the first knock. Tadv Beag listened and then he spoke, not looking at Tadv Mor, but looking at the oar he was rolling in the water.

'Two people knocking would make a loud knocking entirely, I would think,' he said.

'One has to stay with the dead,' said Tadhg Mor.

Tadhg Beag drew a long stroke on the oar and he drew a long breath out of his lungs and he took a long look at the nearing shore.

'What will I say,' he said, 'when she comes to my knocking?'

'When she comes to the knocking, step back a bit from the door, so's she'll see the wet shining on you, and so's she'll smell the salt water off you, and say in a loud voice that the sea is queer and rough this night.'

'She'll be down with her to the shore, if that's what I say, without waiting to hear more.'

'Say, then,' said Tadhg Mor, pulling in the oar to slow the boat a bit, 'say that there's news come in that a boat went down off beyond the point.'

'If I say that, she'll be down with her to the shore without waiting to hear more, and her hair flying and her white feet freezing on the shingle.'

'If that is so,' said Tadhg Mor, 'then you'll have to stand back bold from the door and call out loudly in the night: "The Brightest and the Bravest!"'

'What will she say to that?'

'She'll say, "God bless them."'

'And what will I say to that?'

'You'll say, "God rest them."'

'And what will she say to that?'

'She'll say, "Is it in the black grave or the green grave?"'

'And what will I say to that?'

'You say, "God rest Eamon Og Murnan in the black grave in the holy ground, blessed by the priest and sodded by the people."'

'And what will she say to that?'

'She'll say, likely, "Bring him in to me, Tadhg Beag!"'

'And what will I say to that?'

'Whatever you say after that, let it be loud and making echoes under the rafters, so she won't hear the sound of the

corpse dragging up on the shingle, and when he's lifted up on to the scoured table, let whatever you say be loud then too, so's she won't be listening for the sound of the water drabbling down off his clothes on the floor!'

III

There was only the noise of the oars, then, till a shoaly sounding stole in between the oar strokes. It was the shoaly sounding of the irritable pebbles that were dragged back and forth on the shore by the tides.

They beached in a little while, and they stepped out among the sprawling waves and dragged the boat after them till it cleft its depth in the damp shingle.

'See that you give a loud knocking, Tadhg Beag,' said Tadhg Mor, and Tadhg Beag set his head against the darkness and his feet were heard for a good time grinding down the shifting shingle as he made for the house of the one-year wife. The house was set in a sea field, and his feet did not sound down to the shore once he got to the dune grass of the sea field. But in another little while there was a loud sound of a fist knocking hard upon wood, stroke after stroke of a strong hand coming down on hard wood.

Tadhg Mor, waiting with the body in the boat, recalled to himself all the times he went knocking on the island doors bringing news to the women of the death of their men, but island women were brought up in bitterness and they got life as well as death from the sea. They keened for their own, and it would be hard to know by their keening whether it was for their own men or the men of their neighbors they were keening. Island wives were the daughters of island widows. The sea gave food. The sea gave death. Life or death, it was all one thing in the end. The sea never lost its scabs. The sea was there before the coming of man. Island women knew that knowledge, but what knowledge had a woman from the inlands of the sea

and its place in the world since the beginning of time? No knowledge. An inland woman had no knowledge to guide her when the loud knocking came on her door in the night.

Tadg Mor listened to the loud, hard knocking of his son Tadg Beag on the door of the one-year wife of Eamon Og Murnan that was lying in the silver casket of fishes on the floor of the boat, cleft fast in the shingle sand. The night was cold, the fish scales glittered even though it was dark. They glittered in the whiteness made by the breaking wave on the shore. The sound of the sea was sadder than the back of the head of the yellow-haired corpse, but still Tadg Mor was gladder to be down on the shore than up in the dune grass knocking at the one-night widow's door.

The knocking sound of Tadg Beag's knuckles on the wooden door was a human sound and it sounded good in the ears of Tadg Mor for a time, but, like all sounds that continue too long, it sounded soon to be as weird and inhuman as the washing sound of the waves tiding in on the shingle. Tadg Mor put up his rounded palms to his mouth and shouted out to Tadg Beag to come back to the boat. Tadg Beag came back running the shingle, and the air was grained with sounds of sliding gravel.

'There's no one in the house where you were knocking,' said Tadg Mor.

'I knocked louder on the door than you knocked on the boat boards,' said Tadg Beag.

'I heard how you, knocked,' said Tadg Mor; 'you knocked well. But let you knock better when you go to the neighbor's house to find out where the one-night widow is from her own home this night.'

'If I got no answer at one door, is it likely I'll get an answer at another door?' said Tadg Beag. 'It was you yourself I heard to say one time that the man that knows how a thing is to be done is the man should do that thing when that thing is to be done.'

'How is a man to get the knowledge of how to do a thing if that man doesn't do that thing when that thing is to be done?' said Tadg Mor.

Tadg Beag got into the boat again, and they sat there in the dark. After four or maybe five waves had broken by their side, Tadg Beag lifted the net and felt the clothes of Eamon Og.

'The clothes is drying into him,' he said.

'If I was to go up with you to the house of Sean-bhean O Suillebheain, who would there be to watch the dead?' said Tadg Mor, and then Tadg Beag knew that Tadg Mor was going with him and he had no need to put great heed on the answer he gave to him.

'Let the sea watch him,' he said, putting a leg out over the boat after the wave went back with its fistful of little complaining pebbles.

'We must take him out of the boat first,' said Tadg Mor. 'Take hold of him there by the feet,' he said as he rolled back the net, putting it over the oar with each roll so it would not ravel and knot.

They lifted Eamon Og Murnan out of the boat, and the mackerel slipped about their feet into the place where he had left his shape. They dragged him up a boat length from the sprawling waves and they faced his feet to the shore, but when they saw that that left his head lower than his feet, because the shingle shelved greatly at that point, they faced him about again towards the scurvy waves that were clashing their sharp, pointy scales together and sending up spits of white spray in the air. The dead man glittered with the silver and verdigris scales of the mackerel that were clinging to his clothing over every part.

IV

Tadg Mor went up the sliding shingle in front of Tadg Beag, and Tadg Beag put his feet in the shelves that were made in the shingle by Tadg Mor, be-

cause the length of the step they took was the same length. The sea sounded in their ears as they went through the shingle, but by the time the first coarse dune grass scratched at their clothing the only sound that each could hear was the sound of the other's breathing.

The first cottage that rose out blacker than the night in their path was the cottage where Tadhg Beag made the empty knocking. Tadhg Mor stopped in front of the door as if he might be thinking of trying his hand at knocking, but he thought better of it and went on after Tadhg Beag to the house that was next to that house, and that was the house of Sean-bhean O Suillebheain, one to know anything that eye or ear could know about those that lived within three right miles of her.

Tadhg Mor hit the door of Sean-bhean O Suillebheain's house with a knock of his knuckles, and although it was a less loud knock than the echo of the knock that came down to the shore when Tadhg Beag struck the first knock on the door of the wife of Eamon Og, there was a foot to the floor before he could raise his knuckle off the wood for another knock. A candle lit up and a shadow fell across the windowpane and a face came whitening at the door gap.

'You came to the wrong house this dark night,' said Sean-bhean O Suillebheain. 'The sea took all the men was ever in this house twelve years ago and two months and seventeen days.'

'It may be that we have no corpse for this house, but we came to the right house for all that,' said Tadhg Mor. 'We came to this house for knowledge of the house across two sea fields from this house where we got no answer to our knocking with our knuckles,' said Tadhg Mor.

'And I knocked with a stone up out of the ground, as well,' said Tadhg Beag, coming closer.

The woman with the candle flame blowing drew back into the dark.

'Is it for the inland woman, the one-

year's wife, you're bringing the corpse you have below in the boat this night?' she said.

'It is, God help us,' said Tadhg Mor.

'It is, God help us,' said Tadhg Beag.

'The Brightest and the Bravest,' said Tadhg Mor.

'Is it a thing that you got no answer to your knocking?' said the old woman, bending out again with the blowing candle flame.

'No answer,' said Tadhg Beag, 'and sturdy knocking.'

'Knocking to be heard above the sound of the sea,' said Tadhg Mor.

'They sleep deep, the people from the inland?' said Tadhg Beag, asking a question.

'The people of the inland sleep deep in the cottage in the middle of the field,' said Sean-bhean O Suillebheain, 'but when they're rooted up and set down by the sea their spirit never passes out of hearing of the step on the shingle. It's a queer thing entirely that you got no answer to your knocking.'

'We got no answer to our knocking,' said Tadhg Mor and Tadhg Beag, bringing their words together like two oars striking the one wave, one on this side of the boat and one on that.

'When the inland woman puts her face down on the feather pillow,' said Sean-bhean O Suillebheain, 'that pillow is but as the sea shells children put against their ears, that pillow has the sad crying voices of the sea.'

'Is it that you think she is from home this night?' said Tadhg Mor.

'It must be a thing that she is,' said the old woman.

'Is it back to her people in the inlands she'll be gone?' said Tadhg Beag, who had more than the curiosity of the night in him.

'Step into the kitchen,' said the old woman, 'while I ask Inghean Og if she saw Bean Eamuin Og go from her house this night.'

While she went into the room that was in from the kitchen, Tadhg Beag put a

foot inside the kitchen door, but Tadg Mor stayed looking down to the shore.

'If it is a thing the inland woman is from home entirely, where will we put Eamon Og, that we have below in the boat with his face and no sheet on it, and his eyes and no lids drawn down tight over them, and the fish scales sticking to him faster than they stuck to the mackerels when they swam beyond the nets, blue and silver and green?'

'Listen to Inghean Og,' said Tadg Beag, and he stepped a bit further into the kitchen of Sean-bhean O Suillebheain.

'Inghean Og,' came the voice of the old, old woman, 'is it a thing that the inland woman from two fields over went from her house this night?'

'It is a true thing that she went,' said Inghean Og, and Tadg Beag spoke to Tadg Mor and said, 'Inghean Og talks soft in the day, but she talks as soft as the sea in summer when she talks in the night in the dark.'

'Listen to what she says,' said Tadg Mor, coming in a step after Tadg Beag.

'Is it that she went to her people in the inlands?' said Sean-bhean O Suillebheain, who never left the island.

'The wife of Eamon Og never stirred a foot to her people in the inlands since the first day she came to the islands, in her blue dress with the beads,' said the voice of Inghean Og.

'Where did she go, then,' said the old woman, 'if it is a thing that she didn't go to her people in the inlands?'

'Where else but where she said she'd go?' said the voice of Inghean Og. 'Out in the boat with her one-year husband.'

There was sound of aged springs writhing in the room where Inghean Og slept, back behind the kitchen, and her voice was clearer and stronger, as if she were sitting up in the bed looking out at the black sea and the white points rising in it by the light of their own brightness.

'She said the sea would never drag Eamon Og down to the cold green grave

and leave her to lie lonely in the black grave on the shore, in the black clay that held tight, under the weighty sods. She said a man and woman should lie in the one grave forever. She said a night never passed without her heart being burnt out to a cold white salt. She said that this night, and every night after, she'd go out with Eamon in the black boat over the scabby back of the sea. She said if ever he got the green grave, she'd get the green grave too, with her arms clinging to him closer than the weeds of the sea, binding them down together. She said that the island women never fought the sea. She said that the sea wanted taming and besting. She said the island women had no knowledge of love. She said there was a curse on the black clay for women that lay alone in it while their men floated in the caves of the sea. She said that the black clay was all right for inland women. She said that the black clay was all right for sisters and mothers. She said the black clay was all right for girls that died at seven years. But the green grave is the grave for wives, she said, and she went out in the black boat this night and she's going out every night after,' said Inghean Og.

'Tell her there will be no night after,' said Tadg Mor.

'Let her sleep till day,' said Tadg Beag. 'Time enough to tell her in the day,' and he strained his eyes behind the flutter-flame candle as the old woman came out from Inghean Og's room.

'You heard what she said,' said the old woman.

'It's a bad thing he was got,' said Tadg Beag.

'That's a thing was never said on this island before this night,' said Tadg Mor.

'There was a fire on every point of the cliff shore,' said the old woman, 'to light home the men who were dragging for Kirnan Mor.'

'And he never was got,' said Tadg Mor.

'There was a shroud spun for Tirnan

Beag between the time of the putting out of the island boats to look for him and their coming back with the empty news in the green daylight,' said the old woman.

'Tirnan Beag was never got.'

'Kirnan Mor was never got.'

'Lorcan Mor was never got.'

'Murnan Beag was never got.'

'My four sons were never got,' said the old woman.

'The father of Inghean Og was never got,' said Tadg Beag, and he was looking at the shut door of the room where Inghean Og was lying in the dark; the candle shadows were running their hands over that door.

'The father of Inghean Og was never got,' said Tadg Beag again, forgetting what he was saying.

'Of all the men that had yellow coffins standing up on their ends by the gable, and all the men that had brown shrouds hanging up on the wall with the iron nail eating out its way through the yarn, it had to be the one man that should have never been got that was got,' said Tadg Beag, opening the top half of the door and letting in the deeper sound of the tide.

'That is the way,' said Tadg Mor.

'That is ever and always the way,' said the old woman.

'The sea is stronger than any man,' said Tadg Mor.

'The sea is stronger than any woman,' said Tadg Beag.

'The sea is stronger than women from the inland fields,' said Tadg Mor.

'The sea is stronger than *talk* of love,' said Tadg Beag, when he was out in the dark. It was too dark, after the candle-

light, to see where the window was of Inghean Og's room, but he was looking where it might be while he buttoned over his jacket.

V

Tadg Mor and Tadg Beag went back to the shore over the sliding shingle, keeping their feet well on the shelving gravel, as they went towards the sprawling waves. The waves were up to the place where the sea-break was made that spring in the graywacke wall. The boat was floating free out of the cleft in the shingle.

The body of Eamon Og, that had glittered with fish scales of opal and silver and verdigris, was gone from the shore. They knew it was gone from the black land that was cut crisscross with grave cuts by the black spade and the shovel. They knew it was gone and would never be got.

'Kirnan Mor wasn't got.'

'Murnan Beag wasn't got.'

'Lorcan Mor wasn't got.'

'Tirnan Beag wasn't got.'

'The four sons of the Sean-bhean O Suillebheain were never got.'

'The father of Inghean Og wasn't got.'

The men of the island were caught down in the sea by the tight weeds of the sea. They were held in the tendrils of the sea anemone and the pricks of the shallow thorn, by the green sea grasses and the green sea reeds and the winding stems of the green sea daffodils. But Eamon Og Murnan would be held fast in the white sea arms of his one-year wife, who came from the inlands where women have no knowledge of the sea and have only a knowledge of love.

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL

WALTER D. EDMONDS

BY ROBERT M. GAY

WALTER EDMONDS has an advantage over most writers of historical novels in having been born and reared, so to speak, in the history he writes about. Research among documents he has used to supplement observation and hearsay; but the Erie Canal, though fallen from grandeur, was right at his front door, and old canallers still lived to tell him about the past.

When *Rome Haul* was published in 1929 we all felt that here was something quite fresh, a new locality for fiction and a peculiar people as American as maple sugar and as full of provincial character as a woodchuck. The fact is, nevertheless, that new material never made a good novelist. What was true was that Mr. Edmonds brought to the handling of new material certain talents that always strike us as new wherever and however they may express themselves.

The novel is a saga of life in northern New York in the 1850's, and the characters and scenes are many and diverse; but the canal, as an imposing symbol of the conquest of man over nature and of man as pioneer, gives a certain unity to the tale as it did to the immensely various and shifting population of the country it ran through. There is little plot, though there is some suspense. In the reader's mind are always the questions whether the hero will leave the canal for the farm, whether Gentleman Joe the outlaw will ever be caught, and whether Dan will ever fight — and beat — Jotham

Klore. But most of the time the canal-boat, the *Sarsey Sal*, moves slowly to and fro between Albany and Rochester, with her amusing crew, passengers, and neighbors. The narrative is as lazy as their lives were as a rule, and as exciting as their lives were now and then.

Narrative of this sort is about the oldest kind there is, and yet certainly one of the best: a rhythm of moderate adventure punctuated by crises of excitement, crystallized episodes, which are really complete short stories in themselves. In this book, for example, the grand comedy of the Reverend Fortune Friendly's enforced sermon in the haymow and the intense incident of the blizzard can be separated from the context and read for their own sakes. They are so good, in fact, as to suggest that the author is really most at ease in the concentrated narrative of the short story — an impression which is reinforced by his later work. At any rate this first novel follows a method which he has found congenial ever since. It is that of the old picaresque romance, with its heterogeneous incidents and interpolated short tales; and I doubt if a better for historical fiction has ever been discovered.

Rome Haul was written fast and smoothly and with joy, out of enthusiasm and a full mind, and it began with no serious intention. It was the remark of a beggar, who said of the canal, 'It's the bowels of the nation, it's

the whole shebang of life,' which turned the author's thoughts to wider and deeper meanings. 'Heretofore,' he says, 'I had thought of the canal as a quaint and picturesque place, made up of scenes and stories. . . . All at once it became a good deal more. . . . I began to see the book as a serious panorama of a real phase of life and the people who lived it.'

Fortunately this new seriousness did not make him solemn. It is, in fact, a strong sense of the dramatic that has helped Edmonds to avoid successfully some of the common faults of historical fiction in general.

Young writers often mistakenly suppose that historical fiction is somehow easier to write than the fiction of contemporary life. There really is no fundamental difference, however, between the two, for historical fiction is not a type but a manner. Whatever makes a novel good makes a historical novel good; and that is mainly a story that moves and characters that live. Research and documentation may end by being only so much excess baggage, if the author is not a storyteller first: a reflection which suggests why, for so many historical novels, the reading is like plodding knee-deep in snow.

This the great historical romancers have known instinctively. And they have known another thing which the modern realist does not always remember. They knew that although in the past people were very much the same as at present, every age has had its special spiritual atmosphere, which is the sum total of its attitudes towards the unknown, supernatural, divine, as well as towards nature and mankind in general; and that unless a historical novel somehow conveys this it is not really a *historical* novel at all.

Mr. Edmonds, without theatrical costuming, archaic diction, and elaborate description, has certainly caught not only the surface but the atmosphere of times past. Whether he has ever fully

caught their deeper spirit is doubtful. In *Erie Water* (1933), he showed symptoms of having contracted the rash of documentation and one was afraid it might prove his undoing. He has recently said that 'the book is so historically accurate that it is a wonder anyone ever read it as a novel.' But this is too modest, for nearly every reviewer remarked on its fidelity to its period. It is a book of great charm, less exciting than *Rome Haul* and less highly colored, but its central theme of a young man's buying a redemptioner girl is very appealing.

The volume of short stories, *Mostly Canallers* (1934), was written during a period of several years. Many deal with the same types and even with the same people as the novels, and several are very good. Two or three are, however, of a quite different sort. I must mention 'Bewitched,' the only story of a cow I remember ever to have read, and a strangely haunting story it is; and 'The Death of Red Peril,' about a racing caterpillar, a bit of rugged humor that deserves to be mentioned with the *Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*.

I have deferred consideration of *The Big Barn* (1930) because it is not of the same genre as the other books. It is both an extended character study and a carefully integrated novel. There is no doubt that its reception suffered because of the popularity of *Rome Haul*, and on re-reading it I have been impressed by its many excellences. Old Ralph Wilder, a provincial titan of the Erie country, is the author's most ambitious portrait. It is a powerful creation, but the other characters make no strong impact upon the mind. On the whole the novel gives the impression that Edmonds is working in an uncongenial medium. His imagination takes fire only in the crises of the action. The fact was that, for the first time, he was essaying the psychological portrayal of complex characters, and his strength lay in dealing with those who are simple and direct.

Perhaps these remarks indicate why the public seized upon *Drums Along the Mohawk* (1936) and took it immediately to its heart. Here was a more powerful narrative than he had essayed before; it told an important story superbly, despite occasional lapses; it handled its burden of documentary material lightly; and it conveyed the atmosphere of a period with success. The loose structure of the saga set the author free to exercise his special abilities, giving him liberty to multiply characters and incidents without violating the unity a plot would have demanded. There was also a seriousness of intention, which, while it may not make the novel better, certainly does not detract from its dignity. 'To those who may feel,' he says, 'that here is a great to-do about a bygone life, I have one last word to say. It does not seem to me a bygone life at all. The parallel is too close to our own.' It is a faculty for living in the past as if it were today that gives to his fiction its air of vitality.

If the novel just mentioned has the quality of epic, *Chad Hanna*¹ is almost pure comedy. It has hardly any purpose except to be entertaining, but this purpose it achieves delightfully. Most of the excitement and merriment are provided by a year or so in the history of Huguenine's Great and Only International Circus, a forlorn little outfit trying desperately to sustain its own delusion of grandeur. There is also something about a runaway slave, a good deal about horses, and not a little about the canal. It is written with gusto and its best scenes and characters deepen the impression that Edmonds is one of the true humorists of our time. I might point, for evidence, to the narrative of the last hours of Oscar, the lion who, like the Cid Campeador, went on doing his duty after he was dead, and the portrait of Mrs. Huguenine, the Fat Lady. This is lusty, gusty fun and yet, like most true humor,

has its shadows of pathos. I really know of no one since Mark Twain who could have created the Elias Proops and the sick Oscar of this book, the Samson Weaver and Mrs. Gurget of *Rome Haul*, or Red Peril the caterpillar.

There is no reason to suppose that Edmonds's best book is not still to be written. I can't be critically solemn about those he has written. I would much rather thank him for many hours of rare enjoyment. However, if one must try to sum up his qualities, one may say that his work has some evident limitations. For instance, his outlook is almost exclusively masculine; his best portraits of women are those of women who might as well have been men, and he shows little delicacy of insight regarding the other sex. Against this objection, if it is one, we may set the fact that he has great delicacy of perception regarding natural beauty, animals of all sorts, and children. He has not yet exhibited the highest type of constructive imagination, and his invention is in general short-breathed. But on the other hand few writers can excel him in straight storytelling or in the brilliancy with which he can flash a scene. His historical perspective has seldom achieved grandeur and his portrayal of the past lacks both latitude and altitude. He has, however, chosen to cultivate a restricted field intensively and he may have no ambition to extend it.

In addition to the talents I have mentioned I should name an infallible eye for significant minutiae of nature and human nature, an instinct for the telling phrase, and the mastery of a style, springy, sinewy, and firm. The ability to tell a good story in good English is always rare at any time, and to say that he has this might be accounted sufficient praise. His talents are, in fact, so many that one hopes he will be ambitious and will continue to experiment. *Chad Hanna* is all very well as a breathing space, but not at all as a stopping place.

¹ Published serially under the title *Red Wheels Turning*.—EDITOR

THE NEGRO NOVEL: RICHARD WRIGHT

BY DAVID L. COHN

RICHARD WRIGHT, a Mississippi-born Negro, has written a blinding and corrosive study in hate. It is a novel entitled *Native Son*. The race hatred of his hero, Bigger Thomas, is directed with equal malevolence and demoniac intensity toward *all* whites, whether they are Mary Dalton, the moony Negrophile whom he murdered, or the vague white men who seemed to bar his youthful ambition to become an aviator or join the navy. This book has far-reaching qualities of significance above and beyond its considerable virtues as a novel, because Mr. Wright elects to portray his hero not as an individual merely but as a symbol of twelve million American Negroes.

Bigger is very young. His exact age is not stated, but we are told he is too young to vote, and he is therefore under twenty-one. Although his life has hardly begun, his career and hopes for the future have been blasted by the Negro-hating whites of Chicago. On page 14 of *Native Son*, Bigger and his friend Gus are watching an airplane above the city. 'I *could* fly a plane if I had a chance,' Bigger says. 'If you wasn't black and if you had some money and if they'd let you go to that aviation school, you *could* fly a plane,' Gus answers. And time after time, throughout the length of this book, Bigger bitterly complains that he is denied access to the broad, glittering world which the whites monopolize for themselves to the exclusion of Negroes. Toward the end of the novel (p. 302), Bigger, in jail for murdering a white girl

and his Negro mistress, says: 'I ain't asking nobody to be sorry for me . . . I'm black. *They don't give black people a chance*' (my italics). Bigger's crimes and his fate in the electric chair, the author makes clear to us, are consequently to be laid at the door of white society.

In the speech of Bigger's lawyer at his trial, one finds the fullest summation of Mr. Wright's point of view toward the Negro question in America, and the most explicit statement of his use of Bigger as a symbol of the oppressed Negro. 'This boy,' says lawyer Max, 'represents but a tiny aspect of the problem whose reality sprawls over a third of a nation. . . . Multiply Bigger Thomas twelve million times, allowing for environmental and temperamental variations . . . and you have the psychology of the Negro people. . . . Taken collectively, they are not simply twelve million; in reality they constitute a separate nation, stunted, stripped, and held captive *within* this nation, devoid of political, social, economic and property rights.'

Mr. Wright might have made a more manly and certainly more convincing case for his people if he had stuck to fact. In all of the non-Southern states, Negroes have complete political rights, including the suffrage, and even in the South Negro suffrage is constantly being extended. So powerful, indeed, is the Negro vote, and so solidly is it cast en bloc in Negro-populous Eastern and Midwestern states, that in closely contested Presidential elections the Negro vote may decide who shall become President of the United

States. Hence the scramble of both parties for the Negro vote. Nowhere in America save in the most benighted sections of the South, or in times of passion arising from the committing of atrocious crime, is the Negro denied the equal protection of the laws. If he is sometimes put in jail for no reason at all in Memphis, so too are whites put in jail for no reason at all in Pittsburgh. This is the unjust fate, not of the Negro alone, but of the poor, the obscure, and the inarticulate everywhere, regardless of pigmentation. The ownership, also, of more than a billion dollars' worth of property by Negroes in the South alone, and the presence of prosperous Negro business concerns throughout the country, are some refutation of the sweeping statement that Negroes are denied property rights in this country.

Through the mouth of Bigger's lawyer we are told in unmistakable terms that the damming up of the Negro's aspirations, and the denial to him of unrestricted entry into the whole environment of the society in which he is cast, may lead Negroes, in conjunction with others, toward a new civil war in America. Mr. Wright seems to have completely forgotten the unparalleled phenomenon — unique in the world's history — of the *first* American Civil War, in which millions of white men fought and killed one another over the issue of the black slave. If it be granted that the original enslavement of Negroes was a crime against justice, then it must also be granted that its bloody expiation was filled with enough death and destruction to satisfy even the most hate-consumed Negro. But it doesn't seem to satisfy Mr. Wright. A second civil war must begin where the first one left off in order to bring about the eventual freeing of the Negro minority, even if it means the destruction of the society of the majority. Justice and understanding are to come through the persuasive snouts of machine guns.

Bigger's lawyer is a Jew. As a member

of a race which has known something of oppression, — not for three centuries, the length of the Negro's residence in America, but for more than twenty centuries in nearly every country of the world, — he pleads extenuation for his client both on broad grounds of justice and on the ground that white society drove Biggers to crime by repressing him. If repression of the members of a minority drives them to slay members of the majority, it would follow that the principal occupation of Jews in Tsarist Russia, Poland, Rumania, and other bitterly anti-Semitic countries would have been to use their oppressors as clay pigeons. Jewish revolutionists there have been, indeed, but over the whole sweep of two thousand years of dark Jewish history the mass of these people, enduring greater oppression than Negroes knew here even in slavery, created within the walls of their ghettos an intense family and communal life and constructed inexhaustible wells of spiritual resource. They used their talents and energies as best they could, serene in the belief either that a Messiah would ultimately come and deliver them out of bondage into the Promised Land or that justice would ultimately triumph. Mr. Wright uses a Jewish lawyer as his mouthpiece, but he has learned nothing from Jewish history, nor gleaned anything of the spirit of that group whom Tacitus called 'a stubborn people.'

It is beyond doubt that Negroes labor under grave difficulties in America; that economic and social discrimination is practised against them; that opportunities open to whites are closed to blacks. It is also beyond doubt that the position, if not the status, of the Negro is constantly improving in the United States. The evidence on this point is overwhelming. But there is one hard and inescapable fact which must be courageously faced. The social structure of America, despite many racial admixtures, is Anglo-Saxon. And nowhere on earth — save in isolated instances — do whites and Negroes

in Anglo-Saxon communities intermingle socially or intermarry. And so long as this is a fact, neither the Negro — and this is what completely escapes Mr. Wright — *nor the white man* will function as a full-fledged personality. It could easily be demonstrated that Southern whites living in the presence of masses of Negroes, and maintaining at least tolerable racial relations through the exercise of exquisite, intuitive tact on both sides, suffer aberrations and distortions of the spirit only slightly less severe than those suffered by Negroes.

It is no fault of the Negro or of the present generation of whites that the Negro is here. But the preaching of Negro hatred of whites by Mr. Wright is on a par with the preaching of white hatred of Negroes by the Ku Klux Klan. The position, moreover, of a minority struggling toward the sun must be gauged at any given time by its relative rather than its absolute state, and in accordance with this postulate it is clear that the Negro's lot in America is constantly being ameliorated.

It is highly significant of the whole hate-headlong point of view of Mr. Wright that he has chosen to make his hero so hopelessly despairing of making a good life for himself because of white repressions, that he drives him to crime and execution when his adult life has hardly begun. Contrast this with the experience of the Jews in England, who were first granted full civil rights only after five centuries of living in the country.

Mr. Wright obviously does not have the long view of history. He wants not only complete political rights for his

people, but also social equality, and he wants them now. Justice demands that every right granted to others shall be granted to Negroes, but men are not gods. A hard-headed people will be conscious of the Pauline law of expediency: 'All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient.'

Justice or no justice, the whites of America simply will not grant to Negroes at this time those things that Mr. Wright demands. The Negro problem in America is actually insoluble; all profound, complex social problems are insoluble, and only a politically naïve people will believe otherwise. In the meanwhile, recognition by both sides that the question is insoluble, followed by tempered, sincere efforts to make the best of the situation within its frame of reference, will produce the most equitable results for both. Hatred, and the preaching of hatred, and incitement to violence can only make a tolerable relationship intolerable.

Even Abraham Lincoln did not envisage a time when the Negro question would be solved upon Mr. Wright's terms. In 1862 he said to a Negro delegation who called on him: 'You and we are different races. . . . But even when you cease to be slaves you are yet far from being placed on an equality with the white race. . . . The aspiration of men is to enjoy equality with the best when free, but on this continent not a single man of your race is made the equal of a single man of ours. . . . Go where you are treated best, and the ban is still upon you.'

And Mr. Wright's hero kills and dies in Mr. Lincoln's state of Illinois.

WILL HOGG, TEXAN

BY JOHN A. LOMAX

ONE day in the early part of this century two men, father and son, sat talking together on the long veranda of the historic Varner Plantation manor house, fifty miles southwest of Houston, Texas. They were strikingly alike in stature and depth of chest, in the tawny coloring of their hair, in their wide firm mouths, their grayish-blue eyes, ruddy complexions, and deep resonant voices. The father was a man mountain, over six feet tall and weighing in his prime nearly three hundred pounds; the son was slightly smaller. Now the tired old lion, ex-Governor 'Jim' Hogg, sensing perhaps the end of his days, had asked his son, Will Hogg, to leave his work in St. Louis and come home to Texas.

'Until that six months I spent talking with my father,' said Will Hogg long afterwards, 'I had never really known him. I had just taken him for granted. Then for the first time I understood why he had always espoused the cause of the common people, the need of battling for the weak against the strong, the necessity of free education for all, if a democracy is to survive. So I came to love more deeply this plantation, this farmhouse, and my father. Whatever little good I may do, whatever ideals may be found behind any action of mine, whatever has given my life any worth or dignity, all are due to him.'

As governor of a pioneer state, James Stephen Hogg, the son of a brigadier general of the Confederacy, fostered many pioneer laws, among them the one ending the free-pass system on Texas

railroads; another establishing the first Railroad Commission for government regulation of railways; still another 'squeezing the mud and water' out of railroad stocks and bonds, and forbidding the further issuance of fraudulent public securities. Probably his most important law forbade the ownership of large bodies of Texas land by out-of-the-state corporations. On leaving public office Governor Hogg, like Robert E. Lee, refused handsome retainers from corporations seeking his influence, and he declined also all legal employment that involved the constitutionality, or even the interpretation, of laws regulating corporations that had been passed on his recommendation.

After the father's death the Varner Plantation became a holy place for Will Hogg and his sister, 'Missima,' and for the two brothers, Mike and Tom. Will once said, 'I tried to fix up the old place as George Washington would do if he had a bank roll.' The two towering live oaks at the entrance will long stand to remind pilgrims of two giant Texans, father and son — the spot marking for one the close, for the other the beginning, of a notable career. In making Texas a better place to live in, Governor Hogg had the aid of high office. His chief rival, Judge George Clark of Waco, once said: 'He had a power of dominating his followers that I have never seen excelled in any man.' His son, fired with the ideals of the father and inheriting his powers of leadership, acquired wealth that gave him independence and free-

dom to strike hard blows for any righteous cause. His fortune came largely through black gold, Texas oil — much of it from those wide fields upon which father and son looked as they talked and planned together on the veranda at West Columbia.

I

Will Hogg made his home in Houston. There he became associated with J. S. Cullinan and James L. Autry, prominent officials of the Texas Oil Company. These three men refused to follow the company when its headquarters were moved to New York City. Instead, they formed a corporation of their own, the Farmers Oil Company, acquired an abandoned oil field, deepened the wells by a thousand feet or so, and struck a new oil stratum which soon poured out riches at a reported rate of sixty dollars for each dollar invested. This one venture made Will Hogg a rich man.

Late in life ex-Governor Hogg himself had become interested in oil through the discovery of the famous Spindle Top field at Beaumont, Texas. He found bubbles coming up through the marshy lowlands of the Varner Plantation at West Columbia, fifty miles from Houston — bubbles, some said, which would burst into flames when touched by a lighted match. Here was the possibility of a heritage for his children not provided by his otherwise small estate. He bought the plantation, comprising some 5000 acres, and his will requested that his children should not sell the land for ten years. Several years after his death, during the period of the World War, one of the big oil companies explored the Varner Plantation and sank a well with an initial flow of 100,000 barrels of oil. Since that time this field has produced an estimated total of a hundred million barrels. When the first big well came in, Will cabled the news to his brother Mike, then on the firing line in France, and asked what should be done with Mike's share of the fortune.

Mike cabled: 'Ship me a dozen cases of eggs.'

With the income from the profitable West Columbia oil field of the Hogg estate, Will Hogg became the senior partner and directing manager of Hogg Brothers, the firm including himself, Mike Hogg, Tom Hogg, and Miss Ima Hogg. At the same time he managed his own properties and served as investment trustee for other estates. Level-headed Mike, always at his side, acted as a brake to the impulsive and emotional outbursts of the dynamic and dominating elder brother. Among the early investments was an eight-story office building in Houston, the entire top floor of which was reserved for the offices of Hogg Brothers. A strip of sod several feet wide runs around the entire rim of the eighth-floor roof; here Will Hogg planted flowers and a young forest of shrubbery, perennially green in the semitropical climate. The main executive office was a big, high-ceilinged room with two capacious flat-topped desks and armchairs, one for Mike and one for Will — the latter's being a special job, oversize, because he overflowed the ordinary chair just as he overflowed everything else that he touched. Around the walls were hung Remington paintings — 'The Herd Boy,' 'The Fight at the Water Hole,' 'The Cry for Help' — and near by a portrait of Governor Hogg. On a projection in one corner of the roof garden Will built a suite of rooms, bedroom, oval dining room, and kitchen, where he often entertained parties of friends and business callers. Once when a friend told Will that the gossips whispered that these rooms were used as a bagnio, he replied without rancor: 'I don't care what they think or say as long as Mike and Raymond Dickson will visit my grave once in a while.'

From Hogg Brothers stemmed various subsidiary corporations, the chief one, perhaps, being the Varner Realty Company, which invested mainly in Houston

property and oil lands. Among the successful real-estate ventures of this company was the promotion of 2000 lots for persons of limited income. Every lot was sold and paid for under the generous terms provided. At one time the company, in partnership with Raymond Dickson, owned a large cotton warehousing and exporting business. For several years Will Hogg interested himself in the Wilson process for making women's shoes and spent a lot of money securing patents. This attempt to buck the shoe machinery monopoly, like other ventures, as he once said, 'mildewed and turned green on us in the summertime.' He financed and promoted the Findex system of filing and sold his interests at a profit. In partnership with one of his lawyers, David Picton, he furnished funds for making Ingleside, on Corpus Christi Bay, a deep-water port from which oil tankers daily take cargoes for the four corners of the earth. He took options on extensive coal properties in Kentucky and Tennessee and other options on gold mines in Mexico. He cherished an unfulfilled ambition to own a producing gold mine. One of the unvalued items of his final gift to the University of Texas was a batch of Cripple Creek, Colorado, gold mining stock.

'Will Hogg was no business man,' contemptuously remarked the president of one of Houston's big oil companies. 'All his money came through the friendship of J. S. Cullinan and from his father's land at West Columbia.' Will's spacious office, to be sure, was not a place where shrewd, undercover, overreaching trades were executed. Rather it became a mecca to which traveled those who needed help, where worthy causes were aided, where were born many movements for the common good. Here was a healthy mixture of sound business judgment and high-minded business ideals, carried out by an efficient organization under the leadership of a resourceful personality.

II

Will Hogg was still in his thirties when he attained financial independence. Although he was at the head of an organization managing the business and investments of several large estates, 'I did this with my left hind foot,' he said afterwards; 'there was bigger game abroad.' As the Houston *Gargoyle* remarked, he became a sort of 'Superintendent of Everybody's Business.' First and foremost was his interest in public education in Texas. He had grown tired of seeing its University kicked around. While he was yet a salaried employee of the Texas Company, he adopted a unique plan for raising Texas from the low educational brackets. He made his first 'Blue Book,' which called for the expenditure within five years of not less than a quarter of a million dollars 'to stimulate thought and create and arouse, through bulletins and lectures, aspiration for higher education in Texas.' The signers of the Blue Book were to be 'good citizens of Texas who necessarily are and must be deeply concerned in the individual culture of themselves and their posterity.' At the beginning he was asked what he would do if donors could not be found. 'I'm worth a total of thirty thousand dollars,' he replied. 'That's enough to run the shebang for a year. I'll dump that into the pot and let the doubters see the results.' He traveled at his own expense throughout Texas and secured subscriptions from wealthy men for more than the designated sum. Ultimately the special constitutional tax for higher education at which he aimed was killed by rivalry over the division of its income, if and when voted. The experiment failed. Nonetheless, interest in higher education was aroused, and Will Hogg became known as its ardent champion. This championship was needed when James E. Ferguson was elected Governor of Texas.

Governor Jim, the husband of Governor 'Ma' Ferguson, — for whom later,

through two terms, he 'carried in the wood and toted the water,' — had little use for higher education. After he assumed office, Governor Ferguson declared that 'too many people are going hog-wild over higher education.' He, or his friends, disliked eight men on the faculty of the University of Texas, and he demanded that these professors be 'fired,' on the charge that they were engaged in an 'unholy spree of establishing an educational hierarchy.' Of Professor William J. Battle, Acting President and for twenty-eight years professor of Greek, he said to the Board of Regents, with Will Hogg presiding as chairman: 'You keep that man Battle here and you lay a precedent that tells every Governor for forty years that they have no right to do as they want to.' Will Hogg met this declaration of unbridled autocracy with the retort: 'I for one would rather go to hell in a hand-basket than to act without investigation of charges.'

Later, after Mr. Hogg's term as Regent had expired, a supine Board of Regents did discharge without any hearing six members of the University faculty. Soon thereafter the Governor vetoed the entire appropriation of \$1,600,000 for the University of Texas which the Legislature had granted for two years. The University lay stricken and helpless until Will Hogg came to Austin, where, leasing a half floor of the Driskill Hotel, he spent a long hot summer. He and Chester H. Terrell, his able classmate of San Antonio, declared ruthless war on 'Farmer Jim.' No Governor could 'put the putrid paw of politics on the University of Texas.'

One impeachment charge against Governor Ferguson was followed by another. Texans had probably not been so deeply aroused since the Civil War as they were by the dramatic incidents that followed. The friends of the Governor came to Austin in crowds, among them a detachment of Texas Rangers, pistols on hip, wearing ten-gallon hats. Governor Fer-

guson kept one of the noted gunmen always at his side. At night two others sat in rocking chairs on the front porch of the Governor's Mansion. Former students and friends of the University rallied in support of Will Hogg and his cause. During the excitement friends urged him to arm himself against assassination. 'Hell, they won't shoot.' And he went on unobtrusively about his job.

He said in an interview: 'How far this cheerful and constructive autocrat will be able to travel the rocky road of his mad career is measured entirely by the forbearance and apathy of the best citizenship of the state and by the trifling percentage of illiteracy and ignorance to which alone he can appeal with any assurance of temporary success. . . . My prediction is that he is riding to the biggest fall, personally and politically, in the short and simple annals of the misguided politicians of Texas.' Again, dedicating a volume containing a stenographic report of the first impeachment investigation (the publication of which he paid for out of his own pocket), he wrote: 'To the people of Texas whose Governor has disgraced and degraded our University by securing a Board of Regents a majority of whom servilely do his will; by falsely accusing members of the Faculty and having them dismissed, notwithstanding their acquittal . . . and when called to answer for his misdeeds announces: "I don't have to give reasons; I am Governor" . . . to the people in their hour of humiliation, this record is dedicated.'

'When the law gets in the way of practical business it don't mean anything,' announced the Governor. The Senate thought differently when the Governor refused to disclose the source of \$156,000 paid in cash to him in his office. They voted twenty-seven to four for his removal from office.

Following the Ferguson upheaval, letters and telegrams and personal ap-

peals urged Will Hogg to permit his name to be proposed for Governor. 'You won't have to run,' they begged; 'your name is enough.' He replied: 'I'm not running for office and I never will. I won't wear a ball and chain on my leg while I am fighting those coyotes who are befouling the name of the State of Texas. I'd rather be a rock-throwing private soldier with a free voice than be the mouthpiece of an organization that would tell me when to talk and what to say.'

There were other times that the University of Texas watchdog showed his teeth. Will Hogg once learned that the Board of Regents had sold in secret, without competitive bids, contrary to all legal precedents, a three-million-dollar issue of bonds against the credit of the University. From New York City, Will notified four members of the Board by wire that the trade must be canceled or else . . . It was canceled in great privacy, though it took these harried officials nearly a year to shake off the brokers who had bought the securities.

III

'In a well-ordered democracy,' Will Hogg once declared, 'no boy or girl with brains and character should be denied the opportunity of college training. I find that nothing else gives me half the satisfaction derived from the knowledge that I have gambled on the brains and ambition of young men and young women. If I knew just when I was going to die, beyond my funeral expenses I wouldn't reserve enough money to buy a bowl of chili.' At the close of the World War he authorized a University official, after pledging him not to reveal the donor, to advertise in all Texas papers that any ex-soldier who could enter the University would be provided with necessary funds. Letters came from five hundred, and more than a hundred ex-soldiers actually enrolled. He sponsored a movement that resulted

in subscriptions for \$300,000 to aid worthy students wishing to attend the University of Texas. For students of exceptional promise who wished to do graduate or professional work outside of Texas he privately provided funds. In most of these cases he so covered his tracks that his benefactions cannot be traced.

In 1925 a friend told him that Tom Douglas Spies wished to go to the Harvard Medical School. To him, through the University's Ex-Students Association, for four years went Will Hogg's checks to cover expenses. He never saw young Spies. In fact, he did not wish the young man to know the real source of the money. Only Will Hogg's death brought disclosure. In the *Annals of Internal Medicine* of March 1939, a committee of the American College of Physicians announces: 'The Committee on Fellowships and Awards recommends that the John Phillips Memorial Medal for 1939 be awarded to Dr. Tom Douglas Spies for outstanding contributions to the science of nutrition, and particularly for his studies in the nature and character of pellagra.'

In all such loans — and there were many — it was understood that the money repaid by the young graduates should go back to the University of Texas to be available for other young scientists. During his lifetime Will Hogg provided a model charter for a student loan fund and made an initial cash gift to fourteen Texas colleges. From his estate \$450,000 has been put into Rice Institute in Houston, and into thirteen state tax-supported institutions of higher learning, including \$25,000 to the Negro college at Prairie View — these funds to aid worthy boys and girls seeking college training. The residue of his property was transferred recently to the University of Texas. To that institution he gave much of his life; dying, he gave it nearly all his remaining accumulated wealth, estimated to exceed two million dollars. Another million he gave to education during his lifetime, two mil-

lions to allied social benefits. By his persuasive eloquence he raised two and a half millions more. Thus, through his hands for the common good has come seven million dollars. This much is known. Not even his family can tell what he gave away privately.

IV

In his devotion to the State and its University, Will Hogg did not fail to see the needs of his home city, Houston. Oil, lumber, and a deep-water port poured wealth into this growing industrial centre. Millionaires sprouted overnight from oil fields that surround the city closely and spread for hundreds of miles around. 'Through the leavening influence of beauty in our city,' he once told a group of friends, 'I want to help save ourselves from the crass commercialism that comes along with quickly accumulated wealth.' He organized a Forum of Civics with these words from Pericles as its motto: 'No Athenian should ever confess that he neglected public service for the sake of private fortune.' The Forum he described as

an organization designed to stimulate civic pride and to combine many and varied forces for the betterment of our city and county. For the improvement of the community in its physical, social, educational or economic aspects . . . the enduring existence of which depends solely upon the spirit existing in the minds and hearts of the members of the Forum. . . . Underlying the stated purposes of such an organization there must be the basic desire to make this city more enjoyable, more adequately equipped, more beautiful, — and consequently more useful for everyone who lives and works therein. . . . As the budget of this organization is underwritten, the payment of dues or other pecuniary contributions are to be truly voluntary, unsolicited and unexpected.'

At a cost of \$50,000 or more, he and the Hogg estate financed the Forum, including 10,000 copies of a beautiful *Garden Book*, illustrated in colors, costing \$10,000 and distributed free. From

the Forum of Civics came the report of the City Planning Commission, W. C. Hogg, Chairman, the results of which are helping to make Houston a beautiful city. In closing this report Will Hogg wrote:—

When we build let us build forever. Let it not be for the present delight or for the present use alone. Let it be such work that our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come that these stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them and that men will say, as they look upon our labor and the wrought substance of them, 'See! This our fathers did for us.'

In a signed public letter charging a popular mayor with attempting to divert to his own ends the plans of the Commission, he denounced him 'for his suave sophistry, ruinous procrastination and infidelity to the city. . . . Even if he were honest in every particular and hadn't recently lied . . . I would be against him for many reasons.' He gave eleven reasons for opposing the official's reelection; the last one reads: 'In all my contacts with him I have never detected the slightest emotion for, or any real affectionate interest in, the finer things of city building or city service.'

Throughout years of planning and discussion he was buying privately and securing options on hundreds of acres of desirable sections for city parks, his agents working quietly so as to prevent unreasonable prices. When at last the city was ready to go into the market for land, Will Hogg handed over the 1200 acres for Memorial Park at precisely the price he had contracted for, although in the meantime real-estate values had increased 500 per cent. In addition, he gave to the city \$50,000 to enable it to buy a needed tract. Two other Houston parks, Herman and McGregor, owe much of their present-day beauty and completion to the insistence of Will Hogg. For a considerable period he was the anonymous donor of \$30,000 a year with which to purchase crape-myrtle

plants for the city parks and private homes. With each package of plants went two tags, one a pledge of the citizen to plant the shrubs on his ground, the second carrying explicit directions for planting and caring for the shrubs for two years. Will Hogg learned that the 'white folks' were getting all the shrubs. Thereupon he bought thousands more which were given out only at Emancipation Park, the Negroes' recreation centre, to brighten the dooryards of Houston's Negro district. The 1500-acre residential section of River Oaks, on which he expended three million dollars and out of which during his lifetime he is said to have made no profit, is one of the show places of Houston. In River Oaks, on Lazy Lane, he made his home with his sister, Miss Ima, among pine and oak trees that he had nurtured.

Houston's \$350,000 Art Museum was largely the result of his intense devotion to the city's welfare. Another of his 'Blue Books' listed \$326,000 in pledges secured by him. When asked to lead a movement to raise funds, he would grin and say, 'They want me to work on the æsthetic side. I'm glad to. The government made a mistake originally in not reserving for its own use all the wealth below the soil. What I don't pay back in taxes on the oil which should not have been mine, I'm glad to give away for the public welfare.' A Houston man declared that many men of the city felt complimented when Will Hogg came along with a 'Blue Book' and asked them to chip in with five thousand or so. To an oil millionaire who refused to subscribe he wired: 'It's a damn shame that a man of your means, insight, and ability will stint his spiritual and intellectual growth by staying out of such an unselfish enterprise, especially when the amount and terms of payment involved are relatively ridiculous compared to the significance of your sharing in the beauty and joy of this gift to this beloved community, and may God bless you.'

A home for newsboys, the Boy Scouts,

the Girl Scouts, organized charity — a thousand and one causes were never denied his help. Just before his death he had evolved plans for a new million-dollar building for the Houston Young Men's Christian Association. At the same time he was busying himself with a movement to rebuild entirely the city's Negro section.

There was nothing sanctimonious about him. Humor was present in all such work. A committee of Houston ladies, soliciting money for a new building for the Young Women's Christian Association, were shocked to find Will Hogg an unsympathetic listener.

'But why?' they complained. 'Everybody has told us that you are very generous.'

'Ladies,' he answered, 'these young girls, strangers coming to the growing city, certainly need the care and protection that your organization throws about them. I find no fault with that. But why stumble along with a paltry hundred thousand dollars? The small sum you ask for is only chicken feed. I'll help you if you strike for half a million, and go after it this way. . . .'

His enthusiasm grew as he talked. The result was that the committee left his office having surrendered the entire plan into his hands. To carry it out cost him his vacation. In a beautifully embossed blue leather-bound book, dedicated to the good women of Houston, blank spaces were left for signatures. Each signature cost its owner \$5000. All that summer Will Hogg plodded about the streets of Houston, 'Blue Book' under arm, on what he called a 'gumshoe campaign, highjacking my friends.' One lady complained that a breakfast in her home cost her \$10,000; Will Hogg happened in with his 'Blue Book,' and before the eggs were finished she and her husband had signed up. Gradually a total sum of \$850,000 was subscribed. As always, Will Hogg topped the list in amount given, though his own name was unobtrusively inserted far down the

list. Not all the subscriptions came easily. The beloved Episcopal rector, Dr. Peter Gray Sears, declared that Will Hogg 'cussed' the Young Women's Christian Association building into existence.

V

There was a human, personal side to Will Hogg that always appealed to me even more deeply than his valiant, and often violent, fights for civic righteousness. His fury against any hampering of the University of Texas grew solely out of the fact that through it he believed the enlightenment of all the people might come. He had little sympathy for that love of Alma Mater that expends itself in grotesque costumes and noisy hullahaloos. As a student of the University of Texas, he had his own small circle of intimates and at that time I knew him but slightly, though for a year we lived in the same dormitory. Despite his modesty, to me, raw and green from the country, the glamour surrounding the son of a distinguished Governor created a bar to easy friendship. Afterwards, when he became president of the Ex-Students Association, I was its salaried secretary. So, through years of association, I came to know some of the wise tenderness of the man.

Throughout the time that I was a minor official at the University of Texas, I had from him this standing order: 'When any student in the University of Texas gets into trouble, help him. As long as he is on the rolls of the University he is my ward. If he needs money, lend it to him. If he is sick, get a doctor. If he gets thrown into jail, bail him out. If he dies and has no money or people, bury him. Don't wait to write or wire me; relieve the distress and then let me know at what cost.' 'And,' he added with savage grimness, 'if you ever let anyone know where the money comes from, I'll — I'll never send you another blankety-blank cent for any feather-headed scheme as long as I live.' Re-

cently a prominent Texas lawyer told me: 'While I was a student in the University, I once borrowed enough money from you to buy a suit of clothes. I had to back out of your office. You see, I was wearing my last pair of trousers and they were gone in the rear.' This gentleman never knew that it was Will Hogg's money that patched his pants.

One day Will Hogg called on a classmate in San Antonio and asked him for a contribution to the Student Loan Fund.

'Mr. Hogg,' objected the man, 'when I attended the University I paid my own way. I asked for no favors. I graduated, and since that time I have become well established and I have achieved some success through my own efforts. You now come and ask me to give money to that institution. I'd like for you to tell me what the University of Texas has ever done for me.'

'Not a blankety-blank thing!' thundered Will Hogg as he gathered up his papers and left the room.

In Fort Worth he once invited a group of University of Texas men to lunch with him. Over the coffee he explained in detail his plans for the University of Texas, pleading for generous gifts. His earnestness failed to arouse any response except for a few small donations. Will Hogg grew angry. He was volunteering his time, paying his own expenses, even buying the lunch for the group. But the Fort Worth people were failing to do their part. Finally his scorn flamed: 'You can do precisely as you please. You can give the money or not. But I'll get Fort Worth's share before I leave town. If you boys don't come across, I know where I can get it. I'm going out on the streets and collect the money from the whores and the hack-drivers. They'll help a good cause.'

The conductor of the Golden Gate Limited on the run between San Antonio and Houston paused one morning to chat with a group of passengers in the smoking room. Politics was in the air, and soon the talk veered in that

direction. Said the conductor, 'There's one man I'd like to vote for if he would ever run for office. His name is Will Hogg, old Governor Jim Hogg's son. I never saw him but once, but what happened then was enough to win me.'

'Tell us the story,' suggested a passenger.

'I was pulling this same train out of San Antonio about a year ago,' said the conductor. 'There we had taken on a lunger who was traveling back to Alabama with his wife. He was in a bad way. Six months in the land of sunshine had failed to help his tuberculosis. He said he wanted to die in his old home. We put him in his berth. His anxious wife had reason to be uneasy, for the man died on the train before we were fifty miles out of the city.'

'When I went to tell his wife that under the rules she would be required to take her husband's body off the train at the next stop, I found a big, deep-voiced man in a brown suit on the seat beside her. He wasn't saying much, only sitting around, handing her water and trying to make himself useful. When I spoke to her she broke down and began to cry. The man in the brown suit followed me into the next coach and stopped me.'

"Listen," he said, "you can't put this woman and her dead husband off the train in a little jerkwater town. It's inhuman and I won't stand for it."

"But it's the law. I have no choice."

"To hell with the law! My name is Will Hogg. I live in Houston. I know the head officials of the Southern Pacific, and I'll take all the responsibility. They won't touch you—I guarantee that. I'll wire ahead and arrange everything."

'And he did. Most of the time he was back there in the sleeping car talking to that woman and trying to make her comfortable.'

'When the long train came to a stop in Houston, waiting at the steps was a lovely woman with her arms full of flowers. They told me it was Miss Ima, Will Hogg's sister. They helped that

strange woman off the car, and the last I saw of them Will and Miss Ima both had their arms around her, guiding her into a big automobile pulled up close to the curb.'

The conductor paused.

'There's the sort of palooka that gets my vote, from United States Senator on up,' he added.

One Christmas morning I visited Will Hogg at the Claridge Hotel in New York. I found him unwrapping packages. The assortment ranged from American Beauty roses to a half-dozen choice Virginia hams.

'Here's a package from home,' he said. 'Let's see what's in it.' He unrolled six or seven silk neckties. Inside were nearly a hundred penciled signatures on a long strip of paper whose margins were spotted with smudgy fingerprints:—

Christmas Greetings — To Mr. Will Hogg
from his friends, the newsboys of
Houston, Texas

Will Hogg held aloft the ties, fingered them, and then walked over to the window and looked down on Broadway far below. He stood with his back to me for a long time. When he turned around, as if angry at his tears he blurted out: 'The damned little rascals! They ought to be horsewhipped for spending their nickels on me. I don't need any neckties. Why, by God . . .' He choked again and turned back to the window.

Fred Scott, for thirty-five years a redcap at the Southern Pacific depot in Houston, shook his head sadly when I asked him about Will Hogg.

'He was the Negroes' friend. We went to him with all our troubles. He would always intercede for us. Once when his cook's little boy stuck a rusty nail in his foot, Mr. Hogg took him to St. Joseph's Hospital and told them to put him in a private room and take good care of him. And they did for a long time. It cost Mr. Will a thousand dollars.'

'When the train pulled in, Mr. Will

would always holler out, "Scott!" I'd come a-runnin' and take care of his valises. Every time he gave me a dollar. He was never crabbed with me. Other gentlemen were loose with their money, too, but they never said, "Much obliged." Mr. Will was a busy man, but he would stop and smile and say that.'

Scott slumped in his seat. 'Everything's as dark as an iron safe since Mr. Will's gone. We have no one to turn to. We're just lost.'

VI

After days of work, — as he once put it, 'days when I cook up pills to gag the local inhabitants,' — Will Hogg periodically would 'light and look at his saddle.' He made long visits to Hollywood and New York City. He visited South American resorts with Irvin S. Cobb, who for ten consecutive years hunted from Will's lodge at Aransas Pass. Now and then he made long, leisurely trips through Europe.

When friends were not traveling with him he picked up friends on the way. He played the game of life as lustily and with as much gusto during his vacations as he did when he kept his office force of twenty or thirty men humming while he was at home.

Will Hogg owned no golf sticks. He did not hunt or fish or ride. Fond of camping out, he busied himself on such trips as a kitchen subaltern to see that everyone had enough to eat. Alvin, a Southern Negro cook in New York City, would often be summoned to his Park Avenue apartment to cook 'Mr. Will's' favorite chili con carne. Even in Paris, where his beloved chili was unknown, another Negro from the South was set up in business only because of his skill and knowledge in putting together this appetizing dish. But talkative Ike, chef at West Columbia, remained the favorite. 'Ike's the best garbage cook in the world,' declared Will Hogg. 'You can't beat one of his meals of fried catfish,

country sausage, young mustard greens, black-eyed peas or Mexican frijoles, buttermilk, with a dash of potlikker for an appetizer.'

No one who reads this chronicle would believe that Will Hogg was inherently shy. He was forceful always in office conference, but public speaking filled him with terror. His few public addresses made vernacular history, some of it unprintable. He could be poetically profane, he could cuss by note, often using words that are not or should not be in the dictionary. Vivid, keen, contradictory, fiery, dynamic, rough, he was never malicious. The gruff, brusque outward manner concealed a great, sentimental, generous man within. 'A man has to love him a lot to keep from killing him,' sighed a suffering business associate one day.

This 'tender tempest' either had to cuss things out or break down and weep like a child. (His tears choked him to silence twice as he begged the Regents not to elect a politician President of the University of Texas.) Selfishness, injustice, the hypocrisy of scheming politicians, drove him to fury. When George W. Littlefield, a millionaire stockman and banker, led the fight on the University of Texas under directions from Governor Ferguson, Will told him: 'Major, I'm going to talk to you like no man ever talked to you before. You've been the bull-tongued banker in a one-horse town, sitting up in your saffron-colored cage so long that you've lost the power to tell right from wrong.' Then the fearless Major listened to a lurid description of his ancestry — and he didn't shoot.

Mose was Will's chauffeur. One day Mike Hogg noticed that Mose looked gloomy and down in the mouth.

'What's the matter, Mose?' inquired Mike.

'I'm just feelin' bad,' answered Mose. 'I ain't havin' no luck. Mr. Will ain't cussed me in a long time. You know, when he cusses me a little, he always

gives me a dollar; when he gives me a big cussin', I gits five dollars. But he ain't cussed me no time lately, big or little . . . and I needs the money.'

Will Hogg bequeathed Mose \$1000 for each of his ten years of service to the family. A similar sum was given to each personal household servant of his home in Houston and of his New York apartment.

His friends sometimes called him 'William Combustible Hogg.' He was always a man's man. No one who ever knew him doubted just where he stood. Always he fought in the open. It should be added that, though his influence was often solicited, he usually avoided taking any part in political scrambles. But he struck hard. After accusing one of his wealthy fellow townsmen of shady financial deals, he concluded his signed statement with this phrase: 'A consistent and calculating career of mendacity which would belittle even Jesse James, who was romantic enough to ride a horse.' There was no reply, no libel suit. No one talked back.

Nor did Will Hogg do things to be seen of men. 'I don't like the blankety-blank guff of newspapers.' He once threatened Odd McIntyre: 'If you put my name in your column of tripe, I'll kick you so hard you'll taste leather the rest of your life.'

At the close of a campaign of terrific effort for the Houston Art Museum, he got wind of a public reception to be held in his honor and fled from Houston. Another time a great gathering of citizens planned in secret a reception at the Rice Hotel to present him with a diamond-studded medal 'for having rendered the people of Houston the most distinguished service of the year.' To throw him off his guard a small group of prominent men, headed by the president of the First National Bank, invited him to a private dinner at the hotel. Becoming suspicious, he feigned illness and left his office early, rode home and went to bed. Nor would he budge from it.

He played at being a gem collector and a connoisseur and patron of art, and came to own eighty-five Remingtons. All his jewelry he gave away. In trying to help Maclyn Arbuckle and a group of penniless actors he fruitlessly spent a hundred thousand dollars on a moving-picture experiment in San Antonio. He angeloed a Broadway show for Earl Carroll. When trouble came to Carroll he used his powerful influence to secure his release from prison. He seemed never to tire of giving. A companion told me, 'One night I saw eleven panhandlers touch him in a single block in Hollywood, and each carried away something.' He surrounded himself with 'laughter and the love of friends.' He found pleasure in giving Christmas presents though he suffered tortures when thanked for his favors. He enjoyed his playground in Old Mexico, where he and his friend, Raymond Dickson, shared ownership in a ranch stocked with thousands of cattle. Though it was twice the size of Manhattan, with a Spanish castle in its centre, he called it 'a little patch with a sick cow and a sour well.'

Irvin Cobb spoke of Will Hogg as of all men the most lovable, most self-effacing, most generous. Ex-Attorney General Watt Gregory said that he was the most vivid personality Texas will ever know. O. O. McIntyre wrote in his column: 'Some day I hope to hear him shout, "Hello, Splinters! How in hell did you get up here?"'

As for me, I shall always like best to think of him as he stood in his room in New York City, with tear-dimmed eyes, stroking lovingly a handful of silk neckties which the newsboys of Houston had sent him for Christmas.

The resolute man, unbeset by fear, acts promptly and decisively. Thus he fights public wrong as effectively when alone as if he led an army with banners. When his fight is ended he leaves behind a precious and everlasting heritage: the timid take heart and renew their courage in the memory of an heroic soul. — THE MODERN MARCUS AURELIUS

THE CASE FOR THE UNION

BY HARRY VAN ARSDALE, JR.

Business Manager, Electrical Workers' Union, Local No. 3

I WISH to reply to the question raised by Charles Stevenson in the January *Atlantic*: 'What part did labor play in the projection of the New York World's Fair?' Briefly, labor played the all-important part of making possible what at night appeared to be a dream of a wonderland beyond the realm of possibility. The building craftsmen transformed what had been a swamp and an ash dump into a spectacle of beauty such as the world had never before witnessed.

Builders with more than a generation of experience were doubtful whether it would be possible for men to attain and maintain the pace required to complete such a gigantic undertaking on time. Labor paid the price with its toll of 7 men killed and 4410 injured, 113 of them critically and permanently.

The building workers of New York City are proud in the knowledge that they built in record-breaking time this edifice which stands as another monument to their skill. The insinuations and alleged complaints are picayune in comparison with this gigantic accomplishment.

The Electrical Workers' Union installed, maintained, and operated the power, light, communication, radio, and sound systems which made the Fair such a beautiful spectacle. Mr. Stevenson endeavored to prove that the 16,500 men and women who constitute the membership of the Electrical Workers' Union, Local No. 3, conspired to perpetrate illegal acts against the general

public for the benefit of a selfish few within their ranks.

Surely if Mr. Stevenson had any understanding of the American public, or any respect for the laws of our land and the courts which administer them, he would know that such outrageous conditions could not exist even in a very small way. If he had taken time to acquaint himself with the character of the members of this organization, which is composed of educated, industrious, God-fearing family men and women, he would recognize that they are moved by the best of motives, and their sincerity and honesty would make it impossible to conduct an organization of which they are members in the scandalous manner he has represented.

If Mr. Stevenson had any evidence of illegal acts, why did he not present those facts to the proper authorities so that prosecutions could have been started to punish those responsible for violating the laws? If he has uncovered evidence of wrongdoing, why is he content to be an accessory after the fact, writing a story that attempts to discredit the Electrical Workers' organization and its accomplishments, knowing that those responsible have gone unpunished and will be in a position to resort to other illegal and improper acts?

I

A knowledge of the experiences of labor at national and international expositions would make it easier to under-

stand the problems that arose at the New York World's Fair.

The cruel treatment which labor was subjected to at previous expositions reached such proportions that in 1938 *A Study in Abuses of Labor at Expositions*, written by a representative of the United States Department of Labor, was submitted to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, of which Congressman Samuel D. McReynolds of Tennessee was chairman, with a view to denying government participation in future expositions unless they should 'guarantee payment of wages, and at prevailing scales with good moral and physical working conditions . . . free from wage cheaters and chisellers.'

The New York labor unions, through collective bargaining and agreements, have established working conditions and wage scales comparable to the cost of living in New York City. Having a knowledge of the exploitation of labor at other expositions, the New York unions were determined that those employing labor at the World's Fair should adhere to the wage standards and conditions of employment established in this area.

The Electrical Workers' Union, Local No. 3, is composed of 16,500 men and women engaged in all branches of the electrical industry. Since I was elected business manager on October 16, 1933, we have nearly tripled the membership. This union has pioneered in the establishment of insurance benefits for the dependents of its deceased members. It has established pension funds, sick funds, unemployment funds, and has made serious efforts to solve the unemployment problem.

More than eleven years ago it established the five-day, forty-hour week. In 1934 it established the seven-hour day, thirty-five-hour week, and in 1936 it was the first union in the building trades to establish the six-hour day, five-day week, towards which the American Labor Movement as a whole has

yet to struggle. Today Local Union No. 3 is one of the largest and most responsible unions in the country and has more members than thirty-two of the eighty-eight national and international unions within the American Federation of Labor.

II

Mr. Stevenson interviewed Dr. Raphael Ernesto Lopez, the Venezuelan Commissioner, who charged: 'They wouldn't complete our building unless we paid union men \$26 a day to turn our lights off and on. I can't touch a switch. I couldn't plug in an electric razor to shave without violating union jurisdiction.' This statement is fantastic, as the facts will bear out. The electrical installation work on the Venezuelan Pavilion was performed by an electrical contractor, and no union electrician was employed to maintain the Pavilion. The cost of electrical maintenance labor to the Venezuelan Pavilion for the entire 1939 Fair season was \$2.50, as the World's Fair records will show.

Dr. Lopez further states: 'Mr. Grover Whalen requests us to exhibit again next year. But I ask him: how can I justify these expenditures to my government?' Dr. Lopez stated publicly that the Venezuelan Government would not participate in the New York World's Fair in 1940 because of high labor costs, but was repudiated by his own government, which announced that Venezuela would participate. Dr. Lopez corroborated his government's announcement by tendering his resignation.

Mr. Stevenson's statement, 'A \$3600 New England contract for electrical "maintenance," which prevented any but union men from touching a fixture, did not at first even provide for replacing a burned-out light bulb on less than thirty-six hours' notice,' is ridiculous. The New England States exhibit is located in the Court of States, which was maintained free of charge by the World's Fair electricians.

The official records of the New York World's Fair prove the charges concerning Nevada are false in every detail. This state never submitted its final plans for the construction of an exhibit. The model was never brought to New York, nor was it ever officially discussed by any representative of the Nevada State Government with the officials of the Electrical Union.

Armando d'Ans, Argentina's architect, complained of the cost of installing a neon-lighted wall map. The electrical neon sign company that had the contract to install this map of Argentina received specific orders from the architect to complete the job before the opening day of the Fair. The sign was shipped from Argentina, and the neon tubing was broken into many pieces. The services of skilled neon tube benders working day and night were required to repair and make new parts for the sign. The members of the union cannot be held responsible for glass tubes that are broken in transportation.

Mr. Stevenson, in commenting on the agreement between the Building and Construction Trades Council and the World's Fair authorities, states: 'It will be observed that nowhere is there mention of the promised and legalized rights of the foreigners to bring in their own specialists.' The Electrical Workers' Union in no instance interfered with the specialists of any foreign exhibitor. The members of the Electrical Workers' Union worked more than one shift on maintenance; in fact, worked as many shifts as the employer required. There were no strikes of electrical workers caused by jurisdictional disputes. Whenever a question of jurisdiction arose, the question was referred to and decided by the Executive Committee of the Building Trades Employers' Association.

Mr. Stevenson says: 'The first of these strikes was engineered by the electrical union . . . because a General Motors road-show preview had operated momentarily with its own electrical

system.' This strike was caused by the employment of non-union men in violation of the agreement with the World's Fair.

Mr. Stevenson refers to a telephone strike. Had he adequately investigated this situation he would have found that the Telephone Company contracted with the New York World's Fair to make this installation; that an agreement between the New York Telephone Company and the Electrical Workers' Union was signed more than thirty years ago; that it has always been recognized that on all installation jobs on private property and private roads where members of the building-trades unions are employed the Telephone Company will employ members of the Electrical Workers' Union to do the telephone work; that the union asked the Telephone Company to live up to its understanding; that the Electrical Workers' Union and the Building Trades Council negotiated with the officials of the World's Fair and the Telephone Company in an effort to adjust the situation peacefully. When the Telephone Company refused to arbitrate and brought crews of non-union men into the World's Fair to perform the work, this left the union mechanics no other alternative except to withdraw. In the final settlement, the union was upheld in its contention that World's Fair roads were private roads and that the work should have been done by union men.

Gerard Swope, President of the General Electric Company, declared that the union obstructed the use of General Electric equipment and boycotted other electrical manufacturing equipment. The purchase orders of the World's Fair and the electrical contractors will show that over one million dollars' worth of equipment and materials were purchased from the General Electric Company for installation at the Fair. Mr. Stevenson refers to a letter that Gerard Swope wrote to Mr. Whalen alleging a boycott. The letter was written for the purpose of

introducing it in the records in the suit brought by the electrical manufacturers against the union. Charles E. Wilson, Mr. Swope's successor as President of the General Electric Company, testifying in the electrical manufacturers' suit on January 5, 1940, could not name an instance or a job where the union boycotted General Electric Company's products, as the records of the case will show.

This claim was also made by Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, whose charge of boycotting equipment at the Fair can be best answered by an announcement which appeared in the March 15, 1939 issue of the *New York Times*:—

Power and lighting equipment for the World's Fair is being largely supplied by the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, the company announced yesterday. Contracts already in force involve expenditure of over \$1,400,000 and in addition the company will have a \$1,000,000 exhibit of its own.

The repeated pleas of the union to the World's Fair officials to plan the work so as to provide employment for some of the thousands of unemployed building mechanics and to avoid a last-minute rush were ignored. As April 30 approached, everyone became frantic in an effort to have the exhibits completed for the opening day. To meet this emergency the union sent for more than twelve hundred skilled electricians from other parts of the country, as far west as Chicago. At no time was there a shortage of electricians, in spite of the fact that other large building projects were in progress simultaneously with the construction of the World's Fair.

The members of this union do not receive double time for overtime as stated by Mr. Stevenson, but receive time and one-half on construction work and straight time on all maintenance work, regardless of shifts.

The Rumanian Government, Mr. Stevenson says, complained of the high

costs of its electrical maintenance. The Rumanian Government employed an electrical contractor to do all its construction and maintenance work; if it made a contract not to its liking, the union should not be blamed. When the Rumanian Government expressed a desire to employ the electricians direct, the union readily consented.

III

In answer to the charge that the electricians' union preferred to have its men work for employers who played its game, let me say that it was the established policy of the union at the World's Fair to furnish maintenance electricians when needed to any of the participants in one of the following three ways: through an electrical contractor; through the World's Fair Corporation; or through the direct employment of maintenance electricians by the exhibitor.

The strike on the Belgian Pavilion was started early in the month of April and was caused by the employment of non-union men. The union in no way interfered with the Belgian technicians or in the operation of the Belgian Pavilion, however; the dispute was settled and the officials of the Belgian Commission expressed their appreciation for the coöperation they received from the union.

The union experienced no difficulty or differences of any nature with the Netherlands Government, regardless of the statement issued by Dr. Neil Van Aken. The Netherlands Pavilion employed directly two members of the union to do its servicing and maintenance work. At the close of the Fair these two men received letters of recommendation and commendation for the services rendered to the Netherlands Government from its General Manager, B. W. F. Bierens de Haan. In a communication to the World's Fair, Dr. Van Aken was repudiated by his own government, which stated that his allegations

did not represent the views of the Netherlands Government.

The only knowledge the union had in reference to the maintenance on the New York Zoölogical Society's exhibit was that the maintenance electrician was subject to call when required by this exhibitor. The story of the electric eel's being compelled to join the electricians' union was one of the publicity stunts of the amusement area of the Fair.

In a letter to the editor of the *New York Times*, Bert Kirkman, president of Local Union No. 3, denied making the statement published in the issue of June 9, 1939, that the members of the union 'went through hell during the depression years.' The interview took place over the telephone and was apparently garbled on the way to the city desk. What Mr. Kirkman really said was that there was so much unemployment it was easy to understand why the American workers would resent the importation of foreign labor.

As to the statement of Mr. Stevenson that the Department of Justice is preparing to go before the Grand Jury with complaints about the New York Electrical Union's general policies, all of which were reflected at the Fair, I can only say that industry, labor unions, and the medical profession are being investigated by the Department of Justice, and, should it become necessary for the Electrical Workers' Union to defend its actions in the courts, I am confident that it will be cleared of all charges of wrongdoing.

It is charged that the union insisted on 'the right to rewire new electrical equipment.' The New York World's Fair has its code and specifications, which require certain basic standards for electrical work to prevent the hazard of loss of life and property. The insurance companies also have basic requirements upon which they will insure the property of the exhibitors. The inspectional force of the insurance companies is the New York Board of Fire Underwriters.

I ask you to visualize, if you can, the results of a catastrophe from a fire at the New York World's Fair, which catered to hundreds of thousands of visitors daily. The union cannot be held responsible for the rejection of equipment manufactured in violation of the requirements of the insurance company, and in instances where equipment was rewired it was done because of the requirements of the New York Board of Fire Underwriters.

In the dark days of financing the Fair, when it appeared doubtful whether sufficient funds would be available, the World's Fair officials appealed to all civic associations and labor unions to coöperate and purchase World's Fair bonds. Mr. Grover A. Whalen, President of the Fair, appeared at one of our membership meetings to promote the sale of bonds to our members. The Electrical Workers' Union, Local No. 3, and its members responded. The union purchased \$20,000 worth of bonds, and 1460 individual members, many of whom had to borrow the money, purchased a one-hundred-dollar bond. Considering our limited resources, this compares favorably with bond purchases of the wealthiest corporations in the world.

IV

It ill behooves those who contributed nothing to make the World's Fair possible to criticize the union for its efforts. The World's Fair is one of the most magnificent spectacles of man's creation. The adverse publicity given to it by feature writers and others has caused it irreparable damage.

On February 9, 1940, the New York World's Fair and Local Union No. 3 entered into an agreement for the year 1940. Mr. Harvey D. Gibson, President of the Manufacturers Trust Company and Chairman of the Board of Directors of the New York World's Fair, signed the agreement on behalf of the Fair. Certainly this nationally known banker

would not have signed an agreement with our organization unless we had proved by our actions our responsibility and ability to administer our affairs in a just and competent manner. Hundreds of our members have made known to us that they have in their possession letters of recommendation from exhibitors complimenting them on their faithful and efficient service.

We are proud to have played such an important part in the creation and development of the New York World's Fair, which has made a lasting and permanent contribution to better national and international relations. The millions who have had the good fortune to visit it carried away an inspiring impression of the possibilities of a better world of tomorrow.

THE CASE FOR THE PUBLIC

A Rebuttal

BY CHARLES STEVENSON

IN his attack on my article, 'Labor Takes in the Fair,' Mr. Van Arsdale bases his first refutation on the statement that Dr. R. Ernesto Lopez, the Venezuelan Commissioner at the 1939 Fair, made a 'fantastic' charge when he said it was necessary to agree to pay union electricians '\$26 a day to turn our lights off and on.' Mr. Van Arsdale counters that 'no union electrician was employed to maintain the Venezuelan Pavilion.' He adds that Dr. Lopez 'was repudiated by his own government' by its announcement that it would participate in the 1940 Fair despite his allegations concerning high labor costs, and that Dr. Lopez 'corroborated his government's announcement by tendering his resignation.'

The imputation here is that Dr. Lopez was compelled to resign for making erroneous charges. On visiting his embassy in Washington, however, I learned that instead of repudiating him his government wished him to represent it at the 1940 exposition. It was suggested that I could reach him at his

New York office. I now have before me his personal statement which reiterates that the 1939 labor conditions were 'unbearable.' He stresses that the protest 'made jointly by most of the commissioners at the meeting held by the French Commissioner on June 8, 1939,' was sufficient 'to refute the contention of Mr. Van Arsdale that the labor difficulties were but "figments of the imagination."' The document drawn up on this occasion complained of \$12, \$14, and even \$16 an hour wage rates which 'applied in cases of overtime made compulsory through the order given by the unions to their workers to slow up the work.' (I discussed this charge in detail at the outset of my January article.)

'As far as my previous statement is concerned,' continues Dr. Lopez, 'in which I said, "They wouldn't complete our building unless we paid union men \$26 a day to turn our lights off and on, etc., etc.," this is an absolute and positive truth and may be attested to by all members of our commission and employees of our pavilion, who will cor-

roborate this statement in its entirety. The contention that no union maintenance man was employed is false. The gentleman employed in this capacity was a Mr. Simmons. I recall him distinctly because of a stammering affliction he suffered from. His union number, I have just ascertained, was 68533.

'My correspondence with the Venezuelan Government will show that although I tendered my resignation I recommended that they reconsider their decision not to exhibit for 1940. It was my belief that inasmuch as our exhibit had been so successful, with three and a half million visitors (over 10 per cent of the total attendance), it was a gesture of good will to maintain our exhibit and in keeping with the trend towards the "Good Neighbor Policy." Also, because of the definite promise made by Mr. Whalen in answer to my question, in the presence of all the other foreign commissioners, that no labor difficulties would be inflicted upon us this year. He stated that he had the promise of influential labor leaders. My recommendation was made to my government in spite of the very "poor neighbor policy" of the labor unions, which to my way of thinking does not represent the feeling of American labor in general, but the shortsighted view of a minority group.

'As far as I personally am concerned, in his statement that I was repudiated by my government, it is sufficient to state that it is true that I tendered my resignation the same day the Fair closed, for personal and economic reasons. My government, however, has not accepted this resignation to date, although I shall insist, because irrevocably I do not desire to be Commissioner next year. I am a physician, and my practice does not permit of sufficient time to dedicate myself to a position of this kind.

'I am appreciative of this opportunity you have given me to rectify some of the misapprehensions of Mr. Van Arsdale.'

In his next paragraph Mr. Van Arsdale ridicules my statement that 'a

\$3600 New England contract for electrical "maintenance," which prevented any but union men from touching a fixture, did not at first even provide for replacing a burned-out light bulb on less than thirty-six hours' notice.' 'The New England States exhibit,' writes Mr. Van Arsdale, 'is "located in the Court of States, which was maintained free of charge by the World's Fair electricians."'

It is true that these lights eventually were provided with electrical maintenance which was 'free' to the extent that there were no charges other than those covered in the contract. That is why I used the 'at first' qualification. This fact, however, does not deny the evidence given me by the manager of one of the affected exhibits, that none but union electricians could touch a fixture: the Fair management's maintenance men were unionists. Neither does it answer my original charge that it was necessary to pay \$8.81 to have the Fair management's union electrical crew replace a burned-out electrical bulb on less than thirty-six hours' notice. The exhibit manager says that until protests rectified the matter the so-called 'free' service could not be guaranteed on less than thirty-six hours' notice.

I pointed out in my article that Nevada withdrew from the Fair in part because of union demands that its members rewire a five-ton concrete working model of Boulder Dam which had been brought to New York as part of its exhibit. The Nevada affair is the third item Mr. Van Arsdale considers. He writes: 'The official records of the New York World's Fair prove the charges concerning Nevada are false in every detail.'

I do not know what the official records of the Fair contain, for when I sought access to them, as a reporter wanting information for public enlightenment, the authorities made it plain to me that they were private and nobody's business. However, as a result of a letter to the Governor of Nevada, I do have before me a copy of the official record of Nevada's

Fair participation commission and an explanatory letter from Joseph F. McDonald, commission secretary and editor of the *Nevada State Journal*.

The official record — the resolution withdrawing Nevada from the Fair — stresses that Nevada appropriated money and sent its exhibit to New York as the result of promised rental concessions, assurances of protection against labor difficulties and non-interference in the installation of its property, and avowals that the Fair management would assist in getting the work done for a reasonable price, but that when the State sought to carry out its end of the bargain the Fair management increased its rentals and withdrew all assurances 'against labor trouble in the installation of the Boulder Dam replica.' Additionally, the resolution insists, 'it was found that work performed by union labor in Nevada would be not acceptable to union labor in New York.'

Mr. McDonald's letter adds that the State even went so far as to stop payment on its \$9500 rental warrant in an effort to force the Fair management 'to give us direct assurance that we would be protected against exploitation by contractors, unions and all others who appeared to be running the show.' Meantime, he goes on, the Boulder Dam model had been taken to New York 'and was at the Fair grounds but was never unloaded.' The reason was that the State's representative on the scene, unable to obtain an installation bid which was not far in excess of the price paid at the San Francisco Fair 'for a similiar and in some respects larger exhibit,' in addition could not obtain any assurance 'that there would be no extras or that the exhibit would be installed in any agreed time.' Naturally, the representative did not deal directly with the electrical union. He dealt with the contractors, who were the only persons permitted to hire the union's men for such work and who therefore must be regarded as their agents.

'Unofficially,' Mr. McDonald says, 'our representative was given to understand that the wiring would not be passed by the union, and we went so far as to request the Central Trades and Labor Council of Las Vegas, Nevada, where the model was built, to use its efforts to clear the model with the New York union.'

After correspondence with the Fair management and reports from his architect, who spent two weeks in New York, Mr. McDonald came to the conclusion 'that the whole thing was cock-eyed, and that the Fair management had no control at all over the situation.'

'It struck me,' he wrote, 'that the contractors, determined to get all they could, were blaming the unions, and in turn the unions were blaming the contractors, and the Fair management was sitting back, hoping that the exhibitors would be suckers enough to come in and take a beating. . . . The experience cost Nevada about \$7000 in preparing its exhibit and shipping the Boulder Dam model to New York and bringing it back.'

Were I not limited in the amount of space to which a rebuttal is entitled, I should like to throw the light of fact on each point at which Mr. Van Arsdale has attacked my article. I should like to clear Dr. Neil Van Aken of the 'repudiation' charge. Far from being repudiated, he still represents the Netherlands Government in New York and I have his personal statement. Some interesting comment, even more revealing than that which I have offered here, could be presented to refute some of Mr. Van Arsdale's countercharges. Instead of picking and choosing to build up my own case, however, I felt it would be fairest to him to take up his charges in their chronological order and answer them in so far as space permitted. It must be assumed that he would set forth his most damaging evidence and his best defense in his first three barrages. The strength of those that follow must be judged by the weakness of his initial attack.

DICKENS AND THE MARSHALSEA PRISON¹

BY EDMUND WILSON

I

IN the work of Dickens' middle period — after the murder in *Martin Chuzzlewit* — the rebel bulks larger than the criminal.

Of all the great Victorian writers, he was probably the most antagonistic to the Victorian age itself. He had grown up under the Regency and George IV; had been twenty-five at the accession of Victoria. His early novels are full of breezes from an England of coaching and village taverns, where the countryside lay just outside London; of an England where every city clerk aimed to dress finely and drink freely, to give an impression of open-handedness and gallantry, of an England where jokes and songs were always in order. The young Dickens of his earliest-preserved letters, who invites his friends to partake of 'the rosy,' sounds not unlike Dick Swiveller. When Little Nell and her grandfather in their wanderings spend a night in an iron foundry, it is only a sort of Nibelungen interlude, rather like one of those surprise grottoes that you pass by when you take the little boat through the tunnel in the 'Old Mill' of an amusement park, a luridly lighted glimpse on the same level, in Dickens' novel, with the waxworks, the performing dogs, the dwarfs and giants, the village church. From here it is impossible, as it was impossible for Dickens, to foresee the full-

length industrial town depicted in *Hard Times*. In that age the industrial-commercial civilization had not yet got to be the norm; it seemed a disease which had broken out in spots but which a sincere and cheerful treatment would cure. The typical reformers of the period had been Shelley and Robert Owen, the latter so logical a crank, a philanthropist so much all of a piece, that he seems to have been invented by Dickens — who insisted that his Cheeryble brothers had been taken from living originals.

But when Dickens begins writing novels again after his return from his American trip, a new kind of character appears in them, who, starting as an amusing buffoon, grows steadily more unpleasant and more formidable. On the threshold of *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1843-1845: the dates of its appearance in monthly numbers), you find Pecksniff, the provincial architect; on the threshold of *Dombey and Son* (1846-1848), you find Dombey, the big London merchant; and before you have gone very far in the idyllic *David Copperfield* (1849-1850), you find Murdstone, of Murdstone and Grimby, wine merchants. All these figures stand for the same thing; for, under the impression at first that he is pillorying abstract faults in the manner of the comedy of humors, — Selfishness in *Chuzzlewit*, Pride in *Dombey*, — Dickens has already begun an indictment against a specific society: the self-important and

¹ The first part of Mr. Wilson's essay appeared in the April *Atlantic*. — EDITOR

moralizing middle class who have been making such rapid progress in England and coming down like a damper on the fires of English life — that is, on the spontaneity and gayety, the frankness and independence, the instinctive human virtues, which Dickens admired and believed in. The new age had brought a new kind of English virtues to cover up the flourishing English vices of cold avarice and harsh exploitation; and it was these virtues that Dickens particularly hated.

The curmudgeons of the early Dickens — Ralph Nickleby and Arthur Gride, Anthony and Jonas Chuzzlewit (for *Martin Chuzzlewit* just marks the transition from the early to the middle Dickens) — are old-fashioned moneylenders and misers of a type that must have been serving for decades in the melodramas of the English stage. In Dickens, their whole-hearted and outspoken meanness gives them a certain cynical charm. They are the bad uncles in the Christmas pantomime who set off the jolly clowns and the good fairy, and who, as everybody knows from the beginning, are doomed to extinction in the end. But Mr. Pecksniff, in the same novel with the Chuzzlewits, already represents something different. It is to be characteristic of Pecksniff, as it is of Dombey and Murdstone, that he does evil while pretending to do good. As intent on the main chance as Jonas himself, he pretends to be a kindly father, an affectionate relative, a pious churchgoer; he is the pillar of a cathedral town. Yet Pecksniff is still something of a pantomime comic whom it will be easy enough to unmask. Mr. Dombey is a more serious problem. His virtues, as far as they go, are real: though he is stupid enough to let his business get into the hands of Carker, he does lead an exemplary life of a kind in the interests of the tradition of his business house. He makes his wife and his children miserable in his devotion to his mercantile ideal, but that ideal is at least for him serious. With Murd-

stone the ideal has turned sour: the respectable merchant has become detestable. Murdstone is not funny like Pecksniff; he is not merely a buffoon who masquerades: he is a hypocrite who believes in himself. And where Dombey is made to recognize his error and turn kindly and humble in the end, Mr. Murdstone and his grim sister are evidently to be allowed to persist in working mischief as a matter of duty.

In such a world of mercenary ruthlessness, always justified by rigorous morality, it is natural that the exploiter of others should wish to dissociate himself from the exploited, and to delegate the actual operation to someone else, who takes the odium of the face-to-face contacts. Karl Marx, at that time living in London, was demonstrating through these middle years of the century that this system, with its falsifying of human relations and its wholesale encouragement of cant, was one of the features of the economic structure itself. In Dickens, the Mr. Spenlow of *David Copperfield*, who is always blaming his mean exactions on his supposedly implacable partner, Mr. Jorkins, develops into the Casby of *Little Dorrit*, the benignant and white-haired patriarch who turns over the rackrenting of Bleeding Heart Yard to his bull terrier of an agent, Pancks, while he basks in the admiration of his tenants; and, in *Our Mutual Friend*, into Fledgeby, the moneylender who goes into society while he sends the harmless old Jew Riah to do his dirty work.

With Dickens' mounting dislike and distrust of the top layers of that middle-class society with which he has tried to identify himself, his ideal of middle-class virtue is driven down to the lower layers. In his earlier novels, this ideal was embodied in such patrons and benefactors as Mr. Pickwick, the retired business man; the substantial and warm-hearted Mr. Brownlow, who rescued Oliver Twist; and the charming old gentleman, Mr. Garland, who took Kit Nubbles into

his service. In *David Copperfield*, the lawyer Wickfield, who plays a rôle in relation to the hero somewhat similar to those of Brownlow and Garland, demoralized by too much port, falls a victim to Uriah Heep, the upstart Pecksniff from a lower social level. The ideal — the domestic unit which preserves the sound values of England — is located by Dickens through this period in the small middle-class household: Ruth Pinch and her brother in *Martin Chuzzlewit*; the bright hearths and holiday dinners of the *Christmas Books*; the modest home to which Florence Dombey descends from the great house near Portland Place, in happy wedlock with the nephew of Sol Gills, the ship's-instrument dealer.

It is at the end of *Dombey and Son*, when the house of Dombey goes bankrupt, that Dickens for the first time expresses himself explicitly on the age that has come to stay: —

The world was very busy now, in sooth, and had a deal to say. It was an innocently credulous and a much ill-used world. It was a world in which there was no other sort of bankruptcy whatever. There were no conspicuous people in it, trading far and wide on rotten banks of religion, patriotism, virtue, honor. There was no amount worth mentioning of mere paper in circulation, on which anybody lived pretty handsomely, promising to pay great sums of goodness with no effects. There were no shortcomings anywhere, in anything but money. The world was very angry indeed; and the people especially who, in a worse world, might have been supposed to be bankrupt traders themselves in shows and pretences, were observed to be mightily indignant.

II

And now — working always through the observed interrelations between highly individualized human beings rather than through political or economic analysis — Dickens sets out to trace an anatomy of that society. *Dombey* was the first attempt; *Bleak House* (1852–1853) is to realize this intention to perfection; *Hard Times*, on a smaller

scale, is to conduct the same kind of inquiry.

For this purpose he invents a new literary *genre* (unless the whole mass of Balzac is to be taken as something of the sort): the novel of the social group. The young Dickens had summed up, developed, and finally outgrown the two traditions in English fiction he had found: the picaresque tradition of Defoe, Fielding, and Smollett, and the sentimental tradition of Goldsmith and Sterne. People like George Henry Lewes have complained of Dickens' little reading; but no artist has ever absorbed his predecessors (he had read most of them in his early boyhood) more completely than Dickens did. There is something of all these writers in Dickens, and, using them, he has gone beyond them all. In his field — from the English, at any rate — there was now nothing more for him to learn. In *Barnaby Rudge* — a detour in Dickens' fiction — he had gotten all that there was in it for him from Scott. He was to profit in *Hard Times* by Mrs. Gaskell's industrial studies. But in the meantime it was Dickens' business to create a new tradition himself.

His novels even through *Martin Chuzzlewit* had had a good deal of the looseness of the school of *Gil Blas*, where the episodes get their only unity from having been hung on the same hero, as well as a good deal of the mechanical combination that he had acquired from the old plays, with their multiple parallel plots — though he has been trying ever more intensively for a unity of atmosphere and feeling. But now he is to organize his stories as wholes, to plan all the characters as symbols, and to invest all the details with significance. *Dombey and Son* derives a new kind of coherence from the fact that the whole novel is made to centre around the big London business house: you have the family of the man who owns it, the manager and his family, the clerks, the men dependent on the ships that export its

goods, down to Sol Gills and Captain Cuttle. (So *Hard Times* is to get its coherence from the organism of an industrial town.)

In *Bleak House*, the masterpiece of this middle period, Dickens discovers a new use of plot, which makes possible a tighter organization. (And we must remember that he is always working against the difficulties, of which he often complains, of writing for monthly installment, where everything has to be planned beforehand and it is impossible, as he says, to 'try back' and change anything, once it has been printed.) He creates the detective story which is also a social fable. It is a *genre* which has lapsed since Dickens. The detective story — though Dickens' friend Wilkie Collins preserved a certain amount of social satire — has dropped out the Dickensian social content; and the continuators of the social novel have dropped the detective story. These continuators — Shaw, Galsworthy, Wells — have of course gone further than Dickens in the realistic presentation of emotion; but from the point of view of dramatizing social issues they have hardly improved upon *Bleak House*. In Shaw's case, the Marxist analysis, with which Dickens was not equipped, has helped him to the tighter organization which Dickens got from his complex plot. But in the meantime it is one of Dickens' victories in his astonishing development as an artist that he should be able to transform his old melodramatic intrigues of stolen inheritances, lost heirs, and ruined maidens, the denunciatory confrontations involved by the unraveling of which always evoke the sound of fiddling in the orchestra, into devices of artistic dignity. Henceforth the solution of the mystery is to be also the moral of the story and the last word of Dickens' criticism of society.

Bleak House begins in a London fog, and the whole book is permeated with fog and rain. In *Dombey*, the railway locomotive — when Mr. Dombey takes

his trip to Leamington, and later when it pulls into the station just at the moment of Dombey's arrival and runs over the fugitive Carker as he steps back to avoid the master he has wronged, figures as a symbol of that progress of commerce which Dombey himself represents; in *Hard Times*, the uncovered coalpit into which Stephen Blackpool falls is a symbol for the abyss of the industrial system, which swallows up lives in its darkness. In *Bleak House*, the fog stands for Chancery, and Chancery stands for the whole web of clotted antiquated institutions in which England stifles and decays. All the principal elements in the story — the young people, the proud Lady Dedlock, the philanthropic gentleman John Jarn-dyce, and Tom-all-Alone's, the rotting London slum — are involved in the non-sensical Chancery suit, which, with the fog-bank of precedent looming behind it like the Great Boyg in *Peer Gynt*, obscures and impedes at every point the attempts of men and women to live natural lives. Old Krook, with his legal junkshop, is Dickens' symbol for the Lord Chancellor himself; the cat that sits on his shoulder watches like the Chancery lawyers the caged birds in Miss Flite's lodging; Krook's death by spontaneous combustion is Dickens' prophecy of the fate of Chancery and all that it represents.

I go over the old ground of the symbolism, up to this point perfectly obvious, of a book which must be still, by the general public, one of the most read of Dickens' novels, because the people who like to talk about the symbolism of Kafka and Mann and Joyce have been discouraged from looking for anything of the kind in Dickens, and usually have not read him, at least with mature minds. But even when we think we do know Dickens, we may be surprised to return to him and find in him a symbolism of more complicated reference and deeper implication than these metaphors of the surface. The Russians themselves, in this respect, seem to have learned from

Dickens; he had little to learn from them.

Thus it is not at first that we recognize all the meaning of the people that thrive or survive in the dense atmosphere of *Bleak House* — an atmosphere so opaque that the somnolent ease at the top cannot see down to the filth at the bottom. And it is an atmosphere where nobody sees clearly what kind of race of beings is flourishing between the bottom and the top. Among the middle ranks of this society we find persons who appear with the pretension of representing Law or Art, Social Elegance, Philanthropy, or Religion — Mr. Kenge and Mr. Vholes, Harold Skimpole, Mr. Turveydrop, Mrs. Pardiggle and Mrs. Jellyby and Mr. and Mrs. Chadband — side by side with such a sordid nest of goblins as the family of the moneylender Smallweed. But presently we see that all these people are as single-mindedly intent on selfish interests as Grandfather Smallweed himself. This gallery is one of the best things in Dickens. The Smallweeds themselves are artistically an improvement on the similar characters in the early Dickens: they represent, not a theatrical convention, but a real study of the stunted and degraded products of the underworld of commercial London. And the two opposite types of philanthropist: the moony Mrs. Jellyby, who miserably neglects her children in order to dream of doing good in Africa, and Mrs. Pardiggle, who bullies both her children and the poor in order to give herself a sense of power; Harold Skimpole, with the graceful fancy and the talk about music and art that ripples a shimmering veil over his systematic sponging; and Turveydrop, the Master of Deportment, that parody of the magnificence of the Regency, behind his rouge and his padded coat and his gallantry as cold and as inconsiderate as the Chadbands, behind their gaseous preachments. Friedrich Engels, visiting London in the early forties, had written of the people in the streets that they seemed to 'crowd past one another as if

they had nothing in common, nothing to do with one another, and as if their only agreement were the tacit one that each shall keep to his own side of the pavement, in order not to delay the opposing streams of the crowd, while it never occurs to anyone to honor his fellow with so much as a glance. The brutal indifference, the unfeeling isolation of each in his private interest, becomes the more repellent the more these individuals are herded together in a limited space.' This is the world that Dickens is describing.

Here he makes but one important exception: Mr. Rouncewell, the ironmaster. Mr. Rouncewell is an ambitious son of the housekeeper at Chesney Wold, Sir Leicester Dedlock's country house, who has made himself a place in the world which Sir Leicester regards as beyond his station. One of the remarkable scenes of the novel is that in which Rouncewell comes back, quietly compels Sir Leicester to receive him like a gentleman, and asks him to release one of the maids from his service in order that she may marry Rouncewell's son, a young man whom he has christened Watt. When it is indicated by Lady Dedlock that she desires to keep the maid, Rouncewell respectfully abandons the project, but goes away and has the temerity to run against Sir Leicester's candidate in the next parliamentary election. (This theme of the intervention of the industrial revolution in the relations between master and servant has already appeared in *Dombey and Son* in the admirable interview between Dombey and Polly Toodles, whom he is employing as a wet nurse for his motherless child. Polly's husband, who is present, is a locomotive stoker and already represents something anomalous in the hierarchy of British society. When the Dombeyes, who cannot accept her real name, suggest calling Polly 'Richards,' she replies that if she is to be called out of her name she ought to be paid extra. Later, when Dombey makes his journey, he finds Polly's husband

working on the engine, and resents being addressed by the man and engaged in conversation: he feels that Toodles is somehow intruding outside his own class.)

But in general the magnanimous, the simple of heart, the amiable, the loving, and the honest are frustrated, subdued, or destroyed. At the bottom of the whole gloomy edifice is the body of Lady Dedlock's lover and Esther Summerson's father, Captain Hawdon, the reckless soldier, adored by his men, beloved by women, the image of the old life-loving England, whose epitaph Dickens is now writing. Captain Hawdon has failed in that world, has perished as a friendless and a penniless man, and has been buried in the pauper's graveyard in one of the foulest quarters of London, but the loyalties felt for him by the living will prove so strong that they will pull that world apart after his death. Esther Summerson has been frightened and rendered submissive by being treated as the respectable middle class thought it proper to treat an illegitimate child, by one of those Puritanical females whom Dickens so roundly detests. Richard Carstone has been demoralized and ruined; Miss Flite has gone insane. George Rouncewell, who from Sir Leicester's service has become a soldier instead of a manufacturer and who shares in Dickens' sympathy for most of his military and nautical characters as men who are doing the hard work of the Empire, is helpless in the hands of moneylenders and lawyers. Caddy Jellyby and her husband, young Turveydrop, who have struggled for a decent life in a poverty partly imposed by the necessity of keeping up old Turveydrop's pretenses, in that society where nature is so mutilated and thwarted, can only produce a defective child. Mr. Jarndyce himself, the wise and generous, who plays in *Bleak House* a rôle similar to that of Captain Shotover in Bernard Shaw's *Heartbreak House* (which evidently owes a good deal to *Bleak House*),

is an eccentric at odds with his environment, who, in his efforts to help the unfortunate, falls a prey to the harpies of philanthropy.

With this indifference and egoism of the middle class, the social structure must buckle in the end. The infection from the poverty of Tom-all-Alone's will ravage the homes of country gentlemen. Lady Dedlock will inevitably be dragged down from her niche of aristocratic idleness to the graveyard in the slum where her lover lies. The idea that the highest and the lowest in that English society of shocking contrasts are inextricably tied together has already appeared in the early Dickens — in Ralph Nickleby and Smike, for example, and in Sir John Chester and Hugh — as a sort of submerged motif which is never given its full expression. Here it has been chosen deliberately and is handled with immense skill so as to provide the main moral of the fable. And bound up with it is another motif which has already emerged sharply in Dickens. In the course of his astonishing rise in the world, Dickens had evidently found himself up against the blank and chilling loftiness — what the French call *la morgue anglaise* — of the English upper classes; as we shall see, he developed a pride of his own, with which he opposed it up to his dying day. Pride was to have been the theme of *Dombey*: the pride of Edith Dombey outdoes the pride of Dombey and levels him to the ground. But in *Bleak House* the pride of Lady Dedlock, who has married Sir Leicester Dedlock for position, ultimately rebounds on herself. Her behavior toward the French maid Hortense is the cause of her own debasement. For where it is a question of pride, a high-tempered maid from the South of France can outdo Lady Dedlock: Hortense will not stop at the murder which is the logical upshot of the course of action dictated by her wounded feelings. Dickens is criticizing here one of the most sacrosanct moral props of the English hierarchical system.

III

With *Little Dorrit* (1855–1857), Dickens' next novel after *Bleak House* and *Hard Times*, we enter a new phase of his work. To understand it, we must go back to his life.

Dickens at forty had won everything that a writer could expect to get through his writings: his genius was universally recognized; he was fêted wherever he went; his books were immensely popular; and they had made him sufficiently rich to have anything that money can supply. He had partly made up for the education he had missed by traveling and living on the Continent and by learning to speak Italian and French. (Dickens' commentary on the Continental countries is usually not remarkably penetrating; but he did profit very much from his travels abroad in his criticism of things in England. Perhaps no other of the great Victorian writers had so much the consciousness that the phenomena he was describing were of a character distinctively English.) Yet from the time of his first summer at Boulogne in 1853, he had shown signs of profound discontent and unappeasable restlessness; he suffered severely from insomnia, and for the first time in his life, apparently, began to worry about his work. He began to fear that his vein was drying up.

I believe that Forster's diagnosis — though it may not go to the root of the trouble — must here be accepted as correct. There were, he intimates, two things wrong with Dickens: a marriage which exasperated and cramped him and from which he had not been able to find relief, and a social maladjustment which his success had never straightened out.

The opportunities of the young Dickens to meet eligible young women were evidently rather limited. That he was impatient to get married, nevertheless, is proved by his announcing his serious intentions to three girls in close succession. The second of these was Maria Beadnell, the original of Dora in *David*

Copperfield and, one supposes, of Dolly Varden, too, with whom he fell furiously in love, when he was eighteen and she nineteen. Her father worked in a bank and regarded Charles Dickens, the stenographer, as a young man of shabby background and doubtful prospects; Maria, who seems to have been rather frivolous and silly, was persuaded to drop her suitor — with the result for him which may be read in the letters, painful in their wounded pride and their backfiring of a thwarted will, which he wrote her after the break. It was one of the great humiliations of Dickens' early life (he was at that time twenty-one), and, even after he had liquidated it in a sense by depicting the futilities of David's marriage with Dora, the disappointment still seems to have troubled him and Maria to have remained at the back of his mind as the Ideal of which he had been cheated.

He lost very little time, however, in getting himself a wife. Two years after his rejection by Maria Beadnell, he was engaged to the daughter of George Hogarth, a Scotchman, who, as the law agent of Walter Scott and from having been mentioned in the *Noctes Ambrosianae*, was invested with the prestige of having figured on the fringes of the Edinburgh literary world. He asked Dickens to write for the newspaper which he was editing at that time in London, and invited the young man to his house. There Dickens found two attractive daughters, and he married the elder, Catherine, who was twenty. But the other daughter, Mary, though too young for him to marry — she was only fifteen when he met her — had a strange hold on Dickens' emotions. When, after living with the Dickenses for a year after their marriage, she suddenly died in Dickens' arms, he was so overcome by grief that he stopped writing *Pickwick* for two months and insisted in an obsessed and morbid way on his desire to be buried beside her: 'I can't think there ever was love like I bear her. . . . I have never

had her ring off my finger day or night, except for an instant at a time, to wash my hands, since she died. I have never had her sweetness and excellence absent from my mind so long.' In *The Old Curiosity Shop*, he apotheosized her as Little Nell. What basis this emotion may have had in the fashionable romanticism of the period or in some peculiar psychological pattern of Dickens', it is impossible on the evidence to say. But this passion for an innocent young girl is to recur in Dickens' life; and in the meantime his feeling for Mary Hogarth seems to indicate pretty clearly that even during the early years of his marriage he did not identify the Ideal with Catherine.

Catherine had big blue eyes, a rather receding chin, and a sleepy and languorous look. Beyond this, it is rather difficult to get a definite impression of her. Dickens' terrible gallery of shrews who browbeat their amiable husbands suggests that she may have been a scold; but surely Dickens himself was no Joe Gargery or Gabriel Varden. We do not know much about Dickens' marriage. We know that, with the exception of his sister-in-law Georgina, Dickens grew to loathe the Hogarths, who lived on him to a considerable extent; and we must assume that poor Catherine, in both intellect and energy, was a good deal inferior to him. He lived with her, however, twenty years, and, although it becomes clear toward the end that they are no longer particularly welcome, he gave her during that time ten children.

And if Dickens was lonely in his household, he was lonely in society, also. He had, as Forster indicates, attained a pinnacle of affluence and fame which made him one of the most admired and most sought-after persons in Europe without his really ever having created for himself a social position in England, that society *par excellence* where everybody had to have a definite one and where there was no rank reserved for the artist. He had gone straight, at the very

first throw, from the poor tenement, the prison, the press table, to the supremacy of an emperor over the imaginations of practically the whole literate world; but in his personal associations he cultivated the companionship of inferiors rather than — save, perhaps, for Carlyle — of intellectual equals. His behavior toward society (in the capitalized sense) was rebarbative to the verge of truculence; he refused to learn its patter and its manners; and his satire on the fashionable world comes to figure more and more prominently in his novels. Dickens is one of the very small group of British intellectuals to whom the opportunity has been offered to be taken up by the governing class, who have actually declined that honor. Instead of allowing himself to be conciliated and absorbed, he was becoming, if anything, more antagonistic.

To be caught between two social classes in a society of strict stratifications — like being caught between two civilizations, as James was, or between two racial groups like Proust — is an excellent thing for a novelist from the point of view of his art, because it enables him to dramatize contrasts and to study interrelations which the dweller in one world does not know. Perhaps something of the sort was true even of Shakespeare, between the provincial bourgeoisie and the Court. Dostoevsky, who had a good deal in common with Dickens and whose career somewhat parallels his, is a conspicuous example of the novelist stimulated by a social maladjustment. The elder Dostoevsky, a doctor of obscure origins at a time when the professional middle class in a Russia still predominantly feudal was held of little account, had aspired to the status of land-owning gentry. He bought an estate and sent his sons to a school for the children of the nobility; then took to drink, became completely demoralized, and was murdered for his cruelty by his serfs, leaving his children with very little to live on. Dickens' case had been equally

anomalous: he had grown up in an uncomfortable position between the upper and the lower middle class, with a dip into the proletariat and a glimpse of the aristocracy through their trusted upper servants. But this position, which had been useful to him as a writer, was to leave him rather isolated in English society. In a sense, there was no place for him to go and belong; he had to have people come to him.

And in the long run all that he had achieved could not make up for what he lacked. *Little Dorrit* and *Great Expectations* (1860–1861), which follows it after *A Tale of Two Cities*, are full of the disillusion and discomfort of this period of Dickens' life. The treatment both of social situations and of the psychology of the individual character has taken a turn distinctly new.

Dickens now tackles the Marshalsea again, but on a larger scale and in a more serious way. It is as if he were determined once for all to get the prison out of his system. The figure of his father hitherto has always haunted Dickens' novels, but he has never known quite how to handle it. In Micawber, he made him comic and lovable; in Skimpole, he made him comic and unpleasant — for, after all, the vagaries of Micawber always left somebody out of pocket, and there is another aspect of Micawber — the aspect he presented to his creditors. But what kind of person, really, had John Dickens been in himself? How had the father of Charles Dickens come to be what he was? Even after it had become possible for Charles to provide for his father, the old man continued to be a problem up to his death in 1851. He got himself arrested again, as the result of running up a wine bill; and he would try to get money out of his son's publishers without the knowledge of Charles. Yet Dickens said to Forster, after his father's death: 'The longer I live, the better man I think him'; and *Little Dorrit* is something in the nature of a justification of John.

Mr. Dorrit is 'a very amiable and very helpless middle-aged gentleman . . . a shy, retiring man, well-looking, though in an effeminate style, with a mild voice, curling hair, and irresolute hands — rings upon the fingers in those days — which nervously wandered to his trembling lip a hundred times in the first half-hour of his acquaintance with the jail.' The arrival of the Dorrit family in prison and their gradual habituation to it are done with a restraint and sobriety never exhibited by Dickens up to now. The incident in which Mr. Dorrit, after getting used to accepting tips in his rôle of the Father of the Marshalsea, suddenly becomes insulted when he is offered copper halfpence by a plasterer, has a delicacy which makes up in these later books for the ebb of Dickens' bursting exuberance. If it is complained that the comic characters in these books, the specifically 'Dickens characters,' are sometimes mechanical and boring, this is partly, perhaps, for the reason that they stick out in an unnatural relief from a surface that is more quietly realistic. There are moments when one feels that Dickens might be willing to abandon the 'Dickens character' altogether if it were not what the public expected of him. In any case, the story of Dorrit is a closer and more thoughtful study than any that has gone before of what bad institutions make of men.

Yet already there is in *Little Dorrit* something beyond social criticism, beyond the anatomy of the social organism. The main symbol here is the prison; but this symbol is developed in a way that takes it beyond the satirical application of the symbol of the fog in *Bleak House* and gives it a significance more subjective. In the opening chapter, we are introduced, not to the debtors' prison, but to an ordinary jail for criminals, which, in the case of Rigaud and Cavalletto, will not make the bad man any better or the good man any worse. A little later, we are shown an English business man who has come back from

many years in China and who finds himself in a London — the shut-up London of Sunday evening — more frightening, because more oppressive, than the thieves' London of *Oliver Twist*. "Heaven forgive me," said he, "and those who trained me. How I have hated this day!" There was the dreary Sunday of his childhood, when he sat with his hands before him, scared out of his senses by a horrible tract which commenced business with the poor child by asking him, in its title, why he was going to Perdition? At last he gets himself to the point of going to see his mother, whom he finds as lacking in affection and as gloomy as he could have expected. She lives in a dark and funereal house with the old offices on the bottom floor, one of the strongholds of that harsh Calvinism plus hard business that made one of the mainstays of the Victorian age; she lies paralyzed on 'a black bier-like sofa,' punishing herself and everyone else for some guilt of which he cannot discover the cause. The Clennam house is a jail, and they are in prison, too. So are the people in Bleeding Heart Yard, small tenement-dwelling shopkeepers and artisans, rackrented by the patriarchal Casby; so is Merdle, the great swindler-financier, imprisoned, like Kreuger or Insull, in the vast scaffolding of fraud he has contrived, who wanders about in his expensive house — itself, for all its crimson and gold, as suffocating and dark as the Clennams', — afraid of his servants, unloved by his wife, entirely unknown to his guests, till on the eve of the collapse of the edifice he quietly opens his veins in a bath.

At last, after twenty-five years of jail, Mr. Dorrit inherits a fortune and is able to get out of the Marshalsea. He is rich enough to go into society; but all the Dorrits, with the exception of the youngest, known as 'Little Dorrit,' who has been born in the Marshalsea itself and has never made any pretensions, have been demoralized or distorted by the effort to remain genteel while tied to

the ignominy of the prison. They cannot behave like the people outside. And yet that outside world is itself insecure. It is dominated by Mr. Merdle, who, as the book goes on, comes to be universally admired and believed in — is taken up by the governing class, sent to parliament, courted by lords. The Dorrits, accepted by Society, still find themselves in prison. The moral is driven home when old Dorrit, at a fashionable dinner, loses control of his wits and slips back into his character at the Marshalsea: "Born here," he repeated, shedding tears. "Bred here. Ladies and gentlemen, my daughter. Child of an unfortunate father, but — ha — always a gentleman. Poor, no doubt, but — hum — proud." He asks the company for 'Testimonials,' which had been what he used to call his tips. (Dr. Manette, in *A Tale of Two Cities*, repeats this pattern with his amnesiac relapses into the shoemaking he has learned in prison.) Arthur Clennam, ruined by the failure of Merdle, finally goes to the Marshalsea himself; and there at last he and Little Dorrit arrive at an understanding. The implication is that, prison for prison, a simple incarceration is an excellent school of character compared to the dungeons of Puritan theology, of modern business, of money-minded Society, or of the poor people of Bleeding Heart Yard who are bled and swindled by all of these.

The whole book is much gloomier than *Bleak House*, where the fog merely represents the obfuscatory elements of the past. The murk of *Little Dorrit* permeates the souls of the characters, of which we see more than we do in *Bleak House*. Arthur Clennam, with his broodings on his unloving mother, who turns out not to be his real mother (she, a poor doomed child of natural impulse, like Lady Dedlock's lover), is both more real and more depressing than Lady Dedlock. Old Dorrit has been spoiled beyond repair: he can never be rehabilitated like Micawber. There is not even

a villain like Tulkinghorn to throw the odium on a predatory class: the official villain Blandois carries out one of the themes of the book as a caricature of social pretense, and the illustrations suggest that he is intended as a satire on Napoleon III — so that his hold over Mrs. Clennam would be a symbol for the intimate relationship between two outwardly quite opposite aspects of the exploiting bourgeoisie. But his connection with the plot depends on a mere contrivance. The rôle of the Court of Chancery is more or less played by the Circumlocution Office and the governing-class family of Barnacles — perhaps the most brilliant thing of its kind in Dickens: that great satire on all aristocratic bureaucracies, and indeed on all bureaucracies, with its repertoire of the variations possible within the bureaucratic type and its desolating picture of the emotions of a man being sent from one door to another. But the Circumlocution Office, after all, only influences the action in a negative way.

The important thing to note in *Little Dorrit* — which was originally to have been called *Nobody's Fault* — is that the fable is here presented from the point of view of imprisoning states of mind as much as from that of oppressive institutions. This is illustrated in a startling way by 'The History of a Self-Tormentor,' which we find toward the end of the book. Here Dickens, with a remarkable pre-Freudian insight, gives a sort of case history of a woman imprisoned in a neurosis, which has condemned her to the delusion that she can never be loved. There is still, to be sure, the social implication that her orphaned childhood and her sense of being slighted have been imposed on her by the Victorian attitude toward her illegitimate birth. But her handicap is now simply a thought-pattern, and from that thought-pattern she is never to be liberated. Already, in *Little Dorrit*, the Marshalsea, destroyed in actuality, is making itself felt as a permanent mould that confines Charles Dickens' spirit.

THE DEAD DOG

BY MARK SCHORER

IT was a quiet, shady street, on a Sunday afternoon, and the houses, set back on long lawns, looked closed up, deserted. A few people were walking on the street, under the trees, and some children were playing in an empty lot next to a small apartment building. A car passed me, and just then a dog ran out into the street, and the front wheels of the car hit it. The car did not stop, and by the time I had stopped mine it had disappeared round a corner. The old man who had been walking with the dog was standing on the curb, bent over a little, looking down at the dog where it had been thrown in the gutter. The children stopped their playing and drew nearer, and a man and woman paused on the sidewalk behind the old man and stared at him curiously for a moment, said something to each other, and went on, looking back at him over their shoulders. I got out and started to walk toward him, and then he did a curious thing.

He bent over and fastened the leash which he had in his hand on to the collar of the dead dog. I was beside him when he straightened up, but he did not look at me. He was looking down at the animal and pulling at the leash with insistent little tugs, as if he thought that the dog might be persuaded to come along. It was perfectly clear that the dog was dead.

He was a very old man who had behaved as a child would behave in the same situation, pretending in the face of catastrophe that no catastrophe had

occurred. At the same time, he was trembling with shock and grief, with the knowledge of what had happened. I was afraid that he might topple over, so I said, 'Sit down here and I'll bring my car closer,' and helped him to a sitting position on the curb. Still he said nothing, still had not even looked at me. He sat staring at the dog, with the leash shaking in his hand.

The children had moved into the middle of the street, where the three of them stood in a line and stared. One of them suddenly began a shrill crying, 'She's dead! She's dead!' and ran back to the sidewalk across the street. The others followed, and then they all ran into the middle of the street and circled back again, all crying in a shrill, excited chorus, 'She's dead!' I was going to tell them to be quiet, but then I saw that the old man did not hear even their racket. I walked back to my car to save him that many steps.

I drove up to where he was and got out again. I touched his shoulder and said, 'Tell me what I can do. Where do you live?'

He looked up at me with watering eyes, and then down at the dog again, and said, 'She's dead. Cissy's dead.' He said it with something like awe in his voice, with a child's frightened incredulity. He was trembling more than ever, utterly confused, really sick with fright and shock, and, of course, grief for his dog. And again he said, 'Cissy's dead,' as if he had to restate the fact to himself if he was to understand it.

'I'll put the dog in the back, and you get in the front with me,' I said.

I bent over the dog and was about to unfasten the leash from the collar when he said, 'No, leave that on. Don't take that off.'

I said, 'All right. Shall I take the other end of it?'

He handed me the end of the leash, and I picked up the dog. It was a wire-haired terrier with some Airedale in it, and overfed — not much of a dog as dogs go. And now it was heavy, sagging with the heavy limpness of newly dead animals, and a trickle of blood was drying on its muzzle. I picked it up and put it on the floor in the back of the car, and rolled up the trailing leash.

From his seat on the curb the old man watched me handle the dog, and when I had closed the back door and came toward him he said, 'Take me to 14 Stephens Street, will you?'

I said, 'Yes. Let me help you in.'

He seemed now to have more or less taken in his situation, but he was not able to get to his feet. I helped him up and then had almost to lift him into the car. I could feel how frail he was, and how powerful the blow which, for the moment, had shattered what small strength he had.

I went around and got in beside him and started the motor. 'Stephens Street's only a few blocks from here,' I said. 'I'll have you home in a moment.'

As we started off, the three children, who were standing quietly on the other curb now, staring, began their high screaming again: 'She's dead! She's dead!'

The old man looked at the fixtures on the door of the car and said, 'May I have some air?'

I ran down the window on his side. Then he said, 'I'm not well. I've been sick for five years — not feeling quite well.'

'I'm sorry. You'll be all right now, won't you, until you get home?'

He breathed quickly, as if to get as much of the fresh air into his lungs as he could, and said, 'You'll see that I get home? It's 14 Stephens Street.'

I said, 'Yes,' and drove a little faster.

His hands, which he held gripped together in his lap, were clean and well-kept. White hair hung in neat wisps under the upturned brim of his black hat, and he had a carefully tended white beard. His clothes were black, clean, and a little worn. Altogether, he looked like a retired professor, like a man who had grown old in gentle surroundings and a pleasant profession.

We turned into Stephens Street. I would have placed him somewhere else. Stephens Street was deserted, drab, without trees. The packed rows of houses with their blank windows seemed two-dimensional. Number 14 Stephens Street was exactly like the houses on either side of it.

'This is it, isn't it?'

He looked out at the building and said nothing, and except for his trembling, which had not abated, he did not move.

'I live with my daughter-in-law,' he said finally. 'My son's dead. It's her house.'

The building was hard and ugly in the afternoon light, a tall frame structure painted a shade of tan which reflected the sunlight in a solid glare. It was obviously a three-flat arrangement, with ugly dark interiors, and grim people.

'My son's been dead for four years,' he said.

'I'll take you in,' I said.

He looked at me with his sorrowing eyes as if he were asking a question, and I thought I answered the question when I said, 'Yes, I'll carry the dog in.'

I helped him out, but instead of moving toward the house with me he clung to the open door of the car and looked down into the back where his dog lay with the leash on her collar.

'What shall I tell my daughter-in-law?' he asked in his quavering tones.

'Well, Cissy's yours, after all,' I said.

His voice turned a little shrill. 'Oh, no! No!' he cried. 'She's always told me — she's told me time and again that I must never let Cissy off the leash! I *knew* it, I *knew* it — I was *told* —'

And then suddenly he let go of the door and sat down heavily on the running board, and I saw that he was looking

at me not with grief at all, but with absolute, quaking terror. It was the terror of a child who knows the punishment ahead.

I looked at the bare front of the house, and for a moment I had an impulse not to take him in there at all. But of course there was nothing else to do.

A KIND OF TRUTH

BY THEODORE SPENCER

THE public man, the private man
At midnight are the same, and like
The talkative man, the silent man
At midnight are the same, thinking
Of hollows under the heart, dreaming
Of heavens over the heart.

'What have you done today, Walter?'
'Sold manganese for tin.'
'What will you do tomorrow, William?'
'Shudder inside my skin.'
'What have you done today, Robert?'
'Made speech a radiant sun.'
'What will you do tomorrow, Richard?'
'Talk to myself alone.'
Richard, William, Robert, Walter;
Midnight has begun.

The private man, the public man
At midnight are the same, and like
The silent man, the talkative man
At midnight are the same, dreaming
Of heavens over the heart, thinking
Of hollows under the heart.

THE LOW COUNTRIES AND THE EUROPEAN WAR

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL C. REQUETTE

I

WHEN one glances at the map of Europe at war, one sees a small spot miraculously untouched in the midst of a conflagration — the Low Countries, Belgium and Holland. These two countries, which between them have not more than sixteen million inhabitants, are surrounded by peoples ten times more numerous, and all at war, not only on land but at sea. Moreover, Belgium and Holland, with their extremely dense populations, — Belgium is the most thickly settled country in the world, — can only live and exist through international commerce. Through the ports of Antwerp and Rotterdam foreign products pass into the interior of Europe, and through the same ports the products of Germany and other countries are dispersed to the world. Belgium, like Holland, possesses rich colonies, but access to them is impossible without freedom of the seas. So it would seem at first sight that these two small, pacific, and hard-working nations are at the mercy of either belligerent, and that they will inevitably be dragged into the war.

This appearance is partially deceptive, and there are serious reasons for believing that the Low Countries will escape from a destiny which would certainly be disastrous for them. I am going to try to explain this situation which at first seems paradoxical.

Belgium and Holland have in reality only one attack to fear, that of Ger-

many. Their official acts, in the maintenance of neutrality, indicate the conviction that their frontiers are equally menaced by all the belligerents, but this point of view is more official than real. France has long since given up the idea of territorial expansion as far as the Low Countries are concerned. Great Britain for a much longer period has shown no disposition toward continental expansion, and in spite of her command of the seas, owing to the greatness of her navy, England has during the past years in no way interfered with the maritime activity of the small nations. Since Belgium became a nation more than a hundred years ago, she has only once been invaded, which was, of course, by Germany in 1914. Belgians and Dutch alike fear the conquering and dominating spirit of Germany, and their defensive effort is definitely turned toward the east.

The strategic positions of the two countries as far as Germany is concerned have certain points in common, but they are not exactly similar. The invasion of Belgium in 1914 was an attempt to turn the French fortifications. At that time the Belgian military forces were very feeble. The active army contained only 75,000 soldiers; the infantry was armed only with rifles; there was no heavy artillery, and practically no machine guns. Today this country has under arms an army of 800,000 men equipped with mod-

ern armament. The lines of defense have been solidly fortified; the King of Belgium, who is a careful and conservative gentleman, recently declared in an official speech that the army assailing Belgium at this time would meet a resistance at least ten times stronger than that of 1914.

Under these conditions the strategic advantages which Germany anticipated in 1914 have disappeared. The rapid crossing of Belgium in a surprise attack on France is no longer possible. From this point of view, in declaring war on Belgium the Reich would uselessly increase the number of its enemies. The only purpose that a German attack on Belgium and its conquest would serve would be its trading value during the negotiations for peace. Neither France nor England could possibly allow Belgium to belong to Germany, for such possession would create a permanent and extremely grave threat for both nations. The temporary possession and occupation of Belgium, therefore, would be a trump card in the hands of the German diplomats when conditions of peace were discussed. As a consequence, it is of great importance for the Allied powers to defend Belgium and rush reinforcements to the Belgian army, whose resistance against German power could not be indefinitely prolonged. To make such aid as quick and effective as possible, the heads of the Belgian army have long wished to formulate plans in concert with the staffs of the French and British armies, but the government has opposed this idea as incompatible with a genuine neutrality.

II

If the invasion of Belgium on the part of Germany may be considered as directed against France, an attack on Holland would be pointed directly against England. The development of modern aviation and the new tactics of submarine warfare have considerably in-

creased, from the German point of view, the strategic importance of the occupation of Holland in a war with England. This is a striking example of how new inventions and techniques can affect the security and safety of a nation.

The deltas of the rivers in Holland, the various branches of shallow depth, the small harbors, the inlets, are ideal bases for submarines of small tonnage for use in the English Channel. Sheltered in these places, they would be to all intents and purposes entirely safe. In like manner Holland offers a much closer base for the aerial bombardment of Great Britain, and reprisals would fall on the Dutch aviation centres rather than on those in Germany.

It is important to note that the invasion of Holland does not necessarily involve the invasion of Belgium. It is perfectly possible that Germany would offer every assurance to Belgium of complete safety in order not to be counter-attacked by the passage of Allied troops through that country. The war of 1914 showed us that the invasion of Belgium as part of an attack on France did not involve the invasion of Holland.

At the present time Holland is not as well prepared for war as Belgium. The reason for this condition is that the Dutch population is much more neutral in spirit than that of Belgium, where the recollection of the last invasion is still strong and distrust of Germany is still profound. The Dutch, on the contrary, who escaped all invasion in the war of 1914, have until recently continued to believe in the protecting force of neutrality. Only since the invasions of Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland has this belief in neutrality weakened and finally disappeared. Holland has now committed herself to military preparations which are being carried on with genuine resolution.

Early in 1938 the Dutch military service consisted of five months and a half, and the class of conscripts did not reach 25,000 men, only half of whom were

in training at one time. The equipment of this small army had been neglected for a long time; the artillery was small in number, old in design, and inadequately manned. Since that date Holland has made a great effort to strengthen herself, and it is certain that the Dutch can put into the field a resolute and well-equipped body of men; but it would be a mistake to believe that new armament and good intentions can in a short time create a really strong military force. Despite all efforts, the Dutch army is bound to show for some time to come traces of the past negligence.

In case of an attack by Germany, Holland would be forced inevitably to yield a large portion of her territory. Her frontier is too long to be defended by any army she could muster, and the experience of Poland has shown the striking power of mechanized troops against a scattered defensive force. On the other hand, for the actual defense of the capital and the principal ports, the Dutch have one great ally, and that is, of course, their ability to flood sections of their own country. Holland is crossed in every direction by rivers, streams, and canals. As a natural result of this situation, she has developed a corps of hydraulic engineers of consummate ability who are able at will to inundate large areas and at the same time remain masters of the situation. They can thus protect the heart of Holland by great stretches of water, quite impracticable for tank manoeuvres. As a rule these floods are not of great depth, but they hide beneath their surface innumerable beds of streams which constitute traps for any grand attack by mechanized forces.

The invasion of Holland, therefore, might well react against the assailant. Holland naturally would appeal for help to England, and an English expeditionary force would find in the Netherlands excellent bases from which to attack the naval centres of the North Sea, such as Hamburg and Wilhelmshaven. Brit-

ish bombers, based on Dutch airports, would be less than 200 kilometres from Hamburg and less than 100 kilometres from Wilhelmshaven. The English fleet would find similar advantages, sheltering behind the Frisian Islands, and would make life extremely difficult for the submarine bases and the other naval establishments of Germany. The attack on Holland, therefore, like that on Belgium, does not present only one-sided advantages for Germany — it presents at the same time very real and grave dangers.

These dangers would be considerably increased if there were a military understanding between the two countries. Such an understanding would obviate the traditional German strategy, which is to knock out one opponent after the other. Together, Belgium and Holland could put into line more than a million troops based on good defensive positions and bound to be supported by the armies of France and England. At the same time their declaration of war would close the two ports which constitute breaches in the wall of the blockade. It would also give to the Allied powers a menacing base for a flank attack on Germany. Invasion of the Low Countries together would involve a great diplomatic defeat for the Reich. It seems unlikely that Germany will expose herself to such a probability.

A military entente unfortunately has, up to the present, seemed completely impossible, owing to the differences in character of the two peoples and also to diplomatic and historic considerations. Holland and Belgium were originally a single kingdom. A century ago the Belgians rebelled against the King of Holland and created a separate state. As a result the Dutch have always regarded them as rebels, as turbulent, ungovernable, and politically immature. After the war of 1914–1918, the anti-German sentiments of the Belgians seemed to the Dutch absolutely incompatible with an attitude of real neutrality. There has been a change in the Dutch attitude of

late years, largely owing to the excellent relations existing between the sovereigns of the two countries. The Dutch Government has recognized that, in spite of the anti-German sentiments which the Belgian people do not try to hide, the country has in this present war observed a complete neutrality. Also, the idea of a common danger which never existed before in Holland has, under the pressure of events, become clearly manifest. There is no military entente, but the two governments have officially proclaimed their solidarity and have declared in almost identical terms that an attack against one of the two countries could not leave the other indifferent. One can only believe that such an attack would involve or result in military unity.

III

The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, with a few hundred thousand citizens, is a neighbor toward the south of Belgium. This tiny country has both German and French frontiers, and conflicts between French and German forces are taking place along these frontiers every day. Luxembourg has neither an army nor forts, nor any means whatsoever of defense, and either belligerent could cross her frontiers at any moment. If the belligerents came to blows in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, the southern part of Belgium would be in its turn greatly threatened, but this threat would probably be regarded in Holland as of no importance to the vital interests of that country. Similarly, north of Holland, the English and the Germans are fighting at sea and in the air in close proximity to the Dutch-German frontier. It is not impossible that the Germans might some day, to ensure the defense of their naval bases on the North Sea, trespass on the territory of their Dutch neighbors. In such an eventuality, the Belgians in their turn would not consider themselves obliged to intervene. On the other hand, and certainly this is well understood at

Berlin, any offensive which took place in the neighborhood of the Belgian-Holland frontier would immediately meet the common resistance of the two Low Countries. It is certain that this situation would cause the German high command to think seriously before attempting the venture.

Apparently, therefore, the strategic situation of both Belgium and Holland is far from being as bad as one would be tempted at first to believe, and the two countries have good reason to hope that they will not be drawn into the war. But it would be foolish to think that their position is a comfortable one. There are at the present time more than a million and a half German soldiers grouped along the Belgian and Dutch frontiers. Every once in a while these considerable bodies of troops go through evolutions so abnormal that they seem to indicate the imminence of an invasion. Naturally these gestures provoke corresponding anxieties and military movements in the countries which are menaced. Probably the real purpose of the troop movements is to put a threat of force and pressure on the two countries for political and economic reasons.

Belgium and Holland are squeezed between the continental blockade put into effect by Germany and the maritime blockade exercised by Great Britain. Germany wishes to obtain from neutrals the greatest possible amount of necessary supplies, and at the same time forbids them to trade with England, even to the point of sinking their ships by submarine warfare. England, on her side, tries in every way and ceaselessly to stop the imports of food and goods for German consumption. The two small nations of the Low Countries in this difficult position cannot help asking themselves with the greatest anxiety what the future will be if the war takes on a more bitter and severe character.

War in the air and at sea has up to this time been carried on with its greatest intensity in that section of the North

Sea between the Eastern coast of England and the Low Countries. Mine fields have been laid on the routes of neutral ships as well as those of belligerents. German airplanes and submarines have attacked Dutch and Belgian ships as well as the ships of Great Britain. The only effective precaution for neutral shipping would be for such vessels to join in convoys protected by the English fleet, but Germany opposes this violently, regarding it as an infraction of neutrality, and before her threats these small states remain perplexed. The Dutch merchant marine has already lost three per cent of its ships.¹ Among these are some of Holland's finest vessels. The Belgian losses seem of less importance, but that is simply due to the fact that the Belgian merchant marine is much smaller than that of Holland. Equally, the important ports of these two countries have greatly suffered in loss of commerce. In December 1939, 380 ships entered Rotterdam as against 1240 in December 1938. The statistics of the Belgian port, Antwerp, show the same disastrous shrinkage.

The economic situation of Germany is bound to become more and more difficult. It is reasonable to suppose that her anger will continue to increase and that the expression of this anger will become more and more violent. The small neighboring states are naturally the most exposed to her wrath. This situation is the most threatening element in the present war as far as Holland and Belgium are concerned. It is quite possible that under the inexorable pressure of necessity they will be obliged to defy Germany if they wish to live. But it by no means follows that such defiance will be followed by warfare, as there is little temptation, given the strategic situation, for Germany to attack. There is,

however, the possibility of very severe reprisals.

Another danger that exists in the Low Countries is that of agitation caused by propaganda, but this is not regarded as important. There is a Nazi Party in Holland — not very numerous, but most active, and always working for the German cause. No openly pro-Nazi party exists in Belgium because it would be violently denounced by the population, but Russian and German propaganda is constantly at work. Russian propaganda is controlled by the Communist Party and is aimed particularly at the industrial workers. German propaganda is spread by the parties of the extreme right, *frontiste et rexiste*, one of which betrayed Belgium to the benefit of Germany in the preceding war. Not daring openly to support the Hitler régime, these propagandists serve the same purpose by attacking Great Britain.

These various parties are actually small in numbers and certainly do not include ten per cent of the population, but it is not impossible that the prolongation of the war, mobilization, the heavy taxation, and unemployment — all resulting from the war — may in the long run demoralize a large section of the people. There is, however, one almost insurmountable barrier against such propaganda. It is the genuine hatred which is felt toward Germany on account of the invasion in 1914, and the hideous memories of the foreign occupation afterwards. Now, and for a long time to come, there cannot be the least doubt that, although approving the scrupulous neutrality of the government and the pacific policy which it is following, the immense majority of the Belgian people pray for the defeat of Hitlerian Germany, just as ardently and as sincerely as do the people of France and Great Britain.

¹ Up to January 31, 1940. — AUTHOR

WEYGAND AND THE EASTERN COMMAND

BY T. H. THOMAS

I

NEVER before, perhaps, has the experience gained in one war been carried over so fully into the next. All the Allied officers now in high command were formed by service in the war in responsible and exacting posts; all ended the war as men marked out for a distinguished career in the future.

After two years on the Western Front, General Wavell was sent out as British military attaché with the Russian army in the Caucasus. He is probably the only officer now in the army who saw at first hand the conduct of war in that little-known region which once again may become a theatre of war. In 1917 and 1918 he served in Egypt and Palestine, and after a distinguished post-war record was sent out in 1937 to take command in Palestine and Transjordan. Today, as Commander in Chief of the British forces in the East, he is literally in his home sector — while if war breaks out on the Russo-Turkish frontier he will no doubt have to be promptly sent for. Fitting in both as a round peg and as a square peg is by no means the rule.

To General Weygand as well the Near East is familiar ground. Early in 1923 an outbreak of mutual defiance between the Arabs and the Turks led to a mobilizing of Turkish divisions along the Syrian frontier. Weygand was sent out at once, with the double authority of High Commissioner in Syria and Commander in Chief of the troops in the Levant. His record with Foch pointed

him out as one who could take charge of a war if necessary — but who would be no less competent in preventing a war if possible. Without 'incidents' or commotion of any kind, the defense of the frontier was promptly arranged; the Arab tribesmen were quieted down; and the Turks presently demobilized their divisions. Thus ended the military history of Weygand's first independent command — without the firing of a shot or the issuing of a single communiqué. Thereafter, as one in high favor among the Arab chiefs, he was free to reconnoitre every corner of Syria and the Lebanon, and to go over the ground with the British officials in Palestine and Egypt.

Poincaré, who had chosen him for a critical task, was highly pleased with the outcome. The Syrian and Arab population were no less gratified. On Weygand's departure, Beirut turned out en masse; Arab leaders traveled hundreds of miles to bid him farewell; and the formalities called for by the demonstration delayed the sailing of his steamer for hours. Troops guarded the sailing of General Sarrail only a few years later. The bungling hand of this successor revealed how easily the whole Arab population could be set in arms — and for a time Syria became practically hostile territory. Only by laboriously undoing this harm during the following years was it made possible for Syria to be used today as a friendly base for an Allied army; and the good name Weygand

brings back with him will be by no means the least of his present military resources.

II

The prompt assembling of an Allied army in the Near East is itself a fruit of the experience of the Great War. If the war came as a surprise in 1914, Turkey's unforeseen plunge into the fray created a state of affairs that was in no way provided for. Within six months or so, while troops from India were being hurried as a first-aid reinforcement to the Western Front, a Turkish army suddenly drove forward to the eastern bank of the Suez Canal, and the critical issue of the Western Front was in an instant complicated by the threat at the opposite corner of Europe. From this time forward until 1916, everything that happened in the East was a combination of surprise and improvisation. Palestine, Mesopotamia, Gallipoli and Salonica, were all expedients taken up under the immediate pressure of meeting new and unexpected dangers. Not until after Sir William Robertson took control in 1916 were these various fronts brought into a rational and coherent scheme of policy, and only in 1918, with the Hundred Days' defeat of the German Divisions in France, were the eastern armies able to move forward.

The present arrangement is for one thing an effort to take time by the forelock: to survey in advance the contingencies that may occur; to make ready to deal with them in orderly fashion; and to set promptly to work at assembling adequate forces.

This in itself is no trifling undertaking. At the outset of the war there was no surplus of British or French divisions in France, and in large part those now gathering in the East are wartime creations. Most of the troops on the scene by now have had to be brought by sea from distant quarters, and some units, such as the Australian division now in Egypt, were not in existence at the out-

break of the war. Other Anzac or South African divisions are still in the early stages of training — thousands of miles away. As yet, almost certainly, there are two distinct groups of forces: the French, in Syria, the British in Egypt and Palestine. In each there is a nucleus of French or British regular units, but the bulk of each force will be made up of Imperial or native contingents. Many of these can be used here far more effectively than on the Western Front. Most of the Indian regiments suffered severely in 1915 from the winter climate of Flanders, and were shifted back to eastern fronts; many of the French native troops could not be easily acclimatized in France. The present arrangement provides a more rational disposition of man power in many ways, while for the Indian and Australian units it shortens the line of communications by several thousand miles.

A winter of marking time on the Western Front has produced a restlessness of mind which now breaks out in a demand for a strategical effort in a different quarter. At this same stage in the Great War, and from a similar impulse, Mr. Lloyd George pressed upon the British Cabinet his proposal to uproot the British army from the Western Front, shift it by sea to the farther shore of the Adriatic, and set out by pack train over the mountains of Dalmatia — on a march to Vienna. An inward urge of this same sort today turns to the Army of the East for a strategical solution. In a surge of creative imagination we have already swollen its numbers to half a million men, and drawn up the most dynamic programs of strategy. We rather assume that the mere forming of an Interallied Command in the East represents a decision to take the offensive in one quarter or another, and that a great variety of tempting possibilities lie open.

The realities of the case seem to be quite different.

The gathering of an Interallied army in this quarter is for every reason a

sound and necessary measure. But it is sound first of all because it is necessary: up to the present it represents not a speculative opening but a highly conservative insurance policy. It cannot be more than this, obviously, as long as the neighboring powers in the East stand in their present relation to the war.

1. Germany cannot now be directly attacked from the Near East.

2. Up to the present the Allies have no intention of initiating a war against Russia.

3. As long as Turkey remains neutral there is no way for the Allied armies to reach Russian territory, by land or sea or air.

4. Turkey has categorically reiterated her intention to remain neutral until she is attacked or seriously threatened.

5. As long as the position of Italy continues as uncertain and 'jittery' as heretofore, the Allied command in the East cannot commit a major part of its forces to a large-scale operation on the Russo-Turkish frontier.

On the other hand, the necessities of promptly gathering the force in the East are in no way contingent or hypothetical; they are only too positive and definite, and the advantages came into play from the very outset.

First of all, it was immediately necessary to safeguard the Suez Canal and the oil-producing regions of the Middle East. This is in no way a matter of local military defense. Security in this quarter implies maintaining the political stability of all the adjoining lands: Egypt, the Sudan, Arabia, Palestine and Transjordan, Syria, Iraq — and, to a certain degree, Persia. Quite apart from the war, all these lands have elements of uncertain equilibrium. Repeatedly, during the last decade or so, they have had lively disturbances from peculiar internal factors: racial or religious or factional quarrels which are more or less inherent and traditional. Even with little prospect of creating movements hostile to the Allies, the war offers abundant

chances for stimulating permanent enmities or grievances against the existing order. Throughout much of the Arab world, for instance, deep-seated tribal jealousies are more or less a basic condition of life, and the spark can be kindled into flame from quarters which have outwardly no very obvious relation to enemy propaganda. But a serious disturbance in any quarter means, in effect, a real threat to that general complex of things we may term 'the Suez Canal.' A vast region suddenly becomes an unknown and dangerous quantity; British or French garrisons have to be established; and for a time a real military problem may develop.

On a basis of peace and quiet this whole perspective is reversed. All the resources of the countryside are at the disposal of the Allies; the whole population lends a hand directly or indirectly to their general war effort; and a surprising variety of additional forces come forward within the Allied ranks. Even on a peace footing the Egyptian army has a strength of about 15,000; it has twice as many well-trained reservists to keep its ranks filled in the event of war. The new Iraqi army has over twenty infantry battalions, three cavalry regiments, ten batteries of artillery, and the specialist units necessary to form two complete divisions.

Left to themselves, these minor armies would be scattered forces far too small to act alone or to count for much in the general balance of military power. Together, gathered into the solid framework of a Franco-British army, they become a very substantial factor. Not least of all, by any means, their standing in these ranks fixes, in the most definite way, the 'loyalty' of their native countrysides. By this personal association remote villages which know only vaguely of France or Germany have at least a clear and concrete conviction as to which side they are on in the war. Throughout all these lands the array of Allied forces now assembling is something more than

a physical fact of power. It is a visible symbol of a clear determination on the part of England and France: its mere presence alters the whole relation of the Eastern peoples toward the war. Even the tiny Arab principalities on the eastern coast of the Red Sea have formally aligned themselves with the Allies — that is, against Italy, waiting hopefully on the opposite shore.

In a more general sense this effect reaches out to Turkey, Persia, Greece, and the Balkan powers. Each has a different set of interests to safeguard, and the various fears and motives impelling them by no means coincide. But they have in common the desire not to pass gradually under Russian or German control, while Turkey, Greece, and Yugoslavia are on guard against Italy in an almost equal degree. But the past and the present join in making it impossible for them to act together. United, the three Balkan States, with Hungary, Turkey, and Greece, could put into the field over ninety divisions — a force vastly larger than that Germany or Russia could now bring against them. Alone, no one of them is strong enough to stand in security; and the mistrust as to each other's intentions left this whole south-eastern corner of Europe paralyzed with uncertainty. At the outbreak of the war, there was a dominant note of utter helplessness.

The assembling of Allied forces in the East gave the one element of certainty in this whole quarter. The treaty with Turkey was in a sense its first result. By no possibility can this army make secure the thousand-mile Balkan frontier facing Germany and Russia. Syria and Egypt are a thousand miles and more away, and a German attack on this northern frontier could be delivered in force long before Allied troops could make the journey. Allied public opinion will not grasp this fact in advance, and in case of a mishap would turn upon its own governments with angry resentment — just as it did after the overrunning of

Serbia in 1915 (an event which no human power could have prevented). But for Germany and Russia the gathering of the Army of the Orient changes radically the character of such an effort: it can no longer be a quick one-act affair, like the swallowing up of Poland — there can be no prompt closing of hostilities. It was the certainty of Allied support which allowed Turkey to make a definite choice. Turkey's decision, in turn, left Greece far more secure against Italy. In the event of Russia's entering the war it assures the Allies of the free use of the Straits, and, with that, a prompt command of the Black Sea. All this has made a basis upon which the Balkan States can take a more confident direction of general policy, and the result is seen in their gradual but very definite 'firming' against German and Russian pressure.

Merely by this stage, in short, without regard to military undertakings which may develop, the establishing of the Eastern Command has altered substantially the political war map of South-eastern Europe.

III

If the prayers of these countries are answered, it will go no further. In our present eagerness for a dramatic solution we overlook the fact that all these countries are no less isolationist than the United States. Except for Bulgaria and Hungary, none of them has further territorial aims in view; their desire is not to win the war but to keep out of it. As long as they succeed in this, the Allied armies are out of reach of the Russian frontier; as long as Italy and Russia do not move, there can be no Eastern theatre of war.

The campaign in Finland may revise Stalin's view as to the easy triumphs the Red Army can offer. The helpless incompetence displayed by the Russian command threw into a curiously different perspective the prospect of a Soviet advance across the Armenian

mountain frontier. If it required over two months to prepare an artillery attack barely outside the gates of Leningrad, how long will it take to prepare an offensive on the other side of the Caucasus, on a front almost 2000 miles from Moscow? On a stretch of over 900 miles this front is linked with European Russia by a single line of railway.

Reasoning from these facts alone, no very serious danger seems to be hanging over the Turkish frontier.

But Stalin is an unpredictable quantity. Strong in his ignorance of the outside world, he keeps that world in almost equal ignorance of him. His aims, his advisers, and the pressing economic necessities which affect his policy, remain, in effect, unknown. To judge from the outside, his safest course is to continue waging an undeclared war — without further military adventures. But Stalin has shown little desire to resist temptation; and a promising opportunity may lead him to draw the sword again 'in pursuit of peace' — in the direction of the lost Armenian provinces or the oil regions of Northern Persia.

This brings in Turkey; cuts short automatically the maritime communications of southern Russia with the outside world; and allows Allied naval vessels to pass through the Straits. A modest force of light craft and submarines will suffice to halt all Russian shipping on the Black Sea. Its most important feature as regards the war is the transport of oil from Batum to ports on the opposite coast, where it can be forwarded by rail to Central Russia or Germany. These shipments by sea relieve the heavily overburdened railway leading from the Baku oil fields north to Russia; and so large a proportion of Baku oil has to be shipped by sea that the closing of these routes would be a serious matter. From Trebizond and the small ports farther east, naval craft could establish a tight blockade of Batum and Poti, while bombing planes could attack these ports at almost point-blank range.

Baku itself, as a major source of Russian supplies of oil, is a far more important objective. It could be attacked promptly only by air. Starting from the coast near Batum, the distance by air is about 500 miles — roughly, the distance from Wilhelmshaven to Edinburgh. Kars, as the railhead of the Anatolian railway, would offer an air base about 400 miles from Baku. The distance to Baku is thus appreciably less than that repeatedly covered by British and German bombing squadrons since the outbreak of the war; and with its compact mass of oil wells, reservoirs, and refineries, Baku would make an interesting target. But such raids would be a more difficult undertaking than the unobserved voyages across the North Sea. The flights would have to be made over broken and mountainous ground; over enemy territory, and subject to counterattacks by Russian planes. We shall offer no guess as to whether or not full-dress raids on Baku are a practicable undertaking.

If Stalin moves against Northern Persia, Baku will become accessible to attack by sea, from air bases only 200 miles away on the Persian coast of the Caspian. This could hardly be taken up immediately. The air force of Iran hardly offers first-class bombing planes, and there is no railway from Mesopotamia or the Red Sea across the mountains to Northern Persia. Planes might be flown across from Mosul or from the railhead north of Basra; and the Adventures of Dunsterforce in 1918, the last and most amazing story of Stalky & Co., show that at a pinch a good deal of material could be got across Persia by motor transport. Much better routes would be available today. But to establish proper air bases in Northern Persia would not be the work of a moment, and the whole task would be complicated by the need of stiffening the military defense of the region.

From the Allied standpoint, the substantial military objective on this whole

front would be the cutting down of the oil supplies drawn from Baku. The more this could be accomplished by air and by the closing of the shipping routes, the less incentive there would be for an offensive by land into the Russian provinces of the Caucasus. At the outset, it would be a full-time task to provide for the defense of the frontier provinces of Turkey and Persia. The Russians have railway communication along the whole stretch of their frontier; and until this can be cut, or broken up from the air, it gives them an immense advantage. The single line of Turkish railway wandering across the Anatolian highlands limits sharply any great concentration of Allied troops along the Armenian frontier. An offensive from Batum eastward across the Caucasus, based on a line of communications by sea from Constantinople, would depend on the amount of shipping that could be gathered. One can risk no guesses.

All in all, there is little prospect that a large-scale offensive into the Caucasus is even contemplated, as an initial operation. At a later stage of the war this front may open up in lively fashion, but as things are now, the uncertain position of Italy must hold the Army of the East to a mission of watchful waiting. If Italy enters on the enemy side, the military centre of gravity will shift far away from the Caucasus.

Dramatizing the consequences of this contingency has been a major feature of Italian policy for many years past. One of the points most stressed is that, by closing the sea routes through the Mediterranean, Italy would cut the 'life line' which connects France and Britain with their empires in the East. But in the Great War, even with Italy as an ally, the French and British cut the life line in large part — on their own initiative. The Italian fleet made so ineffective a contribution toward checking enemy submarines in the Mediterranean that the French and British returned more and more to the route

around the Cape — the sea route which had been a quite adequate life line for a century or more previous to the opening of the Suez Canal. Today it would serve as well as in 1918.

Since the outbreak of the war, Italian commentators have repeatedly pointed out that if Italy enters in, the Allied armies in the East will shrivel up — by being cut off from their main base of supplies. To a large extent the case is exactly the reverse. Whatever is necessary can be shipped around the Cape as before. (It is said that military roads across the Sahara and the Sudan now make it possible to send French troops overland from Morocco and Algeria eastward to the Nile Valley.) But the Eastern Front itself will be far less dependent on Western Europe for supplies and matériel of every sort: in no respect is there a more striking contrast to the conditions of 1918.

Turkey, Syria, and Egypt are in no way barren lands, and the Near East has easy communications by sea with South Africa, India, Australia, and the Far East — all this over water routes not seriously threatened by enemy submarines. Turkey and Egypt export large quantities of foodstuffs (as well as cattle and sheep) even in normal times. The Turkish coal mines have been greatly developed since 1918, and the 660,000 tons exported in 1935 could no doubt be vastly increased. The large deposits of excellent coal in Bulgaria could also be brought into greater production, and all the Balkan countries could provide substantial quantities of meat and foodstuffs. The Germans would be competitors in part of this field, but the Allies, by and large, can offer better (and far more certain) payment.

Many of these resources, moreover, are more or less on the spot. They can be delivered over short sea routes, or directly by rail, if necessary, without transshipment. The linking up of all the Levant by rail — from Upper Egypt straight through to Constantinople —

makes a very different situation from that of 1914-1918, as does the great extension of motor transport in connection with the railway network. The near-by sources of supply will lighten greatly the burden on Allied shipping — a critically important factor; while the reliance on eastern sea routes reduces greatly the loss of tonnage from enemy mines and submarines.

Coal will be a vital necessity for railways and shipping, but oil will be far more important for other military purposes. This too is relatively on the spot. The pipe lines from Mosul bring oil directly across the desert to the coast of Palestine and Syria; and by this time arrangements for refining it are doubtless well under way. There are already refineries in Egypt. Unlimited supplies of gasoline can be got from India and the Dutch Indies — at the cost of a long but relatively safe sea route.

Except for textiles, the Near East offers little in the way of industrial resources; and the many new industries in Turkey are still in a rather embryonic stage. But as a modern industrial region India has come forward amazingly since 1918 — far more so than is generally realized in the western world. Even by 1914 the metallurgical industries of India had a good start: in the course of the war they supplied to the various eastern fronts over 1,300,000 shells, 1850 miles of railway track, over 5000 cars, and several hundred locomotives. These are mere trifles in comparison with the contribution India can offer today. Since 1918 her production of iron and steel has developed at an amazing rate, with a corresponding growth in the wide range of manufactures associated with iron and steel. The textile industries have also grown rapidly; and for fuel India has her own vast resources of coal and oil. All in all, the great increase in industrial plant and in skilled industrial labor gives India a very different status in the general pattern of British industrial

resources. Apart from her own raw materials, this new equipment makes her able to utilize those available in the general world east of Suez. Except for various highly specialized products, India can manufacture most of the things needed for the armies in the East — and in abundant quantity.

Thus, the raw materials and bulky goods which absorbed such an appalling amount of tonnage during the Great War can be found to a large degree near by. Whether or not Italy enters in, the Eastern Front can be independent of Western Europe to a surprising degree, and the task of supplying it will be far easier than before. Also the task can be shifted from the shoulders of French and British man power to a much greater degree. Just as a great variety of native troops can give useful service on this front, so the bulk of the labor involved in the vast task of shipment and distribution can be provided by native labor units — which have been recruited in large numbers from the very outset. India, finally, can take over much of the load from the shoulders of the already overburdened industrial man power of England and France.

If Mussolini goes on the warpath, Italy, not the Near East, will be the region cut off from its source of supplies. The much trumpeted slogan, 'the control of the Mediterranean,' has served only to obscure Italy's real economic relation to the outside world. Left to the Mediterranean, Italy would starve. Of the sum total of her import trade (in 1937) the imports coming in by sea from Mediterranean lands (excluding France and Algeria) were in the proportion of about one to eighteen. They were about one ninth the value of her import trade by sea from lands outside the Mediterranean. Of the raw materials so vital to her existence, a large proportion comes from lands beyond the Atlantic and the Red Sea — coal, oil, iron, foodstuffs, and most of her essential imports of raw materials.

If Italy enters the war, control of the Mediterranean would avail her but little. From all the coasts of the Atlantic, the Black Sea, and the Indian Ocean, not a single vessel with a cargo for Italy would leave port. Italian sea power would not provide a single meal, and the scraps tossed from Germany and Russia would make the slimmest of diets.

How much of the Mediterranean, moreover, would Italy control? The handicap she could inflict on the Allies is obvious enough, but what would happen in return? We have often been told how near Tunis is to Naples and Sicily, but Naples and Sicily are no farther away from Tunis; and French bombers can make the trip as quickly as Italian. At Bizerta, directly across from Sicily, the French have the strongest and most secure naval base in the Mediterranean. From Toulon, Corsica, and Bizerta, French submarines can patrol the whole middle stretch of Mare Nostrum. Not a merchant vessel will leave port along the whole western coast of Italy, while submarine patrols from Bizerta and Tunis will complicate seriously the shipping of supplies to troops in Libya. In short, the sting is fatal to the bee. By the very act of cutting the sea routes in the Mediterranean, Italy bottles herself up as tightly as possible, and exposes her cities to instant reprisals.

The Allied army of the Orient, in turn, closes to Italy the eastern Mediterranean. England turned to profit the sharp warning given by the Abyssinian crisis, and during the last five years has modernized her military household in all this quarter. General Weygand himself pointed out in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (early in 1937) the importance of this transformation. In Egypt, on the Sinai peninsula, on the Palestine coast, and in Cyprus, air and naval bases now safeguard this critical corner of the Mediterranean. Aerodromes have been

established throughout Palestine, Iraq, and Transjordan; regular motor services now connect Palestine with Mesopotamia; and a railway from the coast inland to Mosul is nearing completion.

General Weygand's article also pointed out the military possibilities of Italy's increased foothold in Africa, noting the stronger garrisons in Libya, and the distances from the new Abyssinian aerodromes to important points along the Nile Valley and the Red Sea. Today, from Syria, he can watch the shoe being put on the other foot. With the new divisions from Australia joining the British troops already on the spot, Egypt will hardly be blown away by General Balbo at the first puff. With these on one flank and the French Tunisian divisions on the other, is Libya a threatening, or a seriously threatened, outpost of Italian military power? The desert tribesmen, more hostile now than ever before, can return to the fray with a streamlined escort of airplanes, mobile radio stations, and swift motor transport.

The 'blameless Ethiopians' will welcome a similar opportunity. A generous distribution of Maria Theresa dollars, a careful filtering in of rifles and ammunition across the nebulous Abyssinian frontier, will quite suffice; with even a bare chance of success, a movement for 'Abyssinia Irredenta' will arise of itself like a gathering storm. The British troops now in Egypt and the new South African regiments could open the way across the western frontier; and a single battery along the Suez Canal would suffice to mark the complete isolation of Ethiopia from Europe.

Mussolini has the gift of getting the worst of every bargain. Whatever the war aims which might lead him to stake his fortune upon Hitler, the final outcome would be a plaintive lament for the lost Empire in Africa.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Essayists are invited to compete for membership in the Contributors' Club, and a prize of \$250 is offered each month for the most distinguished essay of a thousand words. There is no award for May.

THE GRAPES

THESE were the earliest grapes of the year, except the very earliest ones from Imperial Valley.

On the vines the grapes might not be ripe enough in the morning, but by three in the afternoon they would be all right for shipping; so the Mexicans and Filipinos and Oklahomans would cut the bunches from the vines and put them in boxes, and seven days later the grapes would be in New York and would wholesale for two-and-a-quarter or so. They would ripen in six hours of that kind of heat and their color would change from a soft transparent green to a light brown. The government inspector would take a half-dozen bunches and mash them and test them for sugar. They would be sweet enough, or so close to it that he wouldn't make any trouble.

A new inspector would always make trouble, or start to, but an old one would let the grapes go into the refrigerator car, just so they were close to the mark. That's two-and-a-quarter a crate. About twenty-eight pounds of grapes, although some shippers would pack the crates heavy and run it up to thirty-two pounds.

The railroad didn't like that because the maximum weight per lug was supposed to be twenty-eight, but a lot of the shippers loaded the lugs heavier and put them in the cars and rolled them anyway. The railroads would send out a young man to weigh the crates and usually they would be around thirty or so, but he wouldn't make a fuss either if he'd been on the job a season or two.

It was just no use trying to enforce a rule with grape shippers. They always got their way, within reason, and when you got down to it, they had a right to. They gave the railroads their best business and it was a tough racket. Usually the shipper lost money, one season or the next, so it was wise to be casual about the crates' being heavier than they were supposed to be.

Everybody who was supposed to enforce some kind of rule discovered sooner or later that it was wisest to take it easy and not try to be a strict enforcer of law, or obnoxious. An old-time railroad man, a vice president or a general manager, would tell a young man just out of college and going to work for the first year, 'I know you know the rules, Jim, but let me tell you about Melikian out there at Magunden — well, he knows the rules too, but you can't keep them, that's all. Sometimes it's just impossible to keep the rules, except you go to work and lose yourself ten thousand dollars, and we figure it's better to break the rule than make a good shipper lose all that money — so take it easy.'

I loafed around the packing shed at Magunden where Melikian was loading. Magunden's just outside of Bakersfield and isn't anything but a couple of loading sheds, and a store which is also a lunchroom. Of course there is a marble game in the store, and a phonograph that plays one of twenty records for a nickel. There were three dozen girls and women packing grapes for Melikian, three truckers hauling grapes from the field, a dozen men and boys working with hand trucks, and a half-dozen lidders and loaders. The lidders worked the machine that nailed the lid on the crate; the loaders nailed the crates in the boxcar, over a thousand crates in each car.

The grapes were Thompson seedless, Red Malagas, and Ribiers. Ribiers are those large black grapes that are so good to look at. A well-packed crate of them is something you feel ought to sell for five or six dollars in New York. It is a grape of great beauty, excellent color, and fine flavor, and it is one of the first to ripen. The Thompson is that grape you see at fruit and vegetable markets all the time, either greenish or light brown, and at its best very sweet. In fact you can't eat a lot of this grape because of its sweetness, which gets monotonous to the palate. The Red Malaga is not deep red or anything like that, just something close to red, actually closer

to a shade of purple. Ribiers are black with a bloom of dust that makes you admire nature, if you are that way at all.

The early grapes ripen in a region of terrific heat which can be delightful if you make no mistakes in eating. Or drinking. Hard liquor is stupid, steaks are ridiculous, and even beer is no good. Soda pop is all right, but best of all is water if you can get good water. The tap water is flat, though, so you have to drink soda pop until you get to a place where there is spring water, out of a jar. Best of all is plain bread and grapes which have been cooled, and once a day a little cold meat. Otherwise in two days you'll feel dopey and the excellent weather will seem fierce.

Just in case you intend to visit Magunden in July or August some day and see how the grapes get to market. You probably won't be bothering because in all probability you weren't brought up in the valley and you don't care how they get to market. What is most interesting about the grapes' getting to market, however, is something I haven't even got close to so far.

The innocence. That is, the pardonable sort of unimaginativeness of the people involved, the Mexicans in the field, the truckers on the roads, the shippers in the sheds, the packers, the loaders, even the railroad men, the inspectors, and all the others, even the farmers. All these people go to work and get the grapes to New York and other far-away cities without any appreciation of the elemental significance of the ritual. This is so, of course, because each is troubled by the matter of money. The farmer is worried about what he's going to get, the shipper is always gambling on the market, and the workers, of course, are working in that heat because they need money to live on. Before the season is half started, though, even the workers have forgotten about living, and are giving everything they've got to the ritual of getting the grapes packed, loaded into the cars, and on to the chain of cars that travels across the continent to market. *That* becomes their living, but even then they don't quite know why it is so important for them to forget that it is for money and observe that in reality it is a ritual of summertime, which it truly is.

The packing-house worker isn't likely to be anybody with imagination enough to realize that, but he's never *completely* un-

aware of what's going on. You have only to watch them around eleven o'clock at night, after twelve or thirteen hours of work, to realize that some of the significance of what's going on has touched them and given them fresh energy to get the last car loaded. They are all simple people, but after many hours of it the time of year, the temperature of the air, the clearness of it, and all the other things make them begin to feel that what is happening is not completely an event of business. They work furiously, and nobody stands over them and tells them what to do or how to do it; they just do it. Melikian told me it could be the slowest-thinking, slowest-moving man in the world, and after three days of it he would be part of the whole ritual, swift-acting, accurate, and pretty much delighted, if nearly exhausted.

Only two or three of the three dozen girls and women will seem attractive at first; all the others will seem worn-out, dried-out, ugly, and everything else unpleasing, but after you get to know them just a little you know how truly beautiful each of them actually is, even the ones who are, at first glance, ugly. The ones that seemed attractive at first will seem almost incredibly intelligent and beautiful after two or three days, which of course is an illusion — this summertime sharpness coming out of all things and bringing them to the top of their form, ripening the grape on the vine in six hours, and intensifying any good thing in anybody to the point almost of perfection.

That's in case you or I wonder what keeps people going who have to stand on their feet twelve or thirteen hours a day in terrific heat. It may be true that they are the helpless people, the senseless ones, the ones who are feeble, and then again all that may be away off from the truth. What's so feeble about them? You could mention any one of two dozen great names in the world of letters, painting, music, sculpture, or something else, and they wouldn't have the slightest idea what you were talking about, but that wouldn't necessarily mean that they were senseless, would it? If they could talk at all I dare say they could mention a few things about living that would be Greek to you or me and would make *us* seem to be awfully stupid people. They're not good conversationalists, though, and probably everything of any worth that they know they know dumbly, as animals do.

All I'm thinking about is the vines in the heat, the bunches of grapes ripening on them, the color and flavor of them, and how they get to the millions of people in the big cities in the East, before summertime ends — giving each who wishes to know the taste of the grape a chance to hold a bunch by the stem and pluck the berries off and eat them before it is winter again, before the season is over and there are no grapes anywhere and the vines are all bare. The toughest thing in the world is to be dumb this way and to feel the summertime, world-wide depth of ripeness, and try to separate the obvious of it from the part of it that's truly the truth, and wonderful.

That is the tough part of it, for anybody: the young government inspector who is supposed to see that, when the clerk buys a bunch in New York, he won't taste sour grapes; the railroad inspector who is supposed to keep the shipper from gypping the railroad out of tariff by loading the boxes too heavily and making the railroad haul a ton extra, free; the girls and women packing the grapes for three cents a crate in order to have a hundred dollars or so at the end of the season; the Mexicans in the field; the truckers; and everybody. To get to the image of the bunch of Ribiers four thousand miles from where they were grown, and to imagine or suspect what they mean to the eye of the Italian bootblack who has brought them home, or anybody.

All this in the midst of all the other things, each of them of some importance, and yet each of them wholly or at least almost wholly unimportant, everybody too busy to bother, or too tired, or too poor, or too rich, or too old, or too young, or something else. If it isn't grapes, it's one of the other things, all of them needing to be known about, so they'll know maybe what counts and what doesn't.

But it's too tough a job and if anybody *couldn't* do it, after breaking his neck trying to, that would be me, as you have surely gathered by this time. What I wanted to get was the grapes, the way they are, the way it is, and what I got is something I can't figure out. That was so, most likely, because of the people involved, and what they've been wanting to get, the ones in the heat of the valley, and the ones in the big cities in the East.

It's a good world, though, and you know it

when you stand in the sharp heat of summertime there and look at the big black Ribiers hanging from the vines, just as if this were no more the year 1940 than I am a writer of essays, stories, poems, novels, or plays. You know it's a good world because you can't lie your way out of the wonder of the vine by getting it down in a little story about the people involved — which is what I figured on doing an hour or so ago when I sat down to clarify the whole situation, and couldn't do, thank God.

WILLIAM SAROYAN

BOY SLEEPING

DON'T wake him. Let him sleep a little longer.

Give him another hour. Breakfast will keep. He will be hungry but for now his hunger And food are less to him than bed and sleep.

Waking can be almost as slow as birth is — A boy his age — and Sunday morning. Let Him be slow and sleep, as slow as April earth is,

And after all he's only April yet.

ROBERT FRANCIS

DROPPING SNOW

WHAT is it to me if the long snow continually Falls in white passing presence before my eyes?

But if I watch it, sympathetically My own soul sinks in those white files, and lies

Upon the mounds eventlessly.

So if I live dispassionate, what should I feel Of the bright days, the crystals of the year? But if my heart upon them sets its seal, How do they crowd upon me, deathly near, Until in death I kneel!

Yet, though one might escape, who would escape

Life, which in its own warmth can fold death, And keep it warm; though our mouths at last must shape

The silent word of death, and breather and breath

Be frost upon the last landscape?

RALPH GORDON

THE STATE OF THE LANGUAGE

'For the ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat'

SPARE THE INFINITIVE, SPLIT THE VERB

WHAT prepotent wag or deluded pedant has been sowing broadcast the imaginary rule that it is a misdemeanor to put an adverb between the auxiliary and the verb, or between a verb and an ensuing predicate adjective? Whatever the source of this strange aberration, it is rapidly attaining a formidable success, to the disruption of one of the natural and easy rhythms of the language; and no one can now read far in current magazines and newspapers without constantly encountering the resultant distortion of idiomatic word-order. 'The Nazi leader *now is considering*,' 'It *later was reported*,' 'She *virtually was empty* of cargo,' 'An embargo *temporarily has been placed*' — these are actual examples from recent news dispatches. The construction is, in fact, common enough to infect those who learn by ear with the belief that this pied order of words is preferable if not obligatory.

The earliest of my correspondents to comment on this mismanagement of the adverb was Mr. George T. Buckley, Registrar of the Mississippi State College for Women. He illustrates the unlovely result of the misconception from several authors in a single issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, where unnatural English is rare enough to stand out: 'I *hardly could have told* you who the candidates were,' 'Mexico *finally has agreed* to reimburse the American owners,' 'The manufacturers *often are subsidized*,' and so on. Mr. Buckley conjectures: 'There is probably (not *there probably is*) someone on the editorial staff who is carefully going over (not *who carefully is going over*) all accepted manuscripts and transposing adverbs that appear between the parts of a compound verb or between a verb and a predicate adjective.'

He is echoed to a nicety by my latest correspondent on the same topic, Mr. Robert S. Rhodes of Brooklyn, who says: 'Just now there is an epidemic of reluctance to place an adverb between a principal verb and its auxiliaries. This leads to sequences that offend the ear and sometimes distort the sense.' He encloses a thick packet of examples, including some from the *New York Times* and several credited to the major news services — 'a feat that *readily could have been accomplished*,' 'the pumps *steadily were throwing* out water,' 'he *specifically has requested*,' 'credit expansion *easily could get* out of hand,' 'whether she *again will disappear* into obscurity,' 'the order *immediately was served* on District Attorney Dewey's office,' and enough more to reëmphasize Mr. Buckley's declaration that 'this avoidance of the split-verb construction does not represent merely the eccentricity of one writer.'

Surely no one with an ear for English prose will resist my correspondents' contention that the one natural place for the adverb is within the compound verb and not before it. The malpractice they describe is probably the result of some fancied analogy with the infinitive; but, pending the abolition of adverbs, it is just as mandatory to split compound verbs with them as the fussiest purist ever deemed it to prevent them from splitting infinitives. There is, in short, no analogy.

THE DRAGNET

ALTHOUGH? *Variety* — to which, by the way, all periodical publications other than daily ones are *mags* — reports the suspension of the *Colophon* in a dozen and a half lines, three of which say: 'Although publishing the works of well-known writers, the *Colophon* has been distinguished for its rare production.' Mr. S. Ward Seeley of

Croton Falls, New York, who sends me the item, proposes it for entry in 'the all-American non-sequitur sweepstakes.' Incidentally, *rare production* does not mean that the *Colophon* appeared but four times a year. The phrase is just *Variety's* Broadway formula for what some of us might term a sumptuous format.

CONTRARY TO WHAT? Summerfield's Boston Store, a neighbor of the *Atlantic* in the city that many still think of as the Athens of America, advertises: 'Contrary to the ordinary studio couch you sleep at full bed height from the floor,' which asserts that a person (or, by a very liberal construction, a manner of sleeping) is contrary to a piece of furniture. The more common American way of comparing such incomparables is 'Unlike the ordinary studio couch, you . . .' But the Bostonian is not content with an error until he has added his little touch of bookish elegance to it.

ARE COURSES INSTRUCTED? In ordinary lay parlance the surgeon *operates on* a patient, but in recent years the surgeon himself has commonly spoken of operating the patient, and, sometimes, the ailment. ('He was *operated* within ten minutes of reaching the hospital'; 'this type of hernia must be *operated*.') By the same token, most of us think of a course of instruction as being given to instruct the students taking it. Not so a Southern California consultant who organizes courses for investment salesmen. He advertises: 'In this Los Angeles area as a proving ground, I have *instructed this course* to about 70 men in the past 6 months.' He has, to be sure, the logical justification that either a subject or a pupil is *taught*. But what is mere logical analogy in the face of idiom? My (anonymous) informant comments: 'Fortunately, he does not attempt to instruct any courses in English.' Alas, every course conducted in the English language is a course in English, willy-nilly.

TRIBUTE TO HOBOKEN? A letter from a gifted bilingual friend — one of those foreign-born citizens whose purity of diction is a standing reproach to most of us — contains an engaging example of the mischances that can overtake anyone who lets himself nod for a split second: —

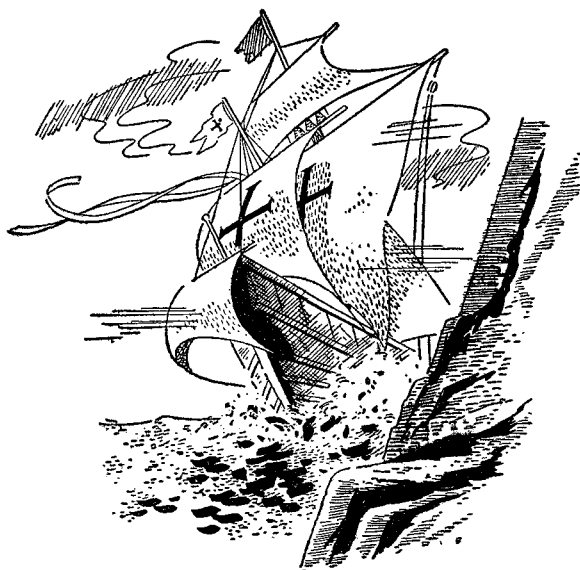
It has got so that when my copy of the *Atlantic* comes I turn first to 'The State of the Language.' To one who is not to the manner born when it comes to English and who, when he arrived in New York from Warsaw as a young fellow, did not know enough of it to ask his way to Hoboken, *that section* is of absorbing interest and of inestimable value in the study of our language.

This I share by way of illustrating, not the occasional orchid that reaches this department among the shards and brickbats, but simply the imp of the perverse that lurks behind our language and plants banana peels in the path of us all. The business is done by the juxtaposition of the careful phrase *that section* with *Hoboken*. These accidents are covered by someone's witty and deeply true observation in the *New Yorker*: 'English usage is sometimes more than mere taste, judgment, and education — sometimes it's sheer luck, like getting across a street.'

OFFICED. A Spokane attorney, deceased, made a bequest of \$2.50 to each of six lawyer friends 'to permit them to hold a round-table dinner in commemoration of our association and friendship.' The six, according to the Associated Press, had *officed* in the same building with him. (We are not told whether he also remembered those with whom he had hotelled, restauranted, and swimming-pooled.) Is, then, the time upon us when, instead of going to see a man in his office, we must contact him where he offices?

WILSON FOLLETT

TO THE
Indies



BY
C. S. FORESTER

CHAPTERS 1-5



TO THE
Indies
A NOVEL OF
ADVENTURE

By C. S. FORESTER

Author of "Captain Horatio Hornblower"

CECIL SCOTT FORESTER is an Englishman who, like Keats, Somerset Maugham, and A. J. Cronin, began by being a doctor. He studied medicine at Guy's Hospital, London, until at last *cacoëthes scribendi* became so exasperating that he fled to Fleet Street. Poetry was his first love. Then, at twenty-five (he was born in 1899), he produced a little masterpiece of horror entitled *Payment Deferred*, which never found a publisher in America, but which, when acted in England by an unknown named Charles Laughton, became a very dramatic hit indeed.

Small boats have always held a peculiar fascination for Mr. Forester. With his wife as passenger, he has navigated a fifteen-foot motorboat down that romantic and most difficult river, the Loire, and he has similarly explored the Rhine and the Danube. His knowledge of the Spanish coast was gained both as a newspaper correspondent and as the occupant of an odd assortment of vessels. Although he was too young for the first World War, Mr. Forester knows with singular hindsight the workings of the military mind. His love of ships and water and his lively speculation about the pugnacity of man have attracted him to the writing he loves best, direct narratives like *The Gun*, *The African Queen*, *The General*, and — better yet — his splendid trilogy of the British Navy after Nelson, *Captain Horatio Hornblower*.

Mr. Forester is now in his forty-first year. Recognition came to him, as it comes to many writers, in his late thirties. But today the world is inclined to agree with James Norman Hall when he says, —

'I have the deepest admiration and respect for Mr. Forester's craftsmanship as a writer, for his knowledge of sailing ships and the sea, and for his knowledge of the quality of the men who sailed the ships.'

TO THE INDIES

BY C. S. FORESTER

I

THE learned Narciso Rich was washing his shirt. He had dropped a wooden bucket over the side on the end of a rope, and, having filled it, — with difficulty because of its tendency to float and the lack of motion of the ship, — he had swung it up to the foredeck. Although it was late afternoon, it was still stifling hot, and Rich endeavored to stay as much as possible in the shadow cast by the mast and sail, but that was not easy, because the ship was swinging about slowly and aimlessly in the flat calm. The sun stung his bare skin, brown though the latter already was. Yet Rich could not postpone what he was doing until nightfall, because the work in hand necessitated a good light — he was freeing his shirt of the insect pests which swarmed in it.

There were grim thoughts running through his mind as he bent over his revolting task. Firstly, he knew by experience that his shirt was far easier to clean than the leather breeches which he wore, and on which he would have to start work next. Secondly, he would not stay clean very long; not in this ship, where every man was alive with lice, and where the very planking swarmed with loathsome creatures which hastened out at nightfall to suck human blood. At this very moment, when he stopped to think about it, he thought he could distinguish their hideous stench among the other stinks which reached his nostrils.

It was a strange piece of work for him to be doing. Not since his student days

had he had to abase himself in this fashion, and for the last five years he had had servants to wait on him in his own house, after he had attained eminence in his profession. Without immodesty he could look on himself as in the first rank of juriconsults in the triple kingdom of Aragon, and as certainly the second, and possibly the first, authority on the universal maritime code of Catalonia. Merchant princes from Pisa and Florence and Marseille — the very Doge of Venice, for that matter — had sent deputations, almost embassies, to request his judgment upon points in dispute, had listened attentively to his explanations of the law, and had paid in gold for them. Now he was washing his own shirt under an equinoctial sun.

And — he admitted it to himself with all a lawyer's realism — it was his own fault. He need not have joined this expedition. The King had summoned him to consultation; a pretty tangle they had got their affairs into, His Highness and the Admiral, as a result of not consulting expert legal opinion when drawing up their first agreement, which was exactly what always happened when two laymen tried to save lawyers' fees. Rich remembered His Highness's inquiring glance; the subject under discussion was which able-bodied young lawyer it would be best to send out to the Indies to watch over the royal interests and to try to straighten out the legal muddles there. A hot wave of recklessness had swept Rich away.

'I could go myself, Highness,' he had said, with an appearance of jesting.

At that moment he had felt weary of the dull round of a lawyer's life, of the dignified robes, of the solemn pretense to infallibility, of the eternal weariness of explaining to muddled minds the petty points — often the same points over and over again — which to him were clarity itself. He had suddenly realized that he was forty, and aging, and that the twenty years which had elapsed since his journey back to Barcelona from Padua had brought him nothing except the worldly success which seemed to him, momentarily, of small account. With pitiless self-analysis Rich, sousing his shirt in the bucket, reminded himself that at that time the prospect of wearing a sword at his side had made a definite appeal to him, as though he had been a harebrained boy to be attracted by toys.

His Highness's lantern jaw had dropped a little in surprise.

'There is nothing we should like better,' he had said.

There had still been a chance of escape. Instant retraction would have left him at peace in his quiet house in Barcelona, and yet he had thrown away the opportunity.

'There is no reason why I should not go, Highness,' he had said, like a fool, and after that there was no chance of withdrawal save at the risk of royal displeasure, and the displeasure of King Ferdinand was more perilous even than a voyage to the Indies.

His shirt was finished now, and he put it on, reveling in the coolness of the wet material against his skin, while he stripped off his breeches — it was repulsive and unpleasing to be naked. It was strange that among all the dangers and discomforts he had expected — the fevers, the poisoned arrows, the fire-breathing dragons, the tempests and rocks — he had never anticipated the vermin which now held so important a place in his thoughts. Saint Francis of Assisi, of blessed memory, had spoken of

lice as the pearls of poverty. Rich, bending over his disgusting task, shuddered at the unorthodoxy of disapproving of anything Saint Francis had said, until he reassured himself with the thought that divine Providence had not blessed him with the Saint's humility. There was a whiff of heresy about that, too, now he came to think about it. But he pulled himself together sturdily; his immortal soul could not really be endangered by his cleansing the seams of his breeches. *De minimis non curat lex*. He could argue a good case with Saint Peter on that point.

This southerly course which they were following now — or would be following, if there were only a wind — would take them into a region of burning sun and brilliant moon; it had done so, for that matter, already. That would greatly increase their chances of obtaining precious metals. The golden glory of the sun and the silver brightness of the moon must obviously engender and stimulate the growth of gold and silver. The soil should be thick with them in this climate, when they reached land. The Portuguese had discovered more and more gold the farther south they pushed their exploration of Africa, which was a clear confirmation of the theory. Shiploads of gold and silver would make Spain rich and powerful. There would be content and plenty in the land. There would be bread on the table of every peasant, and the court of Their Highnesses would be the most brilliant in Christendom.

So Rich had thoroughly approved of this southerly course, which would carry them to the gold-bearing barbaric countries and keep them clear of Cuba and Japan and the other Chinese territories. He was only a tiny bit doubtful now, and that merely on account of practical details. To the north of them lay a region where the wind blew eternally from the eastward; he had sailed through it, he had observed the phenomenon with his own senses. Always from the eastern

quarter, sometimes from the north of east, very occasionally from the south of east, that wind blew. If there was a region where there was always a wind blowing, was it not likely that there was another where the wind never blew? They had had days and days of calm. If they were to push farther south still they might reach an area where the calm would be eternal, where they would drift helpless until they died.

And at that very moment a little wind began to blow. He felt it first on his bare legs, damp with the water that had dripped from his shirt — a tiny coolness, the merest ghost of a breath. At first the coolness was all he noticed, never thinking of the cause. Then the big sail above him flapped a trifle, and then louder. Alonso Sanchez de Carvajal, the sailing master, was on his feet now on the poop, looking round at the sea and the sky, and up at the long red-cross pennant which was stirring itself at the masthead. He bellowed orders, and at the sound of his voice the sailors bestirred themselves, rousing themselves up from where they lounged on the decks, moving to halliards and braces with more cheerfulness than they had been accustomed to show during the last few days. The yards were braced round and the sails bellied a little to the wind. Already the motion of the *Holy Name* had changed, from the indolent indifferent lurching to a more purposeful swoop. Rich heard a sound he had forgotten — the musical bubbling of water under the bows. In itself that was enough to rouse him from his depression. He could feel his spirits rise as he hopped on one leg trying to pull on his breeches and not impede the sailors in their duties.

There was the Admiral on the poop now, in his blue satin doublet with the gold chain glittering round his neck, his white hair hanging to his shoulders. He, too, was looking round the horizon. Now he was speaking to Carvajal, and Carvajal was bellowing more orders to the crew. The yards were being braced farther round. They were altering

course; Rich looked forward as the ship steadied herself. Right ahead the sun hovered close above the horizon in a glory of red and gold. The *Holy Name* was heading due west — the Admiral must have changed his mind at last about holding to the southwestward. To the westward probably lay the nearest land; Rich felt a little thrill of anticipation.

Alonso Perez came shambling past — the Admiral's servant, major-domo, and general factotum, stoop-shouldered and with arms disproportionately long. He stepped to the rail and cleared his throat noisily, standing waiting.

'Go!' came the Admiral's high clear voice from the poop, and Perez spat into the indigo sea.

The Admiral was by the rail on the poop, the fingers of his right hand clasping his left wrist. He was counting the number of times his pulse beat while the white fleck of mucus drifted back to him, which would enable him to estimate the speed of the ship through the water. Rich had helped in the initial tedious calculations by which the table of speeds had been constructed — for example: if the ship travels XCI feet while the pulse beats XLIII times, and the number of times the pulse beats in a minute is LXX, how many leagues does the ship travel in an hour? But there was no need to make those calculations now, because the table was constructed once for all, and a mere knowledge of the number of pulse beats enabled anyone to read off the speed of the ship; and Carvajal's pulse, and the pulse of Diego Osorio the boatswain, had been compared with the Admiral's so that any one of the three could take an observation.

Rich was beginning again, as he had often done before, to try to work out a similar method of ascertaining longitude, but he was interrupted by his noticing that the ship's company were assembling aft. He hastened after them, and took his place among the group of gentlemen and priests at the starboard side. The

Admiral stood by the tiller, Carvajal at his side, the seamen in line athwartships, and the landsmen to port. Only the lookout and the helmsman took no part in the prayers. Heads were bowed. Horny hands made the sign of the cross. They prayed to the Queen of Heaven, the unlettered among them stumbling through the Latin words following the others. Rich glanced up under his eyelids at the Admiral, who was standing with clasped hands gazing up at the darkening sky. There was a happy exaltation in his face, a fixed and fanatical enthusiasm — everyone was aware of the Admiral's special devotion to the Blessed Virgin. His blue eyes were still bright in the growing darkness, his white beard ghostlike.

II

The blessed new coolness of the night gave sweet sleep to Narciso Rich. He told himself, as he stepped into the fresh air in the waist, just before dawn, that they must be nearing the Fountain of Youth, for he felt none of the weight of his forty years on his shoulders, and his bones had ceased to protest about that chaff mattress.

He dipped his bucket and rinsed his face and hands, ran his comb through his hair and beard, and looked about him. The sky was lavender-hued now with the approaching dawn, in such lovely contrast with the blue of the sea as to rouse an ache in his breast, and that blessed breeze was still blowing from the east, driving the *Holy Name* steadily westward over the rhythmic rise and fall of the sea. He walked over and glanced at the slate hanging beside the helmsman. There was bunch after bunch of little strokes recorded there — they must have made at least twenty leagues during the night. Quite soon they must reach land, and they were a hundred leagues or more farther south than Española, near one of the southern islands which Polo had heard about — Sumatra, perhaps, with its sandalwood and spices.

The ship was fully awake now. Here came the friars in their robes, and after them Rich's recent cabin mates, the *hidalgos*, lounging out on deck, their swords at their hips; the two Acevedo brothers, Cristobal García and his followers, Bernardo de Tarpia, still a little unsure of himself from seasickness, and the others. Their lisping Castilian contrasted oddly with the rougher, aspirated Andalusian of the crews and with the sweet Catalan which was music to Rich's ears. João de Setubal spoke the barbarous Portuguese, which put him on better terms with the Admiral, who spoke Portuguese well, but who, when he spoke Castilian, was liable to lapse with startling unintelligibility into his native Italian. When that happened it was not unusual for him to go on talking for several minutes without realizing what had happened, and to be recalled to Spanish only by the look of blank incomprehension on the face of the person addressed.

Here he came on deck now, wearing scarlet velvet, — the fact that he could wear velvet in that heat was clear enough proof of the way in which personal discomfort meant nothing to him, — his gold chain and his jeweled sword and dagger. His four pages followed him — it was as if they were carrying a five-yard ermine train — and Perez with his white staff of office, and Antonio Spallanzani, his Italian squire. The *hidalgos*, Rich among them, fell into line and bowed deeply as he approached, with all the deference due to the Regent of the Indies. He bowed stiffly in return — it was rheumatism which made him so unbending — and then turned, with head bowed and uncovered, to murmur a prayer to the Virgin by the taffrail. Carvajal awaited his attention at his elbow, and the Admiral, when he had finished his devotions, turned to him with a slow dignity. Carvajal made his report on the night's run, the Admiral's keen blue eyes running over the slate to confirm it. They had run twenty-one leagues. Two

great shooting stars had been seen during the middle watch. At dawn the lookout had seen a flight of pelicans. . . .

'Then land is near,' said the Admiral. 'Pelicans never fly far to sea.'

'Yes, Excellency,' said Carvajal, bowing again. 'But the western horizon was clear at daybreak.'

'No matter. We shall see land today. We are close upon it.'

The Admiral directed his glance forward, to where the lookout stood gazing ahead. There was a little petulance in the Admiral's manner, a little impatience, as though he suspected the lookout of not doing his duty. Rich felt a little puzzled, because the Admiral could have no certain knowledge that land was within five hundred miles of them in that direction; the Indies already discovered were far to the northward, and no one could tell exactly where were Java and Sumatra, and the islands of the roc and the island of pearls where Sindbad had landed.

'It may even be in sight now,' said the Admiral. 'Here, Perez, go aloft and see for me.'

Perez handed his white staff in silence to one of the pages, and shambled forward. He leaped with ungraceful agility up into the shrouds of the mainmast, and climbed like a cat or an ape up the unstable rope ladder. Every eye watched him as he reached the masthead and steadied himself with one arm linked round a rope and shaded his eyes with his other hand. For a long time he stared to the westward over the indigo sea, looked away to relieve his aching eyes, and then stared again. Suddenly he waved his hand.

'Land!' he shouted. 'Land!'

The ship broke into a bustle of excitement. Everyone began to scramble for a better point of view. Two or three sailors sprang for the shrouds, and were instantly checked by a high-pitched cry from the Admiral. No one except the faithful Perez should set eyes on this new domain of his before its legitimate ruler

did. He walked to the shrouds with the dignity that concealed his rheumatic gait, and slowly began the climb. His bulky clothes and his sword impeded him, but he never hesitated until the masthead was reached. They saw Perez make place for him and point forward, and then, clearly dismissed, slide down the halliard to the deck. The Admiral stayed at the masthead, the sun gleaming on his jewelry and his scarlet and gold. It was long before he began the descent again, longer still before he reached the deck.

'Gentlemen,' he said gravely to the group of hidalgos, — gravely, but with a sparkle of happiness in his eyes, — 'yet one more miracle has been vouchsafed to us by the mercy of God.'

He crossed himself, and they waited for him to say more, patiently.

'This voyage, as you know, gentlemen, the third expedition to the Indies which I have commanded, was undertaken in the name of the Most Holy Trinity. The third voyage, gentlemen, and in the name of the Trinity. And now the first land we sight is a triple peak, three mountain tops conjoined at their base, the emblem of the Trinity, Three in One and One in Three. I have named the land in sight Trinidad, in perpetual memory of this stupendous event. Let us give thanks to God the Father, and to the Blessed Saviour, and to the Holy Spirit.'

The harsh voice of the Dominican friar began at once to recite the prayer; heads were bared and bowed as they followed the words. And when the prayer was finished the Admiral turned to the ship's boys behind him.

'Sing, boys,' he commanded. 'Sing the *Salve Regina*.'

They sang like angels, their clear high treble soaring up to the cloudless blue sky, the deep bass of the crew blending in harmony with it. It was only after the hymn was finished that the Admiral, with a gesture, dismissed the excited ship's company so that they could climb the rigging and view the land in sight,

but at the same time his eyes met Rich's and detained him.

'You see, Don Narciso,' said the Admiral, gravely, 'how clearly the hand of God is visible in this enterprise.'

'Yes, Your Excellency,' said Rich. He felt the same. The sighting of the triple mountain top as the first incident of a voyage undertaken in the name of the Trinity might — so Rich's legal mind insisted — have been only a coincidence. But that land should be sighted on the very day the Admiral had predicted it, at a moment when Rich was acutely aware of how insignificant were the data on which to base any calculations — that was also proof of God's providence. The two facts together made the deduction indisputable.

'We are no more than ten degrees north of the equinoctial line,' went on the Admiral. 'It will be the gold-bearing land whose existence was postulated by my friend Ferrer, the jeweler, as well as by the ancients. Pliny and Aristotle both have passages bearing on the subject. It seems likely enough to me that this will prove to be the land of Ophir of which the Bible tells us.'

There was dismissal in the gesture he made. His mind was wrapped now in lofty schemes, like a mountain among the clouds. Rich bowed and withdrew. He was glad enough, too, to do so, for he was excited and impatient for his first sight of the Indies. He hoisted himself up on the bulwark, but the approaching land was still below the horizon from there, and he set himself to make the unaccustomed climb up the main shrouds — the whole rigging of the ship was still thick with clusters of men, like fruit in a tree. At the masthead there were a dozen of the soldiers whom Bernardo de Tarpia commanded, and they grudgingly made room for him.

Rich clung to the yard, breathless and giddy. He was unaccustomed both to exercise and to heights, and up here the motion of the ship was greatly exaggerated. The horizon swooped round

him for a few wild seconds until he regained his breath and his self-control. He wiped off the sweat which was streaming into his eyes and looked forward. There was the land: bright green slopes illuminated by the morning sun. The Indies! The most westerly and the most easterly limit of man's knowledge of the world he lived in. . . . It was raining there to the northward — the sun behind him was lighting up a dazzling rainbow at that extremity of the island. From there southward, there stretched luxuriant green hills; when the *Holy Name* rose on a wave he could see a line of white foam as the waves broke against the beach at their feet.

But God had vouchsafed a sign — the Admiral had announced to them the sight of the triple peak from which he had already named this new island. Rich swept his gaze along the sky line to identify the mountain. It was odd that he did not see it at once. He had looked from north to south; now he looked from south to north, more carefully. There was still no triple peak to be seen, and yet it ought to be obvious. The Admiral had been very positive about it indeed. It occurred to Rich that the explanation probably lay in the long interval which had elapsed since the Admiral had first seen the land. During that time the three peaks must have moved round into line relative to the new position of the ship.

Nevertheless, it was disquieting, not merely because he might be at sea under an admiral who saw mountains that did not exist, but because — this was quite as disturbing — it tended to shake his faith in miracles. He had just disproved one for himself, and it was tempting to imagine that all miracles had a similar foundation in wishful thinking. That cut at the base of all religion, and led to doubt and heresy, and from that to polygamy and unsound theories on the distribution of property, to the fires of the Inquisition and the flames of hell. He shuddered at the thought of the

damnation of his soul, and clung to the yard in front of him, a little sick. The soldiers beside him were joking coarsely — their words came faintly to his ears as if from another room — about the naked women who were, they hoped, looking out at the ship from the island and awaiting their arrival. He tried to shake off his depression as he set himself to descend the shrouds.

As his feet touched the deck he found himself face to face with Rodrigo Acevedo, the elder of the two brothers.

'Well, Doctor?' said Rodrigo. He was a tall wiry man, of a bitter humor; his high arched nose and his flashing black eyes hinted at his Moorish blood, and he bore himself with an easy athleticism which made Rich conscious of his own ungainly plumpness, and this despite the fact that Rich had been at some pains to acquire that plumpness as increasing the dignity of a young doctor of law.

'Well?' said Rich, defensively.

'What do you think of the promised land?'

'It looks green and fertile enough,' answered Rich, still defensive.

'Did you see the great city of Cambaluc?'

'No. That must lie more to the north and west.'

'Yes. More to the north and west. How far? A hundred leagues? A thousand?'

Rich was silent.

'Five thousand, then?' sneered Acevedo.

'Not so far,' said Rich, hotly.

'And did you see the Great Khan putting off to welcome us in his gilded galleon?'

'No,' said Rich. 'We have come this far south so as to avoid the Great Khan's dominions.'

'We have avoided them in all conscience,' said Acevedo. 'Did you see any mountains of gold?'

'No,' replied Rich.

'None? You are quite sure? Did you see any mountain with a triple peak?'

'I went up the mast a long time after land was sighted,' said Rich, uneasily. 'The appearances had changed by then.'

'Yes,' sneered Acevedo again. 'Doubtless they had.'

'What do you think, then?' asked Rich, his dignity reasserting itself. He was tired of being teased.

'I? I think nothing.'

Acevedo's mouth was distorted in a lopsided smile. Rich remembered what he had heard about Acevedo's past — of the Inquisition's descent upon the family of his betrothed; his prospective father-in-law had been burned at the stake in Toledo, and his prospective bride had been paraded in a fool's coat to make a solemn act of contrition before disappearing for life into a dungeon where the bread and water of affliction awaited her. The Holy Office must have questioned Acevedo closely enough. He was wise not to think; he was wise to come here to the Indies where the Holy Office would not have its attention called to him again so easily.

'That is sensible of you,' said Rich.

Their eyes met, with a gleam of understanding, before Acevedo was called away by a group clustered forward.

The backgammon boards were out, and the dice were already rattling there. Half the ship's company had already recovered from the excitement of sighting land and had plunged again into the diversions which had become habitual during the long voyage. These people were indifferent to their fate, careless as to where they were going; and that was only to be expected, seeing that three quarters of them at least were on board either against their will or, like Acevedo, because Spain had grown too hot to hold them.

It was like the first voyage over again, when the ships had to be manned by criminals and ne'er-do-wells. For the second voyage there had been no lack of money or of volunteers. Seventeen tall ships had sailed, with full complements, and a score of stowaways had been found

on board after sailing, so great had been the eagerness to join as a result of the marvelous stories the Admiral had brought back of the wealth and the wonders of the newly discovered lands. But during the years that followed bad news had drifted back across the ocean. The original garrison left in Española were all dead by the time the second expedition arrived, and death had followed death in terrifying succession. Death by disease, death by poisonous serpents, death even from the pointed canes which were all the weapons the Indians possessed. Then death by famine, death by the gallows after mutiny.

The stories told by the broken men who were lucky enough to make their way back to Spain had discouraged the nation. The adventurous spirits now followed Gonsalvo de Cordoba to the conquest of Italy. King Ferdinand, struggling in the whirlpool of European affairs, had naturally been dubious about expending further strength on chimerical conquests. Twenty ships from the Basque ports had been necessary to convey the Princess Katharine and a suitable train to her wedding with the Prince of Wales. It was not surprising that compulsion was necessary to man the ships for this present third expedition.

Rich remembered the sullen evidence given by the wretched survivors whom he had examined. Every man had cherished a grievance, mainly against the Admiral. It was Rich's digest of the evidence which had influenced His Highness to dispatch a lawyer to the Indies to investigate. Rich told himself that, like the eagle in the fable, it was he himself who had winged the arrow of his fate.

III

'By order of the Admiral!' announced the harsh voice of Alonso Perez in the stifling 'tween-decks. 'All gentlemen on board the *Holy Name* will wear half-armor and swords today. By order of the Admiral!'

It was nearly dawn, and still comparatively dark. The harsh voice awakened Rich from a tumultuous sleep; the heat and the excitement had kept him awake most of the night. He sat up on his chaff mattress in his shirt and listened to the yawns and groans around him. Someone pulled the deadlight away from the scuttle and let in a little more light and a whiff of fresher air; the sky visible through the hole was a rich dark blue. Twenty tousled men were stretching and rubbing their eyes, their hair and beards in disorder. Some were experimentally running their tongues over their palates, savoring the foul taste in their mouths resulting from a night in the poisonous atmosphere of the 'tween-decks.

He got to his knees, — the deck above was too low to admit of standing, with the 'tween-decks floored with chests, — rolled up his mattress, and struggled to open the chest beneath it. Cristobal García lay next to him, against the bulkhead; he was big and burly and bearded to the eyes, and clearly in a bad temper. An unexpected movement of the ship caught Rich off his balance and rolled him against him. García growled like a wounded bear.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said Rich, hastily.

He tugged the heavy bundle of his armor out of the chest and allowed the lid to fall with a crash. García yelped at the noise in his ear.

'God, what a devilish din!' he said. He got on to his elbow and eyed Rich sardonically. 'So our little fat doctor of law becomes a soldier today?'

'The Admiral's orders,' said Rich.

'The Admiral can work miracles by his orders, apparently,' growled García.

Rich kept his mouth shut. It saved trouble, although he could have replied that he was entitled to wear the gentlemanly sword although he was merely a vintner's son; half the artisans of Catalonia could do so — much to the amusement of fine gentlemen — thanks to the peculiar laws of the kingdom. He

comforted himself with the thought that although not yet forty he had already accumulated more wealth than was owned by all the *segundones* — younger sons — in this crowded space put together. He had acquired it honestly, too, and with no advantage over them save a good education. In the whole fleet he was perhaps the only man who had not been driven by necessity to join, the only man save the Admiral who had already made a name for himself in his own walk of life.

Rich could see, as he peered under the peak of his helmet, the gleam of more armor on the decks of the two caravels lying hove-to a short distance away. The fleet was close up to the land, and had been lying-to through the dark hours. Rich gazed across the intervening water: easy green slopes, lush vegetation, dazzling white surf where the ocean swell burst upon the beaches. . . . The steady east wind blew, but it hardly tempered the sweltering heat; Rich in his armor and helmet felt as if he were being roasted alive.

Here came the Admiral, in his usual dignified procession, walking stiffly on account of his rheumatism. Orders were bellowed and stamping men hauled at ropes. Round came the ships, westward before the wind, heading close along shore. Now Rich could understand why the Admiral had so persistently, when the expedition was being got together, demanded only little ships — nothing more than a hundred tons. The two small caravels could sail far nearer the beach and have the land under far closer observation than could the *Holy Name*. A sailor in the bows of each vessel was heaving the lead and chanting the depths, but apart from the men engaged in the actual work of the ship everyone's attention was fixed upon the land.

The Admiral was giving an order now, and the bombardier fussed over his swivel cannon. He ladled powder into the muzzle, and stuffed it down with a mop. He clicked his flint and steel over

his tinder, blew at the spark, tried again, got his match alight, whirled it round to make it glow, and pressed it on the touchhole. There was a loud bang, and a puff of smoke. The birds screamed and a little cloud of them appeared above the trees on the island. The echo of the report ran flatly along the shore, and that was all. No welcoming human appeared; the armored men stood stupid and silent on the decks.

'A lovely land, Don Narciso,' said the Admiral's voice in Rich's ear — he started with surprise. 'Green and fertile, like Andalusia in springtime.'

'Yes, Your Excellency,' said Rich, unhappily.

The Admiral was breathing great lungfuls of air. There was a fresh color to his cheeks, and a fresh light in his eyes. He wore his armor and his cloak over it as if they were gossamer.

'There is something rejuvenating about the air here,' said the Admiral. 'Do you not notice how fresh and sweet it is?'

'The sun is hot,' protested Rich feebly.

'Naturally, seeing that at noon it is directly overhead at this time of year. But that calls forth the treasures of the soil, the fruits, the minerals. This will prove to be the richest quarter of the earth, Don Narciso.'

'We must hope so.'

'Hope? We know it to be so already. The ancients proved it, and the Scriptures tell us so. Last night, Don Narciso, instead of sleeping, I pondered over our new discoveries. I thought about this new balminess of the air, as compared with the windless and torrid regions of the ocean which we have crossed. I compared this blessed land with the stifling unhealthiness of those regions of Africa which the Portuguese have discovered and which lie as close to the equinoctial line as does this. There must be an explanation of the difference. Is it not likely to be that the earth is not a perfect sphere, as one

might deduce from what one knows of the northern half, but drawn out and prolonged towards this point, like, say, the thinner end of a pear? Or perhaps on a smaller scale — one can naturally not be certain yet of exact proportions — like the nipple on a woman's breast?'

'The possibility had not occurred to me, Your Excellency,' said Rich, bewildered.

'But now you must appreciate it. Here we must be farther from the earth's centre, closer to heaven, remote from evil. I think we must be close beside the Garden of Eden, the Earthly Paradise, where the Tree of Knowledge grows, and where man is near to God.'

Rich stared up, under his helmet's peak, at the tall gaunt Admiral and the ecstasy in his face. Yesterday they had reached Ophir, today it was the Garden of Eden. He could think of no passages in the ancients or in the Scriptures to justify either theory. He was at a loss for words with which to make any pretense at a reply. But he was preserved from the necessity, for the Admiral's keen eyes had detected an indentation in the shore line. He turned to give orders in his clear, penetrating tenor, and the seamen leaped to obey him. The steersman dragged the tiller over; the sails were clewed-up; the anchor was let go and the cable roared through the hawsehole. Even Rich, with his mere theoretical knowledge of the sea, was impressed by the neatness of the manoeuvre — as impressed as he was by the Admiral's sudden change from a dreamer of lunatic dreams to a sailor of profound practical ability. As the *Holy Name* swung to her anchor the Admiral turned to Rich.

'A stream comes down to the sea at that beach, Don Narciso. I shall send ashore for fresh water. Would you care to go with the landing party and take possession of the island in the name of Their Highnesses?'

'Indeed yes. I must thank Your Excellency.'

There was no denying the thrill of excitement which ran through him at the suggestion. Rich forgot the weight of his armor and the heat of the sun; he fidgeted with his sword hilt while the sailors rigged the yardarm tackles with which to swing out the longboat from the waist. The cooper supervised the lowering of the empty barrels into the boat; six seamen scrambled down and took their places at the oars; Osorio the boatswain took the tiller. At a sharp command from the Admiral four of Bernardo de Tarpia's crossbowmen followed him. Then came Antonio Spallanzani, the Admiral's Italian squire, with the Admiral's standard, bearing the lions and castles of Leon and Castile, recently granted him, quartered with the barry wavy, argent and azure, charged with green islands, to represent his discoveries. Those lions and castles in the flag might be of use if ever a legal argument arose regarding the sovereignty over this new land. They would help to make out Their Highnesses' case — but although the Admiral might be suspected of much, no one had yet openly accused him of dreaming of an independent sovereignty.

They were waiting for him. Rich clambered down into the boat, ungracefully, conscious of many eyes upon him, and realizing only after he had settled himself at Spallanzani's side that if he had slipped into the sea his armor would have carried him straight to the bottom. The sailors tugged at the oars, and they went dancing over the sea towards the shore.

The Italian sat silent — he had a reputation for taciturnity — while they rowed past the anchored caravels, busy hoisting out their boats, and crept in closer to the shore. There were still only the golden beach and the white surf and the tangled greenery to be seen. The sailors rested on their oars for a space while Osorio stood up and studied the surf. He gave a hoarse cry; the sailors tugged sharply at the oars, and the boat

leaped forward on the shoulder of a wave, hurrying on until its motion died away and the sand scraped under the keel and the white foam eddied back past them. The sailors leaped out, thigh-deep, in the water, and hauled the boat up as far as it would go, until by a wave of his hand Osorio indicated to the two gentlemen that it was time for them to step ashore. Rich scrambled up into the bows and from there over the side; a dying wave swirled past his knees as he stepped into the water and his feet sank in the sand. He struggled up the beach, oppressed by the weight of his armor, until he was beyond the water's edge. The Italian was close behind him, and the crossbowmen followed, their crossbows on their shoulders. Spallanzani struck the shaft of the flag into the sand and took a paper from his breast.

'We,' he read, a barbarous Tuscan accent coloring his Castilian, 'Don Christopher Columbus, Admiral of the Ocean, Viceroy and Governor of the Islands of the Indies, Captain-General and Grandee of Spain . . .' It was a solemn formula of possession.

When he had finished Rich took off his helmet.

'This is done,' he proclaimed, bare-headed, to the four solemn crossbowmen, 'in the name of Their Highnesses Don Ferdinand and Donna Isabella, by the grace of God King and Queen of Castile, Leon, Aragon, Sicily, Granada, Toledo, Valencia, Galicia, Mallorca, and Seville, Count and Countess of Barcelona, Roussillon and Cerdagne, Duke and Duchess of Athens and Neopatra, Marquis and Marchioness of Oristano and Goziano, Lord and Lady of Biscay and Molina.'

He had left out quite a number of the titles, but he had done enough to ensure the legality of the royal possession, especially as the only witnesses were the crossbowmen, standing with oxlike stupidity in the sunshine. Osorio and his men had put out the boat's anchor, and were carrying empty water breakers up

the beach. At a roar from the boatswain two of the crossbowmen joined in the work; the other two wound up their bows, laid bolts in the grooves, and walked forward to where the stream came bubbling down out of the greenery, to stand as sentries on guard against surprise. It was an elementary precaution to take, so elementary that Rich experienced a feeling of annoyance that he had not thought of it and ordered it himself.

He cleared the hilt of his sword and walked curiously up the beach, conscious now of a particular thrill at making these, his first steps in the New World. The little stream bubbled and gurgled, and he stooped and filled his hands and drank, over and over again, rejoicing in the water's cool freshness and in having enough to drink after six weeks of a ration of only three leathern cups of water a day. He walked on beside the stream, to be engulfed in the delicious shade of the vegetation, so dense and tangled that it was only by walking ankle-deep on the pebbles that he was able to make any progress. He turned a corner and the forest behind him cut him off from the sea more effectively than the closing of a door. The sounds of the beach — the surf, and the voices of the watering party — ended abruptly.

He turned back and made his way down the stream again. Were those bees, beating the air above the scarlet flowers? Rich looked at them more closely. They were tiny birds, brilliant in their coloring. He thought they were the most lovely things he had ever seen in his life. He plunged into the thorns in order to view them more closely, but they flew away, erratically, at his slow approach, and would not return. With a twinge of real regret he continued his way. A loud challenge greeted him at the edge of the wood, and he replied, a little self-consciously, 'Friend.' It was the first time in his life a sentinel had ever challenged him.

The crossbowman lowered his weapon

and allowed him to pass, blinking in the sunshine. Someone was kneeling at the water's edge, above the point where the men were filling their barrels. He had a flat pan in his hand, which, with a gentle rocking motion, he was holding at the surface of the water. There was gravel in the bottom of the pan, and under the influence of the current and of the man's raking fingers it was gradually being swept away. Rich recognized the man and guessed what he was doing — it was Diego Alamo, the assayer, who had sailed in the caravel *Santa Ana* along with the expedition. Alamo had dealt in gold and precious stones; he was learned in the languages of the East and with his knowledge of Hebrew and Chaldean might be useful when they made contact with Asiatic civilization. Under suspicion of being a crypto-Jew, he had thought it well to accept the appointment of Royal Assayer to escape the attention of the Holy Office.

Alamo, with a skillful jerk, flirited the remaining water from the pan and studied the layer of sediment closely, inclining the pan to this side and to that so as to catch the faintest gleam of color. Then he shrugged his shoulders and washed the pan clean, looking up to meet Rich's eyes upon him.

'Ha, good day, Don Narciso,' he said, white teeth showing in a smile.

'Good day,' said Rich. 'Are there signs of gold?'

'Not so far. The country looks as if it might bear gold, but I'll certify that this stream has none.'

Rich forgot any disappointment he might feel at that statement in the pleasure of this reëncounter with a friend — Alamo and he were old acquaintances. He made the conventional inquiries as to whether Alamo had enjoyed his passage across the ocean — conventional and yet sincere. It was odd to ask those questions here, on the shores of the Indies.

'Well enough, thank you,' answered Alamo. There was a wry smile on his

dark intelligent face; Rich guessed that Alamo was as much out of place among the seamen and gentlemen-adventurers of the *Santa Ana* as he himself was in the *Holy Name*.

Alamo rose to his feet, brushing his hands clean. The beach was a scene of animation now, with three boats lying in the shallows and a score of men carrying water casks. The two caravels lay beyond, black upon the blue, and farther out the *Holy Name* rode to her anchor.

'Have you been into the forest?' asked Alamo.

'Yes.'

'Did you see any minerals? Any rocks?'

'Only the pebbles and boulders of the stream bed. The forest is too thick to see more.'

Alamo walked on among the rocks of the beach, Rich straying a little apart from him along the water's edge. It was he who made the final discovery, and his sharp cry brought Alamo hurrying back to him. There was a little stretch of smooth sand here, at which Rich was staring; in the sand was a wide, shallow groove, and around it were the half-obliterated prints of bare feet. Rich had already made the deductions from the appearances.

'No ship's boat made that mark,' he said. 'There is no sign of a keel.'

Alamo nodded agreement, stooping to peer at the footprints.

'There is little enough left to see,' he said. 'But I should think the feet that made those marks were longer and narrower than any Spaniard's.'

'Yes.'

'And how long ago were they made? An hour? Two hours?'

They looked at each other, a little helpless. Neither of them had the faintest idea.

'We can be sure of one thing at least,' said Rich. 'The people here are not as eager to meet us as were those of Cuba and Española.'

A bellowing behind them made them

turn; the watering party was waving arms to them in recall. They picked their way back over the rocks.

IV

The squadron was still sailing westward, along the south coast of Trinidad, while the Admiral listened to Rich's report. His face fell a little when he heard that Alamo had found no sign of gold, but he grew cheerful again over the undoubted evidence that the island was inhabited, and over the other details which Rich conveyed.

A loud cry from a lookout brought everybody to his feet again. There was a canoe, a black speck under the glaring sun, full in sight as they rounded a headland. It was well out to sea, on passage between cape and cape; they could see the flash of the paddles as the men bent to their work. With the wind right aft the squadron overhauled it fast; it turned frantically to make for the shore, but the *Santa Ana* was there, cutting it off, and it headed back. Fifty yards from the *Holy Name* the paddles ceased work, and the canoe drifted idly on the blue.

Brown and naked, with streaming black hair, the Indians stared with frightened eyes at the huge hull drifting down upon them. One of them stood up, overcome with curiosity, in the desire to see better, revealing herself as a woman, quite naked save for her neck-lace. A loud roar of laughter burst from the ship — a naked woman was so rare a sight as naturally to excite laughter. She sat down abruptly, with hands over her face, and in her place a man rose to his feet, balancing precariously in the rocking canoe. He set an arrow to the string of the bow he held, raised the weapon and drew it to his breast, and loosed off the shaft.

Rich saw the arrow in the air; it struck his breastplate with a slight tap, and dropped on the deck with a faint clatter. It was an effort as feeble as a child's — the shaft was already spent in

its fifty yards' flight by the time it reached him. His furred judicial robe would have been as effective protection as his steel breastplate. The arrow was merely a thin cane, crudely sharpened at one end, and with a single parrot's feather at the other. But the gesture had excited the Spaniards. A crossbowman lifted his lumbering weapon to reply, and lowered it again at a hasty order from the Admiral.

'Put that crossbow down!' he called, in his high tenor. 'We are at peace with them. Hey, Diego, there, beat your tambourine, and you boys dance to it. Show them that we mean no harm.'

It was a ludicrous scene, the ship's boys capering on the forecastle, and the sullen Indians gazing up at them uncomprehending. The canoe was in the lee of the *Holy Name* now, and the wind was gradually drifting the big ship down upon it. The Admiral himself was up on the bulwark, jingling hawk's-bells — hawk's-bells had been found to be an unfailing attraction in the other Indian islands — and Alonso Perez was beside him, a red woolen cap in either hand held temptingly towards them.

'Jorge,' muttered the Admiral out of the corner of his mouth to a seaman close at hand. 'Strip off your coat and make ready to upset the canoe.'

The canoe was close alongside as Jorge swung himself over the bulwark and dropped amid a wild scream from the Indians. The canoe overturned, and the occupants were flung into the sea. They were glad to clutch the ropes thrown to them and to be pulled on deck, where they stood, dripping water, with the Spaniards clustered round them. Four of them were men and two women, the women quite naked, but three of the men wearing cloaks of course cotton about their shoulders — Rich examined the material. It was of poorer weave than any he had ever seen.

'Make fast the canoe!' called the Admiral over the bulwark. 'Put those paddles back in her!'

The Indians made a frightened group, their arms about each other and their teeth chattering in fright, while the Spaniards pushed and elbowed to see more closely these strange humans, who felt no shame at nudity, who had never heard the name of God, who knew nothing of steel or gunpowder. Someone stretched out a hand and stroked a woman's shoulder; she shrank from the touch at first, but when it was renewed she gradually recovered from her shyness and smiled a little over her shoulder at the man who caressed her, like a child; but a new bellow of laughter made her seek safety again beside her fellows.

'Guanahani,' said the Admiral. 'Cuba. Cibao. Hayti.'

The names of these places meant nothing to them.

'*Canoa*,' said the Admiral, pointing overside.

That they understood; they nodded and smiled.

'*Canoa*,' they said, in chorus, and one of them went on to say more, in a sing-song tone.

It was the Admiral's turn to shake his head.

'Their speech is not unlike that of *Española*,' he said to Rich. 'But it is not the same, save for a few words, like *canoa*.'

'*Canoa*,' repeated one of the Indians, parrot-fashion.

The Admiral jingled one of his hawk's-bells enticingly, and they eyed it with wonder. He offered it, and they shrank back a little. He took the hand of one of the men, and put the bell into it, shutting his fingers over it, and then setting the bell a-rattle again by shaking the man's fist. An awed expression crept over the man's face as he realized that this bell was actually to be his. He could hardly credit his good fortune, cautiously opening his hand and finally jingling the bell delightedly. All the Indians were smiling broadly now.

Rich's eyes were on the necklace worn by the woman in the background. He

stretched out his hand to examine it; she shrank away for a moment, and he tried to make soothing noises. But immediately she understood what he wanted, and stepped forward, proffering a loop of the necklace to him. He examined it closely. It was a string of pearls — two yards of pearls. The other Spaniards noticed what he was doing, and surged towards them, frightening her; a score of hands were stretched out for the necklace, when the Admiral turned fiercely upon them and they dropped back again.

'They are pearls,' said the Admiral, after examination. He took one of the red woolen caps from Alonso Perez and offered it to her with a gesture of exchanging it for the necklace. She did not understand. He jingled a hawk's-bell, and reached for the necklace again. Suddenly her expression changed to one of comprehension, and with two swift movements she uncoiled the necklace from her neck and thrust it, a great double handful, into his hands. Her puzzled look as he proffered the cap in exchange revealed that she had intended the necklace as a gift.

'It is the same as in *Española*,' said the Admiral. 'The heathen have no notion of barter. They think that because a stranger wants a thing that is sufficient reason for giving it.'

The surging Spaniards round laughed at such folly.

'She does not know what that cap is for, either, Your Excellency,' remarked someone in the background.

'True,' said the Admiral.

At his order Perez took off his helmet and the Admiral perched the cap on top of his mass of hair, stood back with a gesture of admiration, took the cap again and put it on the head of the trembling woman. The other Indians chattered at the sight, teeth flashing in smiles.

'And look at this, Your Excellency. Look!' said a Spaniard, loudly.

One of the Indian men had something hanging on a string round his neck, a little fleck of something with a yellow

glint. It was a tiny fragment of gold, smaller than half a castellano, but gold all the same. Rich heard the quick intake of breath all round the ring. Gold! The Admiral strode up, his expression so hard and fierce that the Indian raised his arm to ward off a blow.

'Where did you get this?' demanded the Admiral.

The Indian still cowered away, and the Admiral, with an obvious effort at self-control, changed his tone.

'Send for Alamo from the *Santa Ana*,' he said, aside, and then, turning back to the Indian, he smiled winningly. He raised his eyebrows in an obvious question, pointed to the bit of gold, and then away to the island. The Indian thought for a moment, and pointed westward. There was a general murmur from the crowd — there was gold in the west.

'Much?' asked the Admiral, making a gesture with widespread arms. 'Much?'

The Indian, after a moment of puzzlement, extended his arms in agreement, to the sound of a renewed murmur from the crowd. There was much gold to be found; but Rich, watching the by-play, was not quite so sure. The Indian was clearly doubtful of the significance of the question asked him. He might be meaning that the gold was far away, or even, conceivably, that it was hard to come by. Years of sifting evidence had given Rich an insight into the extraordinary ways in which misunderstandings can arise.

The Admiral was jingling another hawk's-bell and offering to barter it for the gold, and the Indian made the exchange gladly as soon as he grasped what the Admiral wanted.

'This piece of gold would buy five hundred hawk's-bells,' commented the Admiral; he reached for another scarlet cap and set it on the Indian's head, to the accompaniment of a renewed chorus of admiration from the others.

'They like caps just as much as hawk's-bells,' said the Admiral to Rich. 'In that, they are more like the cannibal

Indians of Dominica than those of Española. That is what one would expect.'

The longboat, rowed as fast as a dozen stout arms could drive her, had returned now from the *Santa Ana*, and Alamo reported himself to the Admiral. He looked at the string of pearls which the Admiral gave him for inspection.

'They are pearls undoubtedly,' he said, feeling their texture with his lips. He shaded them from the sun with his body to see their lustre. 'Yet they are different from the pearls of the Orient. Their tinge and lustre are not the same.'

'Are they valuable?' demanded the Admiral.

'Oh yes. Half their value has disappeared because of the clumsy way in which they have been bored, but I would give you a good price for them in the Calle del Paradis. As rarities, even if for no other reason, they would stand high. And there are some good specimens here, too. These two match well and are of superb lustre. A queen could have no better eardrops.'

'And what of this gold?'

Alamo took the fragment of metal, poised it on a finger tip, tested it against his teeth, turned it to obtain a flash of the sun from it.

'That is gold,' he said. 'Without my acids and scales I cannot assay it, but I am certain it is pure and virgin. It contains no base metal, in other words, and it is in a state of nature, as it was found.'

'And where would that be?'

Alamo shrugged.

'In the bed of a stream, most likely. Or in sand or loam close to a stream. Gold found in the heart of a rock is never in pieces as large as this.'

'Thank you. Now speak to these men in the tongues of the East.'

Alamo addressed the Indians in a language of which Rich understood no word. Nor did the Indians, to judge by the blankness of their expressions. Alamo tried again, this time in the Arabic with which Rich was faintly familiar, but without result. He spoke

to them in Greek, of which Rich had a working knowledge, and then again in a language faintly reminiscent of Arabic to Rich. The Indians' faces remained impassive.

'That is Hebrew, Greek, the Arabic of the East, and the Arabic of the West, Your Excellency,' said Alamo.

'Thank you. We can let them go now,' said the Admiral.

He took more caps, and set one on the head of each Indian. He pressed a hawk's-bell into the hands of all, and then he waved them over the side to where their canoe, gunwale-deep, floated at the end of a line.

'Go in peace,' he said, as they still stood awestruck at the magnificence of the presents pressed upon them. He drew one by the wrist to the ship's side to make his meaning plain. They slid down the line into the waterlogged canoe; one of the women took hold of a big shell tied to the gunwale and with it began to scoop the water swiftly out — it was obvious that they were perfectly accustomed to having their cranky craft capsize. The line was cast off, and the men took the paddles. Slowly the canoe headed in for the land.

'With kind treatment and presents,' said the Admiral, coming to stand beside Rich, 'we can hope that they will tell their fellows and send them to us. We need pearls and we need gold.'

'We have made a start,' said Rich, cheerfully.

'So we have,' said the Admiral; in his two fists was the long string of pearls, luminous in the failing light.

V

'I could wish,' said the Admiral, 'that we might see more Indians. We need to trade. And we shall need labor for the mines.'

He called a request to Carvajal, and the *Holy Name* headed once more towards the coast of Trinidad, a seaman at the lead to ascertain the safe limit of

their approach. The land was tantalizingly just too far away for close observation.

'Might I — ' began Rich, and then he hesitated, surprised at himself, before he took the plunge. 'Might I take the longboat closer in to shore?'

'I should be glad if you did,' said the Admiral. 'You must take every possible opportunity to be able to report favorably to Their Highnesses on the wealth of these islands.'

Rich had no time to repent. It was a surprisingly short interval before he found himself in the stern sheets of the longboat, indubitably invested with his first command at sea, and experiencing a tremor of fearful excitement in consequence. The old sailor Jorge sat at the tiller beside him, two more sailors were at the sheet, and forward there sat five gentlemen of coat-armor, glad of the opportunity of escaping for a while from the confinement of the ship and ready in consequence to acquiesce in the command with which the Admiral had tacitly invested him. Rodrigo Acevedo was one of them, however — there was a hint of a smile on his handsome swarthy face as he met Rich's eye, which told Rich that Acevedo was aware of the inner doubts which were troubling him.

The wind was off the land, blowing briskly enough, and the boat lay over gayly on her side as they headed parallel to the shore, the sailors handling sheet and tiller deftly as they translated Rich's vague directions into action. The coast curved here in a wide bay, shelving so gradually that even the longboat had to keep two hundred yards from the beach, and everywhere the monotonous green vegetation came down to the very water's edge — green, eternally green. There were irregularly shaped hills in the background, but never a sign of a clearing, no hint of smoke to betray the habitation of man. The wind blew more briskly yet, and the sky was overcast, yet it was stifling hot. As Rich

stirred uncomfortably in his seat he felt the sweat trickling in the folds of his clothes.

A rainstorm changed the color of the hills from green to gray; it came drifting towards them over the gray sea. Soon it was upon them — they heard the hiss of the drops upon the water as it approached. The first drops rang sharply on the helmet which Rich wore, — he had discarded his armor, — but immediately the distinctive sound was blurred in his ears by the roar of the rain beating everywhere about them. Entirely exposed as they were, they could neither think nor see. The rain fell in cataracts, blotting out both ships and shore from view, soaking them and dazing them as it drove into their faces.

Rich was still conscious of Jorge moving beside him. He was still attending to his duties, presumably by touch and instinct, and his example diverted Rich from his first instinct to order the longboat to run back for shelter to the ship. Rich set his teeth; he would not be the first to give in. As captain, even though it was only of a longboat, he must make no complaint about the conditions, and the thought of Rodrigo Acevedo's earlier amused tolerance acted as a new stimulant. It was worth suffering discomfort if the hidalgos had to share it. They might be better swordsmen than he, better horsemen; they might think of him as a potbellied little lawyer, but sitting in the rain was a thing anyone could do, without either practice or grandfathers. He wiped the rain out of his eyes to peer at the five gentlemen huddled in mute discomfort in the bows, and grinned to himself and settled down to endure.

For an hour they crept along through the downpour, and then, when the rain had almost killed the wind, it stopped as suddenly as it began. Within a few seconds the sun was shining in all its majesty, and the wind, hot and sticky, had almost died away. Rich stood up to wring the water from his clothes; the

thwarts steamed in the glaring sunlight. There was no change in the appearance of the shore — the hills may have grown a little loftier, but they were still clothed in their eternal green. He scanned the coast carefully, and looked to seaward, where the *Holy Name* in all the glory of her colored sails and ensigns preceded the two caravels on her slow northerly course. Only then did he pay any attention to the group in the bows, and, even so, he waited for them to speak first.

'God, what rain!' said Bernardo de Tarpia. His hair hung lank over his cheeks, his trim beard was a mere ludicrous wisp. The water trickled out of the skirts of his coat as he stood up.

'What of the food?' asked Cristobal García. 'I suppose the rain has made the bread no better than pudding?'

'No, gentlemen,' explained Jorge. 'It is a tarred sack in which it is kept.'

'It is hard to decide,' said García, 'whether a flavor of tar is preferable to rain water.'

'Tar or no tar,' interrupted Rich, fumbling in his pocket, 'I mean to dine today on fresh fish, newly broiled.'

'Fresh fish!' exclaimed García.

'That is what I said,' said Rich, demurely. 'It will be odd if we cannot catch enough for our dinners here.'

The little bundle he produced from his pocket contained lines and hooks; he felt a gratified glow as he heard the delighted exclamations of his crew. He thought of the other contents of his chest in the 'tween-decks in the *Holy Name* — his anxiety during the three weeks between his deciding to join the expedition and its sailing had at least stimulated him into wondering what might be of most use in the new world, and he had stocked his chest accordingly. These penniless younger sons, their heads full of battles and gold mines, had done nothing of the sort.

He doled out lines and hooks; a biscuit from the bag was crumbled into paste for bait.

'Please God,' said García, piously,

'that the fish here like the flavor of weevils.'

With shortened sail, before the faint air, the longboat crept slowly over the glassy sea. The gentlemen fished as enthusiastically as the seamen; it was amusing to note how they cheered up at the thought of fish for dinner, and how earnestly they plunged into the business. Two months of weevily biscuits, of stinking dried cod, and of boiled barley porridge and stale olives, made the prospect of fresh fish ineffably attractive. But Rich could guess how they would round on him, their tempers sharpened by disappointment, if no fish were caught. He bent his head secretly and prayed earnestly to Saint Peter — he had prayed to Saint Peter for good fortune in fishing often before, on pleasant outings in the roadstead of Barcelona, but this time there was an edge to his prayer. He wanted desperately to catch fish.

Saint Peter was kind. They caught fish in plenty while the wind died away to nothing. They landed and built a fire and toasted their fish on sticks before it — not very efficiently. Rich wondered secretly to himself what comment these young men would have made if in their fathers' houses they had been served with fish half charred and half raw, but here, stretching their legs on land for the first time in months, and in the blessed shade at the edge of the sand, they ate with gusto, and with only moderate curses for the mosquitoes which bit them. Rich could see a new light in their eyes when, full fed and comfortable, they regarded him now. There was a faint respect for him as a giver of good things; he sat with his back against a tree and his helmet on the ground beside him and felt happier than he had felt for months.

The ships still lay becalmed on the blue, blue sea under the glaring sun.

'We can explore for a little while,' he announced. 'Who'll come with me?'

They all wanted to, seamen and gen-

tlemen both, looking eagerly to him for orders.

'Two men must guard the boat,' decided Rich. 'Will anyone volunteer? Then you must stay, Jorge. And you, Don Diego. Come on, you others.'

'There is everything here save the Great Khan and the mines of Ophir,' said Rodrigo Acevedo in an undertone to Rich, but Rich would not allow himself to be drawn; he could not enter into a discussion of that sort while in a position of responsibility.

And at this place where they had stopped for a moment there seemed, for the first time, to be a possibility of humans near them. There might almost be a path through the undergrowth here, nearly imperceptible, probably only a wild-beast run. Rich looked up at the sky; there was a wisp of cloud there which was quite stationary — in the absence of wind they could continue the exploration without fear of being parted from the *Holy Name*.

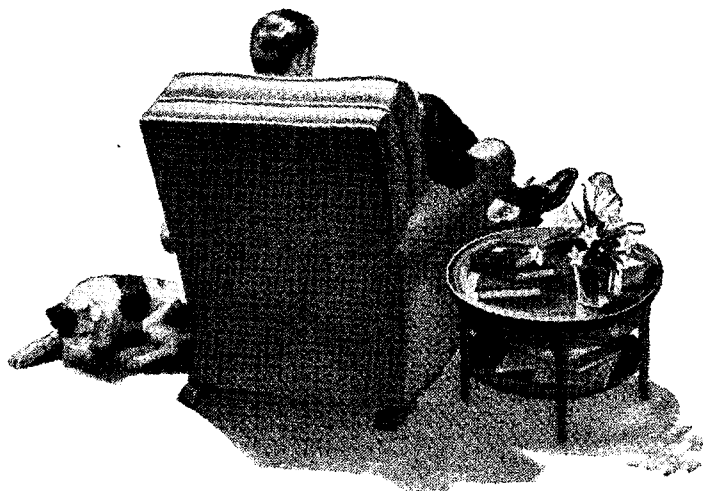
'Follow me quietly,' he said to the others, and he turned his steps up the path, his sword in his hand.

But they could not hope to move quietly in the forest. Deadwood crackled under their feet, low twigs rang on their helmets, their scabbards rattled and their accoutrements creaked. There was precious little hope, Rich realized, of ever surprising a party of Indians in this fashion, especially after he stumbled and fell full-length. As he picked himself up someone came running down the path and stopped and looked at them — it was a little Indian boy, naked and potbellied. He put his finger in his mouth and stared, the sunlight through the branches making strange markings on his brown skin. His features began to work and it was clearly only a matter of seconds before he would start to cry.

'Seize hold of him!' hissed García into Rich's ear.

'Quiet!' muttered Rich in reply over his shoulder.

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He held out his hand, peacefully.

'Hullo, little one,' he said.

The little boy took his finger from his mouth and stared all the harder, postponing his tears.

'Come to me,' said Rich. 'Come along, little one. Come and talk to me.'

Clearly while he spoke gently the child would not be frightened. He racked his brains for things to say, chattering ludicrously, and the little boy slowly began to sidle towards him, with many hesitations.

'There!' said Rich, squatting down on his heels to bring their two faces on a level.

The little boy piped out something incomprehensible; his eyes were fixed on Rich's helmet, and he stretched out a small hand and touched it.

'Pretty!' said Rich. 'Pretty!'

The child replied in his own strange language, still engrossed in the helmet. When at last his interest died away Rich cautiously straightened himself.

'There!' he said again, and pointed slowly up the path. 'Mother? Father?'

He began gently to walk forward, and the little boy put his hand in his and trotted with him.

They came out into a little clearing. There was a tiny wisp of smoke rising in the centre, marking the position of a small fire. On one side there were five strange houses of dead leaves, but no human stirred; as they stood grouped at the edge of the clearing they could hear no sound save that of the birds and the insects. The little boy tugged at Rich's hand to draw him forward, and then raised his voice, calling. An Indian woman broke from the forest beyond the clearing and came running heavily towards them. She too was naked, and far gone in pregnancy; she caught up the little boy in her arms and stared at them, asking urgent questions of the child meanwhile.

Rich spread his left hand again in the instinctive gesture of peace, even though his right still held his drawn sword.

'We come in peace,' he said. He tried to make soothing noises; the little boy pointed at the glittering helmets and chattered shrilly to his mother.

Now there was a bustle and stir in the forest; a score of Indians came forth into the clearing, old and young, men and women and children. Rich, looking to see if any of them were armed, saw that one man carried a little cane bow, as feeble as a ten-year-old child's, and two small cane arrows, and two others carried headless cane spears, against which ordinary clothes — leaving leather coats out of account — would be adequate protection. He took off his helmet.

'We are here,' he announced, forcing his voice down into quiet conversational tones, 'in the name of Their Highnesses the King and Queen of Castile and Leon.'

The Indians smiled, with flashing white teeth, chattering to each other in their high-pitched voices.

'The woman there has pearls!' said García at Rich's shoulder.

Round each arm above the elbow she wore a rope of pearls, each pearl larger than any they had obtained before.

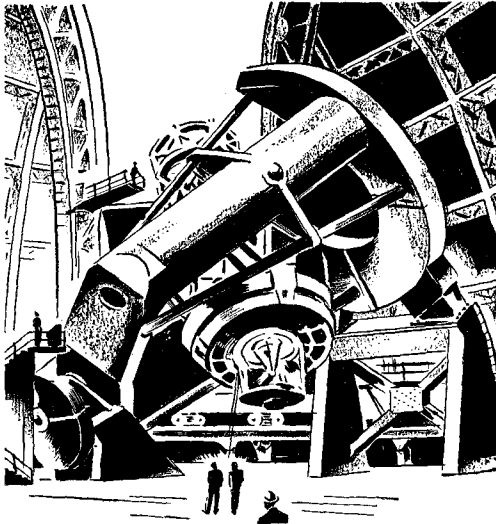
'Look at them, by God!' said Tarpia.

The Indians noticed their gestures and turned to see what it was which was attracting so much attention; it was obvious enough to them that it was the pearls. They chattered and laughed to each other, the wearer of the pearls — a fine handsome woman of early middle age — laughing as much as any of them, a little bashfully. The wrinkled old man beside her — husband or father, it was not apparent which — laughed and clapped her on the shoulder, urging her forward. She approached them modestly, eyes cast down. She stripped the pearls from her arms, stood hesitating for a moment, and then thrust one rope into García's hand and the other into Tarpia's, scuttling back to her companions with a laugh. The Spaniards eyed their treasures.

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'We must give them something in exchange,' said Rich. The Admiral's orders had been very strict on the point that all treasure should be bartered for and never taken.

Rich sheathed his sword — a simple act which yet caused a new outburst of piping comment from the Indians — and fumbled through his pockets. He had two silver coins and a handful of copper ones, and he walked towards the Indians and dropped a coin into each hand as long as the supply lasted. The Indians looked curiously at the money. One of them suddenly spied the Queen's head on the coin, and pointed it out to the others. Instantly they were all laughing again.

A fresh idea suddenly struck the wrinkled man, and he turned and cried out to the others. His suggestion was greeted with obvious acclamation. The Indians laughed again, and clapped their hands. Some ran towards the huts, some came and took the Spaniards' hands and led them towards the space between the huts and the fire, skipping like children at the new prospect. There was a fallen log near the fire. From the huts the Indians dragged out a few more blocks of wood, and most of the Spaniards found seats in this way. To tempt the others to sit down the Indians patted the earth invitingly. The women ran in and out of the huts, all a-bustle, while the men took sticks and began to open the earth near the fire.

A girl put a big leaf on Rich's lap; another girl brought him a flimsy basket filled with lumps of strange bread and offered it to him.

'Cassava,' she said; Rich remembered the word as occurring in the depositions of survivors returned from the Indies.

The men had by now completed their task. They had laid open a hole beside the fire, and from it arose a savory steam which smelt delicious, even to the Spaniards who had eaten only an hour ago; obviously the Spaniards had reached the clearing at a moment when

the Indians were about to dine. With sticks the Indians hoisted from the hole what looked at first to be a bundle of dead leaves; and when they peeled the leaves off the smell grew more delicious than ever. The operation was not completed with ease, — two of the men contrived to burn their fingers, to the accompaniment of fresh peals of laughter, — but at last the unrecognizable roast was laid bare. The wrinkled man took a leaf in each hand and began to break up the meat; the women scurried back and forth with more leaves. Rich found a savory piece on his lap; he bit cautiously into it. It was a delicious tender meat. Another woman brought him a little gourd; it was only fresh water, for, as Rich knew already, the Indians of these islands knew no other beverage.

'What the devil is this we're eating?' asked Bernardo de Tarpia. 'It's good.'

'What is this?' asked Rich of one of the women. He pointed to the meat and raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

'Iguana,' said the woman. 'Iguana.'

The name meant nothing to any of the Spaniards, as their expression showed. One of the Indian men came to the rescue. He pointed up into the trees, and, going down on his hands and knees, made a pretense of scurrying along a branch.

'Monkey, by God!' said Tarpia.

'Monkey?' asked Acevedo.

He made a series of gestures like a monkey, much to the amusement of everybody. The Indians clung to each other and laughed and laughed. Then one of them wiped the tears from his eyes and began a new pantomime. He went down on all fours. He turned his head this way and that. He put the edge of his hand on the base of his spine and waved it from side to side. He projected two fingers from his face beside his eyes and moved them in different directions.

'Iguana,' he said, rising.

It was a graphic piece of work. There could be no doubt what he meant — he had imitated the lashing of the iguana's

Patient Elizabeth

WE WERE glad to meet once again in the recent movie those familiar friends of our childhood, *The Swiss Family Robinson*, particularly the amiable Frau Robinson. The Patient Elizabeth of the book, with her inexhaustible grab bag, had long been our belle ideale of the perfect helpmeet.

That bag of hers fascinated us and we used to grow goggle-eyed at the resourcefulness of this admirable character. Unperturbed by perils that made strong men blench, unruffled by shipwrecks and typhoons, the wife and mother of the Robinsons carried with her her own version of the widow's cruse and at moments of crisis extracted such necessities as needles, thread, fishhooks, and unless memory fails us, tinder and patented pills.

Such preparedness would be commendable in anyone. It was particularly praiseworthy in an Early Nineteenth Century matron who was abjured by such manuals of deportment as *The Young Ladies' Own Book* never to appear too well-informed or self-reliant lest gentlemen seek feminine society in more congenial circles.

Mrs. Robinson's rejection of this credo did more than make her an excellent citizen of a desert island. It put her, more or less, in the class of the Patient Elizabeths of today who run their homes, their clubs and sometimes even their communities with unruffled efficiency. Theirs is a world relatively free from restrictions. They take an active and creative interest in the world at large, scanning horizons far removed from their personal and private worlds. And that is as it should be.

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tail and the goggling of its strange eyes to perfection.

'He means a lizard,' said Rich, trying to keep a little of the consternation out of his voice.

'Does he?' said Tarpia. 'Well, lizard is good enough for me.'

'My God, yes,' said García. 'Look at this.'

He had drawn one of the girls to his knees. She stood stock-still, with eyes downcast, trembling a little. Rich looked anxiously round the ring. He saw the smile die away from the face of one of the Indian men. The merriment ceased; it was as if a shadow had come over the sun.

'Remember the Admiral's orders, Don Cristobal,' said Rich, anxiously.

'Oh, to hell with orders,' expostulated García.

'Don Cristobal's talking treason,' interjected Acevedo. He grinned as he said it, but that did not blunt the point of what he said.

'Oh, very well then,' grumbled García. He clapped the girl on the flank and pushed her from him, and the tension died away from the attitudes of the Indians. The women hastened round, offering more bread; the wrinkled man broke off more meat. There were fruits being offered, too, like pale yellow eggs, faintly aromatic when Rich smelled one, vaguely acid and pleasant when he bit into the pulp.

'Guava,' said the lad who gave it to him.

'Back to the ship!' Rich called to the others. He was conscious of the invidiousness of his condition, of uncertainty as to whether he had to request or could command; more, he knew with a qualm that he was not of the stuff to whom command came naturally. But they rose to obey him. Tarpia and García were arm in arm, muttering to each other with their eyes on the women — he could guess the sort of filth they were saying to each other.

The wrinkled man came with a new

question, pointing up to the sky, repeating his question and tapping Rich on the breast and pointing upwards again. He was asking if they were going to return to their habitation in the sky.

'Oh, no, no, no!' laughed Rich.

He thought for a moment of trying to explain all the complexities of ships and sea passages and the kingdom of Spain in sign language, and gave up the notion as soon as he thought of it. Others who might follow him could tackle that task. He shook the old man's hand, and he waved good-bye to the women.

The journey back to the boat was not as toilsome as the upward climb. At one corner, by the brook, they caught a glimpse of the sea — the ships had drifted a league or more along the coast, but were still within easy reach; from the way their bows were turned to all points of the compass it was obvious that they were quite becalmed. The brook gurgled sleepily, the parrots overhead squawked and fluttered, and all the noises of the forest engulfed them again as they went on down the hill. Far away, Rich heard the faint cry of a strange bird, high and shrill, repeated more than once.

They came out at last into the bright evening sunshine of the beach, where Don Diego Moret dozed on his back and Jorge whittled at a stick with his knife. They looked up as the party approached.

'Is all well?' asked Rich, and then, in the same moment, he knew that all was not well. Gonzalo Acevedo was close behind him. One of the seamen was a little farther back. Rodrigo Acevedo emerged from the forest as he stood and waited, and after him there came — nobody.

'Where's Don Cristobal? Where's Don Bernardo?' he demanded.

'I thought they were in front with you,' said Acevedo, a little surprised.

'Where's Diego?' asked Jorge of the seaman.

'I thought he was following me.'

'Perhaps they are coming,' said Acevedo. But his eyes met Rich's, and

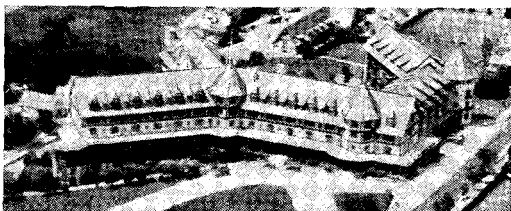
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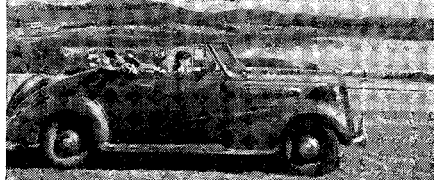
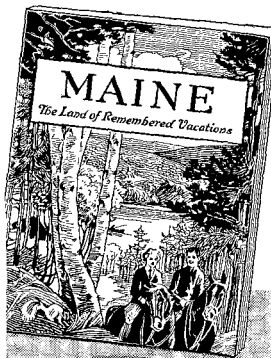
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they both knew they were thinking the same thoughts.

Rich wavered. If what he suspected was the case, if the missing men had made their way back to the village, they must have already had an hour or more to work their will there, and would have another hour before he got back again. And what was he to do when he got there? And how was he to find his way back to the boat in darkness?

'I'll wait,' he said, bitterly, turning his back on them to hide his feelings.

He had been flattering himself he was learning to command men, and this was the first of his achievements. He sat down on a fallen tree and gnawed at his fists.

'What's all this about a village?' asked Moret, curiously, of the Acevedos.

They began to tell him of their experiences and discoveries; the eager babble went on unheeded by Rich, who sat with his back to them, his joints aching and his heart sick. Suddenly a new recollection came to him, one that set his heart beating fast and increased his feeling of nausea. That wild, high-pitched cry which he had heard repeated, far back in the forest, and which he had thought to be the cry of a strange bird — he knew what it was now. He could guess what bloody work it told of, back in the village. He got to his feet, and paced the sand stiffly, boiling with helpless fury.

A dull report reached his ears, and, looking towards the ships, he saw a little puff of smoke at the bows of the *Holy Name*. The great standard at her main-masthead came slowly down, rose again, descended and rose.

'That's a signal to us, sir,' called Jorge. 'We'll have to go back.'

'Very well,' said Rich, his mind made up. 'The others will be left in the forest.'

They began to put their gear back into the boat and made preparations for pushing her out. Rich climbed in and sat in the stern sheets. A shout from the forest made them pause and look round.

'That's García,' said Rodrigo Acevedo.

The three of them came in sight now at the edge of the trees, running over the sand towards the boat. Rich saw their faces in the light of the last of the sun, like a trio of schoolboys caught in a piece of mischief, guilty and yet impudent, meeting his eyes and looking away again.

'Where have you been?' asked Moret as they came up, panting.

'Oh, we missed our way,' said Tarpia, looking sidelong at Rich in the stern sheets.

They followed the example of the others, throwing their weight against the boat and splashing out with her in the shallows. There was no opportunity of talking for a moment, and then they all came tumbling in over the sides. García was on the aftermost thwart beside Jorge, and face to face with Rich. He reached for an oar along with the others.

'Shall we have to use these things?' he asked, loudly, dropping the oar clumsily into the rowlock.

Rich was staring at García's hand, and García caught sight of his expression and followed his gaze. The hand was stained with dried blood, hand and wrist, black in the light of the fast-dying sunset. Very coolly, García leaned over the side and washed his hands in the sea.

'It will be a long pull back to the ships,' he said, and took hold of his oar again. His teeth showed white in his swarthy face as he smiled.

(To be continued)

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